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Harriet N. Van Ness,
Newark

Edward N. Kirk.

THE

AMERICAN PULPIT:

SKETCHES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE,

OF

LIVING AMERICAN PREACHERS,

AND OF

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS AND DISTINCTIVE IDEAS
WHICH THEY REPRESENT.

BY HENRY FOWLER,

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

With Portraits on Steel.

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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO

Those Friends

WHOSE GENEROUS CONVERSATIONS WERE

THE SUMMER RAIN TO ITS ROOTS,

AND

THEIR GENIAL INTEREST

THE SUNSHINE TO ITS LEAVES.

153895

He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all.—Coleridge.

PREFACE.

CARLYLE, in his Life of John Sterling, says, "I have remarked that a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are, to an unspeakable degree, brothers—each man's life a strange semblance of every man's, and that human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all things the welcomest on human walls."

A kindred feeling was the first impulse to these sketches. A second, more serious, was a desire to portray, through living examples, the characteristics of the American Pulpit, and some of the distinctive features of American churches. This has determined the selection. Representative men, who are mostly prominent men, have been chosen, representing not only denominations, but religious movements and practical ideas, principles and facts.

There has also been a purpose in these biographies—more than to gratify curiosity or exalt individuals—born out of a hope to promote Christian Union by grouping diverse Christian views. If we could all "see eye to eye," we should less contend "hand to hand."

Several sketches are reluctantly omitted, from the matter-of-fact necessity which the limits of one volume impose.

Several eloquent preachers are not mentioned, because preaching is with them occasional and secondary.

The author must ask consideration for the peculiar delicacy of his task, as a discussion of *living* men and *present* religious movements. He has striven to be controlled by principles of good taste and of a universal Christian sentiment, without sacrificing the interest of minute personal narrative or a journalistic style.

With the resolve to avoid protruding his own denominational preferences, he has sought to identify himself, for the time being, with each movement described and each person portrayed, esteeming the expression of his private views as of no account in comparison with a fair statement of the views of others.

Effort has also been made to avoid eulogy, which lay in the path of a naturally keen enjoyment of pulpit oratory, increased by indulgence.

Those familiar with the periodical literature of the last eight years may recognize, in portions of some of the sketches, old acquaintances. As in volumes of poetry, a few of "the earlier pieces" are included.

In conclusion, the author feels that he will be warranted in uniting the thanks of his readers, with his own, to those who have kindly contributed the sketches of Dr. Storrs and of Dr. Hawks, and parts of the sketches of Dr. Cheever and of Dr. Williams.

H. F.

University of Rochester, *N. Y., April*, 1856.

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EDWARD NORRIS KIRK,

THE EVANGELIST PREACHER.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

EARLY LIFE.

Edward N. Kirk was born on the fourteenth day of August, 1802, in the city of New York, and was baptized by his pastor, the Rev. Dr. John Mason. His father, a native of Kirkcudbrightshire, in Scotland, was a man of humble origin, possessing the sterling qualities which have so distinguished his countrymen. Upright and faithful in all his dealings with men, devoutly consecrated to the service of God, he led a quiet life, doing a small and safe business as a grocer, winning the respect of a large circle of friends; and, when the appointed time came, meeting death, under the roof of his son, at Albany, with the victorious assurance of eternal life.

His family consisted of this one son and three sisters. Edward was reared amidst the temptations of a great city, and his animal spirits, quickness of mind, ready ways, and love of excitement, allured him from the restraints of school and the subduing quietness of home. He was a bold, passionate, heedless boy, enamored of pleasure, regardless of early privileges, and wasteful of life's seed-time. So he grew up, and with much the same character he attended school at Princeton and entered the college at that place. In the year 1817 he joined the sophomore class, when he was fifteen, and managed to graduate when the three appointed years were completed. He was idle, and neglectful of books, from beginning to end. He did not

even establish any reputation as a debater or declaimer, owing to the rapidity and inarticulateness of his utterance. His physical development was of the best; and he was mostly distinguished as an athlete, somewhat of a boxer, a fine skater, a bold, chivalrous fellow—the defender of the weak, the champion of his mates—one who never flinched or failed, who "continued unto the end;" who would sacrifice all he had, even recklessly, in behalf of the cause he had espoused, or of the friends he loved.

On leaving college he entered the law office of Messrs. Radcliffe & Mason, in New York, where he remained for eighteen months, becoming, however, more familiar with the billiard-cue than with Blackstone. In fact, he was painfully dissipated, so that almost the only sign which he manifested of attention to mental culture, or professional promise, was his awakened interest in public speaking. He was a prominent member of "The Forum," a public debating-club, which used to hold its discussions in the large halls of the City Hotel and Washington Hall. In these debates such men figured as Sand, and Dey, and William H. Seward—students of law at that time. In debate he began to recognize his power, and his friends to gather hope for the future.

Nineteen years of his life had gone by. The forming-period of character is passed, and the seed-time is at an end. The mind is as yet undisciplined, the passions unsubdued, plans for life unsettled, life's great purpose disregarded. Early indulgences have become established habits, factitious excitement has grown to a necessity, and the garment of sin which was slipped on so smoothly, and is worn so easily, will be found, when the effort comes to put it off, to have hardened into a garment of welded iron. Such is the condition, up to a certain day, of one created in God's image, an heir of immortality, a child of prayer, a recipient of Heaven's bounties, endowed with powers that might move a nation, and affect the immortal destinies of thousands. And up to this certain day he has been defacing this image, and trifling with this immortality, and nullifying these prayers, and treading on these blessings, and wasting these gifts. And during all the time before this certain day, the warnings of a father, the counsels of teachers, the solicitations of friends, the

admonitions of ministers, have all been unavailing, to waken in the soul one abiding desire for a higher and better life, or one fruit-bearing resolution to enter the path which revelation makes manifest, and reason recommends as the path of right and the way to immortality. But only four days elapse, and lo! all is changed! He does not seem like the same person he was four days before. He can hardly be said, in truth, to be the same person, so great is the change. The habits, hardening for a dozen years, are cast off—the rivets of the iron garment are rent asunder—the waste-gate of privileges is shut down. Irresolution of purpose and lack of object are exchanged for firm decision and for an established course. Old things have all passed away, behold! all things have become new! New hopes are budding forth, new purposes are formed, new habits assumed, new thoughts awakened, new joys experienced, a new life is commenced; and the hopes, and purposes, and habits, and thoughts, and joys, which began their life on that day have been strengthening, and enlarging, and developing ever since. They are the hopes of heaven, the purposes of benevolence, the habits of right-doing, the thoughts of God, the joys of immortality. This is a wonderful fact; we state it simply as a fact, worthy of attention from those who are studying the human mind, striving to read the secrets of the human soul, and to determine the principles of human action. Facts like this are not rare; yet they are not so frequent as to be unnoticeable, for how often the reckless youth of twenty becomes the ruined man of thirty, or a cumberer of the earth at forty. And when such a youth, on the other hand, is changed into an honor to mankind, and a blessing to the world, dispensing good deeds, and preaching the truth with an eloquence of life not inferior to the eloquence of his words, is it not a fact whose cause is worthy of investigation, and its results, of rejoicing? How this change was brought about, what means were employed for its production, what was the inner experience, we do not know. We only know that Mr. Kirk was led to reflection by a long series of influences wonderfully directed by Providence, that his thoughts became most serious, so serious that he left law study and billiard-balls, shut himself in his room, remained there during four days, and came forth—a Christian. Ah!

what struggles, what conflicts, what agonies were endured in the solitude of these four days! We know not the history of that era. It is all hidden to the world. Verily, the life of man is not known —the great life within—the real soul-life! We can catch a glimpse at times—we can infer something from what is seen externally, and from our own experience; yet we know but little at the best. The life of hopes, and joys, and aspirations, and fears, and struggles, and defeats, and victories, ever beating, throbbing underneath, is all sealed to our sight in the secret chambers of the soul.

"Man to man was never known,
Heart with heart did never meet,
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete."

In this connection a special interest will attach to a statement once made at a select meeting by the Rev. Dr. Waterbury, of Boston. Designing to illustrate God's faithfulness to those who trust him, and the remarkable methods of his providence, he related the following facts:

"Many years ago, a Mr. Scudder came to my father's house, in New York, wishing to reside in the family, while prosecuting his medical studies. Not a member of the family then knew any thing of practical religion. But Mr. Scudder added to the attractiveness of a Christian life the persuasions of earnest zeal that we would make our peace with God. The result of his patient efforts was the entire change of the character of our household. Harriet, my sister, became a Christian, and afterwards was married to Mr. Scudder, and has most faithfully rewarded his fidelity to her by the devotion of her life to him and to his work as a missionary.

"After a long residence in India, Dr. Scudder sent his sons to America to be educated. Henry was a wild and wicked boy, and gave his friends great disquietude. But his father and mother never lost their confidence in God. Their fervent prayers for him were incessant. Now mark how God answers prayers, and how he rewards, after long years and heavy trials, the faithful labors of his servants. I had been brought to know and love the Saviour through the influ-

ence of Mr. Scudder, when living in my father's family. In the spring of 1822, I went to New York to spend a college vacation. While there, I addressed an audience of young men. At the close of the meeting, one of them followed me up Greenwich-street, and at length accosted me. His question was direct: "What must I do to be saved?" I gave him Paul's answer to the same question, and it was not long before he fulfilled it happily in his own experience, and in a few years after entered the ministry.

"In 1840, this young man, now grown to be that eloquent champion of the truth, the Rev. E. N. Kirk, was preaching in Dr. Skinner's church in New York, and a son of Dr. Skinner became a Christian through his influence. He was an intimate friend of young Scudder, and urged him to come and hear the preacher who had so wrought upon his own heart. Scudder went, and by the sermon he then heard was brought to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and is now laboring with his father, a missionary in India."

Mr. Kirk immediately resolved to become a preacher of the blessed truth which had proved his salvation. With this purpose he repaired to Princeton to prosecute the preparatory studies, and joined the theological seminary of that place in the autumn of 1822.

Now he begins a life of hard study. He was striving to repair the waste of school and college days. He succeeded to some extent; but he has always suffered from the lack of those very things which early culture and industry produce. But though he could not wholly retrieve past time, one thing he could do, and did: he transformed the very evils of the Past into helps for the Future. His familiarity with the arts of the elocutionist and of the actor, as seen on the boards, he turned to practical account in his training for the platform and the pulpit.

At this time a galaxy of incipient pulpit orators were pursuing their preparatory course. Associated in a debating club with Mr. Kirk, were Dr. James W. Alexander; Dr. Bethune; President Young, of Kentucky; the late Dr. J. S. Christmass, of New York, one of the most accomplished of men; the late Professor Dod, of Princeton; Dr. Butler, of Port Gibson, on the Mississippi; and John A. McClung, of Augusta, Georgia, remarkable for commencing life as a preacher,

then leaving theology for law, during twenty years practice establishing an enviable reputation at the bar, and now returning to the ministry.

Mr. Kirk continued his connection with the seminary for four years. During most of these years he preached more or less, at one time having charge of a congregation of colored people. He had a Christian love and zeal which could not fail to find an expression in words; and in the way of doing good to others, he was benefiting himself by practice in the use of those weapons which he was to wield as a "good soldier of Jesus Christ." Whether it is the true course for a person in his preparatory training to devote any considerable portion of his time to active service, is a question. From some remarks which Mr. Kirk once made on a public occasion, we inferred that in his opinion this was the right way for a theological student to pursue; and he spoke from his own experience. Let a student learn to apply the truth, as well as know the truth itself; let him be trained by practice, as well as by instruction, and learn by experience as well as by books—it is by actual contact with humanity that we become skilled in getting at the heart of man, it is by preaching that we learn how to preach—such we apprehend would be the fair expression of his sentiments. Yet it may be said, on the other side, with a good degree of plausibility, that it is the business of a student at the seminary to study, not to preach, to become familiar himself with the principles of his profession, not to attempt to instruct others; that there is greater danger that he will neglect study than deeds of benevolence; that it is harder to think than to talk, harder to do one's self good than to do others good.

We would state for the encouragement of young writers, that Mr. Kirk, who, at the present time, is equalled by few in the facility with which he prepares sermons, and in the finish of their preparation, was taxed to the utmost in preparing, during the whole of his fourth year at the seminary, the four sermons which were required of him. Let no young writer be discouraged because he cannot write rapidly, provided he only writes something that has substance. If he has genuine thought, he has the gold. It is as yet imbedded in the re

cesses of his mind; he must dig it out and get it coined, and then there will be no great difficulty in bringing it into circulation.

Before the close of his fourth year, Mr. Kirk was requested by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to become their agent, in advocating the claims of the society, and collecting funds. He accepted the proposal, and labored in behalf of the society for eighteen months, traversing New Jersey and Western New York, and making an excursion to South Carolina by water, preaching on his return through North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, in company with the Rev. Jonas King, now a distinguished missionary in Greece. His opening experience in fulfilling the duties of this agency may be interesting to all, and certainly advantageous to those who may have a similar duty to perform. It seems that Mr. Kirk, after accepting the appointment, took lodgings at Hoboken, and there prepared a discourse which he purposed to deliver from place to place, according to the accustomed method of agents. This discourse appeared to its author able, finished, and eloquent, but unfortunately it produced little practical results. Congregations listened to it attentively, and admired it much, but seemed to forget to contribute in proportion to their attention and admiration. Thus the chief end of the discourse was not attained. At that time serious objections to the cause of missions existed in the minds of many Christians. They were skeptical about the feasibility of the undertaking; they doubted whether the affairs of the society were properly managed; they were ignorant of its good results. Especially in New Jersey, the church was in a state of decided hostility or profound apathy.

In social intercourse with the people, Mr. Kirk met objections on every side, and in a great variety of forms. Some thought that the efforts of the Church should be confined to the evangelization of our own country; others, that the money was thrown away on the degraded heathen; others, that the missionaries should go forth, like Paul, unmarried, and so on. The objections were endless; the name of the objectors, legion. A few ministers refused to furnish their pulpits for the advocacy of the cause; and others would only consent that it be occupied on a week-day. Yet the apathy was more

extensive than the hostility, and more difficult to combat and destroy. Mr. Kirk was obliged to meet these objections at every turn, and strove to answer them in private; but he still held on to his elaborate sermon before the public. All the time, however, he was gaining knowledge of the state of the public mind. He was filling his quiver with arrows. It chanced not long after the commencement of his labors, that he had made an appointment to preach in a certain town on a week-day, and, coming to the church, found only two persons there, neither of whom was the minister. Giving up the idea of preaching to such a very select audience, he repaired to the minister's study, and after much persuasion prevailed on him to grant the use of the pulpit for the following Sabbath.

As he was entering the church, he was met by an intelligent physician of the place, who poured forth a volley of arguments against the cause of foreign missions, refusing all countenance to such a utopian scheme. Mr. Kirk asked his reverend brother if that was a fair sample of the state of his people, and was assured that it was even so. With the consciousness of this not altogether pleasant state of things, Mr. Kirk went into the pulpit. He thought over the objections—he thought of his written sermon—he knew that it would not dissipate one of them, and so he resolved to lay it aside, and *talk*. He rose without any notes before him, and at once threw himself into the midst of the whole herd of cavillings. He knew many more than any of his audience had ever thought of; and he went through with them, answering, defending, explaining, and enlightening. Thus Mr. Kirk talked on for nearly two hours, and when, at the close, the people were invited to advance to the desk and subscribe, they came in a crowd. That was the last of the elaborated discourse. There is no doubt that this success inspired Mr. Kirk with fresh confidence in himself, and gave an impulse to his power for extempore speaking, in which he has since so greatly excelled.

LIFE AT ALBANY.

OLD MEASURES AND NEW MEASURES.

In the spring of 1828, Mr. Kirk spent a little time in travelling with the Rev. now Dr. James W. Alexander, who was out of health. With this distinguished divine he had formed an intimate friendship when at school; and they were also classmates at college and at the seminary, being associates for some thirteen years. They were like David and Jonathan to each other. Probably the influence of Dr. Alexander was an efficient means in the conversion of Mr. Kirk, Dr. Alexander having become a Christian the year previous, during a season of religious interest at Princeton College.

In the course of this journey he stopped at Albany, and was requested to take charge of the pulpit of Dr. Chester, who was unable to perform ministerial duties in consequence of ill health. There he preached until the autumn, when he was informed by a committee of the trustees that his services were no longer required. The term for which he had been employed had ended, and the engagement was not renewed.

The circumstances, which, in the opinion of the trustees, rendered it unadvisable to retain Mr. Kirk, and which led to the subsequent colonization of a portion of Dr. Chester's congregation, and the formation of a new church, demand a brief recital. We would not call up the dead-past of twenty-seven years to furnish an occasion of renewed discussion, and possibly of renewed differences of feeling, but we are authorized in giving such an outline of the circumstances as shall shield our sketch from the charge of incompleteness, and which we trust will commend itself to the judgment of those who shared in the experience.

It can be said, we think, with truth, and without prejudice to Mr. Kirk, or injustice to the personal friends of the revered Dr. Chester, that the original reason for the suspension of Mr. Kirk's ministrations, was the fact that he was *suspected* of seeking to supplant Dr

Chester. There is no doubt that these suspicions were groundless, and we know of no one at present who, for a moment, entertains them. But, under the circumstances, it is not strange, perhaps, that certain minds felt them to be well founded. Mr. Kirk was a young man of warm zeal, immense energy, and glowing enthusiasm. He labored in every department where a minister could labor. He preached boldly, pungently, and pointedly. He manifested an efficient, practical interest in Sabbath-schools, Bible-classes, Prayer-meetings, in the cause of Education, and of Temperance. In pastoral intercourse with the people he was untiring. He overflowed with the ardor which is fed by deep convictions, and the sentiments of his heart he uttered with impassioned eloquence. He became, in a short time, exceedingly popular as a preacher. Crowds flocked to hear him. A large circle of warm friends gathered about him. Admiration of his fervent oratory was upon every tongue; while the truths which he uttered, with such pointed directness, and such inspiring enthusiasm, rankled in many a guilty conscience, or nestled in many a Christian heart. There is no doubt that opposition to Mr. Kirk was manifested by those who could not endure the severe, searching character of his preaching; and it may be that some, who were so zealous in behalf of their old pastor, were enemies of the truth more than they were friends of Dr. Chester; yet we believe that it was the expression of those suspicions, of which we have spoken, which led to his removal, while we would not be understood to say that the trustees themselves, or any one of them, felt these suspicions to be well founded. On the other hand, Dr. Chester was a man of most gentle bearing. His style of preaching was mild, persuasive, and winning, never startling or denunciatory. He dealt little in the "terrors of the law." While the sincerity and talent of both were unquestioned, it is not strange that comparisons should be instituted between two ministers of such opposite styles of preaching —that, in time, a line of division, more or less distinct, should be drawn between the admirers of the young orator and of the old divine—that the mere expression of admiration by the former should be construed by the latter into implied criticism of Dr. Chester, and that in time they should suspect that these expressions of admiration

covered up an undue desire, and were part of a wrong effort, for the supplanting of the long-tried pastor.

Moreover, another element was introduced in aid of the disunion, besides the suspicions of Dr. Chester's friends and the opposition to Mr. Kirk of those who writhed under his plain preaching. In the western part of New York a distinction had lately been drawn between "Old-measure" men and "New-measure" men—corresponding to the distinction between the Conservatives and the Progressives in the State, or some would say, the Conservatives and Radicals. The old-measure men liked what was old—what had been tried by experience and proved to be sound—old doctrines—old styles of preaching—old orders—old ministers. They feared change, lest change should involve destruction. They were suspicious of alleged improvement, in a system for the promotion of religion, which appeared to them so nearly perfect. They shook their heads at these new-fangled notions. Their fathers followed in the old way, and walked uprightly, and they would not be wise above what was ordained by their fathers. The new-measure men, on the other hand, were in favor of progress and of improvement; they were aggressive in their spirit; they yearned for activity and excitement; they wished to introduce a more vigorous, outworking life into the body of the church. The tendency of the former party was to inertness and inefficiency; that of the latter, to rashness and radicalism. The ultraists of the former clung to the old way, simply because it was the old way; the ultraists of the latter shouted for a change, simply because it was a change. The leaven of this difference of sentiment worked to some extent throughout all the churches, though it was less prominent at the East than at the West. There it broke out into fiery excitement; here it but quickened the church to a healthy activity. It was felt in Dr. Chester's church, and those who would have been safe new-measure men at Buffalo, were the friends of Mr. Kirk in Albany. Hence, when they understood that he was not to be retained over their church, they set about to form a new one for themselves. They were not only friends of Mr. Kirk, simply as Mr. Kirk the eloquent and pungent preacher, but of Mr. Kirk as an exponent of an improved system for the dissemination of the

truth. Hence, in a short time, a considerable portion of Dr. Chester's church (among them two members of the session) withdrew, and formed another church, under the name of the "Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany," and invited Mr. Kirk to be their pastor. He came to New York, was ordained by the Associate Reformed Presbytery, of which Dr. John Mason was a member (since merged in the Old School Presbyterian Church)—the same ecclesiastical body which had before licensed him—and accepted the invitation. The formation of the new church was a good thing; the old one, which was large, was not weakened—a new one was established in a part of the city where it was needed—two flourishing churches existed where before there was one—the eloquence and zeal of Mr. Kirk was retained for the spread of practical Christianity in Albany; and everybody that loved Christianity was finally satisfied.

The eight years of Mr. Kirk's life in Albany were years of abundant labor. He was instant in season and out of season. He evinced superior skill in the organization and training of his church, so that it proved to be a remarkably working church. System pervaded its efforts, and each member filled a necessary place. It is said that at one time every male member was competent to take part in public religious exercises. The church was divided into as many parts as there were elders, each division being under the special watch and direction of its elder as of a captain. Besides the regular church prayer-meeting, each division had its own weekly gathering for the interchange of sentiment, sympathy, exhortation, and prayer, which the pastor attended in rotation. At these also the necessities, harassments, and trials of every-day life came up for consideration and relief. Those who would never have revealed their circumstances to the world, were confiding here. The poor widow confessed her burden, and the hard-pressed business man acknowledged the power of sympathy, and effective measures always followed for aid and relief.

Accessions were made at every communion. It may be said that one continuous revival attended the church, with the natural inequalities of a greater or less freshness of interest. During the eight years over one thousand persons united with it. The ward in which the church was located was revolutionized. It had been

one of the worst of the city, where intemperance and license held sway. It became the most orderly, and now includes the residences of many of the best and wealthiest of the citizens. Mr. Kirk introduced into Albany the revival era. Before he went there the conservatism of the place had resisted all such religious movements, and so successfully that even Nettleton, an apostle of revivals, succeeded the year before only in softening the superficies of the incrustation. But Mr. Kirk and his church broke it to pieces, and during these eight years it was never reunited.

After having presented this view of the causes which led to the separation, it is just to Mr. Kirk to present an extract from his valedictory sermon preached eight years afterwards:

"I have felt my soul, my being, identified with this church. More than eight years have rolled away since I saw the first little band cluster together in the name and strength of the God of Israel, to raise another banner to his glory. To have said much about it before the present time, would virtually have been to speak of myself. But that period is past. Since the purpose has been fixed to leave you for a time—perhaps forever—a new feeling has come over my heart. I feel as if I could stand aside with a more chastened affection and more impartial eye, to behold the wonders and riches of divine mercy. To-night I take with you a review of that period. To those who now constitute this church, my message is—behold what the Lord hath wrought! It is befitting this solemn and trying occasion to recount, like Israel of old, the mercies of God, that you may praise his name—that you may understand more definitely the history of the principles of this association, with which you have become so intimately connected—that you may feel your obligations.

"It is usual on such occasions for the pastor to speak of his own labors. I cannot do it. If I tell all that is in my heart, I shall fall upon my knees and cry—'Deliver me from blood-guiltiness.' I shall supplicate forgiveness of the church—I shall weep at the feet of sinners, and ask them to forgive my selfishness, and my unfaithfulness and cruelty to their souls.

"To illustrate God's goodness, let us place the beginning and the

end of the period of eight years together. On the 16th of November, 1828, I preached the first sermon to a company collected in the consistory room, kindly offered to us by the officers of the North Dutch Church, who have thus imposed a debt which we would cheerfully repay in the same currency, if an opportunity occurred, as we have endeavored to repay it in thankfulness and benedictions.

"There were then two views taken of the enterprise. On the one side, both the friends and the enemies of God said it was an unholy enterprise, unwise and uncalled for; I was charged with fanaticism and boyish indiscretion. It was said by the sagacious, 'What do these men build? behold, if a fox go up on their walls, they will fall down.' When this building was commenced, some ridiculed; obstructions met us in the usual financial arrangements, suspicions were set afloat concerning the safety of crediting any one connected, even indirectly, with the enterprise. When the first indications of the special presence of God's Spirit were experienced, we were branded with the severest epithets, and the ears of God's children were open to the falsehoods of the wicked.

"Now, God forbid that I should refer to the past in a spirit of revenge, or of boasting. I should loathe myself if I could ever indulge such feelings, but especially on such an occasion. God knows my heart towards this whole community, and towards those who were once my bitterest enemies. I do not boast; but I say, that on the one side were these views, and feelings, and predictions; on the other, with much human imperfection, we certainly had for our leading principles and feelings—a determination to sustain the plain, honest exhibition of the truths of the Gospel, without consulting unconverted men, whether they were pleased or displeased—and an unwavering confidence that God would bless us if we served him!

"There were many considerations which induced me to remain here. Low and selfish motives were attributed. My friends! (I say it to the glory of God) I had as much confidence when I met in the first prayer-meeting with twenty persons, that God would greatly bless us, as I have now that he has blessed us. Do not call it presumption, for I knew that I was surrounded by a praying band. Among many other considerations which induced me to remain and

bear the peltings of the pitiless storm, was the fact, as stated then to me, that a number of Christians were engaged in prayer from sunset to sunrise, that I might not be permitted to leave the city. That turned the scale; I could not desert such spirits; and I knew God would bless them. I saw it, I felt it; and I feel now as if I could go gladly to attack the spirits in the pit, if God sent me, surrounded by such hearts. And, more than this, this enterprise and my unworthy name were on the lips of hundreds of God's praying people, from this city to Buffalo. An eminent saint, who preached over a wide circuit, was in the habit of encouraging the churches to bear our cause to the mercy-seat continually. I consider this church as a monument inscribed with the evidences of the power of prayer, and the faithfulness of Jacob's God. The enemy said, 'By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small.' We replied, 'In God is our trust; we will make our boast in the Lord.'

"Now let us see how the Lord hath dealt with us. Truly he hath encouraged the hearts of them that believed, and he hath silenced the enemy and avenger. I preached from November, 1828, to February, 1829, at which time the church was organized. And it seemed as if the Lord would try our faith by suspending the manifestation of his favor, until as a distinct, organized, and consecrated church, we sat down for the first time to celebrate the death of Christ. I shall never forget that day. After its toils were over, I was sent for, late at night, to see a trembling soul who had that day been brought to see her guilt and danger. That was the first fruit of a glorious harvest. An inquiry meeting was appointed, and to my surprise, upwards of sixty were present. From that day to this, we have not passed the year without some special outpouring of the Spirit of God.

"It would animate the hearts of other Christians to hear a description of the exercises of many who have been converted. Never can I forget that beloved apartment of this building, where I have met the inquirers, and where I have seen them consecrate themselves to God and the Lamb. Oh! what changes in individual character; in families, nay, in neighborhoods, hath God's blessed Spirit wrought! Within this period there have been united to this church, by letter

and on confession, one thousand and twelve members, making an average of one hundred and twenty-five each year. The Sabbath-school has contained one thousand five hundred pupils.

"We have contributed moneys which I can trace as follows: Domestic Missions, $853; Tract Society, $823; Colonization, $215; Bible Society, $170; City objects, $1,220; Sabbath-school, $700; Theological Education, $4,964; Foreign Missions, $4,900. Total, $13,843—an average of $1,730 per annum. We incurred immediately on our organization a heavy debt, which is now, by our own exertions and the aid of friends, nearly extinguished.

"The foundation-stone of this enterprise was laid emphatically in prayer; the duty of prayer has been enjoined and urged incessantly. Meetings for prayer have been multiplied to a degree, in the estimation of many, extravagant. Now, it is not fair to presume that there has been any more *sincere* prayer here in proportion than with other Christians. But it is fair to suppose that there has been as much in proportion, and consequently that there has been in fact more real prayer than in most societies around us. We have assembled in the early morning for months. We have met, for long periods, at ten o'clock every morning to pray directly for the conversion of the impenitent. We have believed in the transcendent importance of the conversion of men. We have prayed for it. We have witnessed it in hundreds of joyful instances. All our history is such a demonstration of the efficacy of prayer, that, if I had never had any other proof, I should feel an overwhelming sense of obligation to pray without ceasing.

"We commenced with a love to the cause of evangelizing the world. In debt as a church, poor as individuals, we have never yet failed to do our proportion, not of what ought to be done, but of what has been done in this great cause. There were times when the faith of some of our brethren staggered on this point; it seemed to them presumptuous to be sending away hundreds of dollars to others, when a heavy burden hung upon our own wheels. But we have never failed. For the last six years we have supported a foreign missionary, and during the current year we have raised by subscription nearly three hundred dollars more. But we have lost nothing.

The monthly concert of prayer has been to us a delightful season. In watering others, we have ever been watered ourselves. And when at length we struggled to roll off our heavy debt, God helped us. He inclined the hearts of our young men to step promptly forward; and he raised up for us kind friends in the community.

"We have been met, as before remarked, with the sentiment in various forms—that the Church and her ministers must not go in advance of public sentiment. The pledge to abstain from ardent spirits was thought by many to be a very good thing; but it was not discreet to introduce the subject into the pulpit, and to urge it forward. We believed not so. Nay more; we believed that it was our duty as a church to admit no one to our communion who would not enter into this stipulation. We wanted no Christians who could stand aside and look with indifference upon this noble effort of philanthropy and piety. We have never had occasion to regret it, but much reason to rejoice in it. God has blessed it. Many reformed inebriates have entered this church, and to my knowledge there is no case of relapse. The walls of this building have resounded for successive months with the pleas of the eloquent friends of temperance; and many a heart has been gladdened, as the father, husband, and son have come forward and pledged themselves to the abandonment of the destructive drink. The plea for the Sabbath, and the plea for the seventh commandment, have been urged here. And I rejoice that on this platform has been urged the claim of the enslaved. I have heard of the danger of exposing the building and the audience to molestation. I have heard of something worse—the odium attached to the cause of liberty. But we have gloried to bear that odium. We rejoice that God enabled us to erect one of the buildings in this city where the cry of the oppressed and down-trodden could be echoed in the ear of Christian sympathy. We feel assured that it is right. We bless God for the assurance which his providence affords us, that it is right for his Church to be the pioneer of moral reformations. The right of opinion is a natural right; the right of expressing opinion is another, conferred by the author of the human constitution, and both sacredly guaranteed by the bond of our political union. And I know nothing more alarming in modern

politics, than the attempt to browbeat free American citizens in the peaceful maintenance of eternal truths, and to persecute them for the candid, manly, and courteous expression of those sentiments. We have a right to try to convince the North and South. Ministers have a right from God, and a commission and a warrant from the American constitution, to expose the sins and dangers involved in the system of oppression legalized and practised among us. I am ashamed to hear it said that there are places in America where you cannot candidly and temperately discuss great questions of public duty and safety.

"Hearing no preaching out of this place, I am unable to form a judgment concerning the various styles adopted in this city. But I know that when I preached to another congregation, they turned me from them because I preached too directly and pungently. I never could hear any other objection on the most careful inquiry. On that point I was entreated to change. But on that point this church took its stand from the commencement, and determined to welcome the most direct and pungent preaching that was according to the word of God. Now for the importance of it; it is to us most manifest that God has connected the conversion of hundreds with that as an indispensable means. As to the policy of it, it was said, 'Why, men will desert your churches.' God has shown us that it is not so. And more than that, I am the living witness to the fact that the churches in this city will now bear a degree of directness and pungency that would once have been thought intolerable. I am told that I have altered. I say that public sentiment has altered. One of the most convincing proofs of it to me is, that I am ashamed now to preach those very sermons which made the disturbance in the Second Church, because they are too tame and pointless.

"And now, dear friends! having shown what God hath wrought for and by this society, you will permit me to speak more directly of God's mercies to me as your pastor. No man can tell what I have passed through in this city. My entrance here was flattering; my reception, every thing I could ask as a man and a minister. So long as foreign missions was my topic, all went well. But when I turned to show the amiable, and moral, and respected of this com-

munity that they were more guilty than the heathen, and were going to a deeper condemnation, they rose in might against me. I had never known an enemy before, since my conversion. I had never been slandered. But now a new scene awaited me in this goodly city. I was reviled; my sermons and sentiments were misrepresented; friends grew cold, and enemies multiplied. For a stripling this was new, and, you may be sure, well-nigh overwhelming. My heart overflowed with love to all. I could not see why any should persecute me. But, oh! it was a blessed school. I would not part with the lessons there learned for all the enjoyments of an undisturbed prosperity. Yet for three years I walked the streets of this city, feeling as if, by God's command, I was an intruder here. I have felt as if the very houses frowned upon me. Cheerfully would I have fled and hid myself, like Elijah, in a cave; but the very style of the opposition showed clearly that the controversy was with God and his word, not with the lips of clay which uttered it.

"But I turn from that to speak of the hearts which cherished, and the hands which upheld me in those trying days. Brethren! sisters! I thus publicly thank you. You gave not only a cup of cold water to a disciple when it was a reproach to you, you shared his sorrows, you shielded his reputation with your own, you would have shared the last earthly comfort with him, you would have died with him for Christ. You wept for me, you carried my burdens, you prayed for me. I know it. And my heart thanks you; my soul clings to you. But chiefly I recognize the goodness of God in it, in whose hands are all hearts. I thank the members of the church for their forbearance, and sympathy, and respect, and the many proofs of their love. Nothing but love has made you bear with my very imperfect discharge of the duties that I owed you. God hath wrought in you this heart of kindness. My highest thanks are due to Him. I thank God, this night, before you all, for his provident care of me. I have not been prevented by sickness from preaching so many as twelve Sabbaths for nearly nine years. Since commencing to form this church, I have preached to you about one thousand sermons. I have assisted other churches in sustaining more than thirty protracted meetings. I have delivered

ninety addresses on Temperance; more than a hundred addresses on Foreign Missions; many on Slavery; many for objects in our city; for the Tract, Bible, Education, and other societies; attended and addressed the various societies in three anniversaries at New York, one at Cincinnati, one at Lexington, Kentucky, one at Boston, one at Troy. I have performed a tour through many principal cities in this State and into Canada, on the subject of Common School Education.

"With the fullest sense of my unworthiness to labor in so glorious a cause, do I, this night, render thanks to God for bestowing upon me the ability and disposition to perform these labors. Brethren! I have become a fool in glorying; but God is my witness, I do it for his glory. I dare not refrain. I have been a child of Providence. David could not hold his tongue from uttering the mercies of God after his great deliverances.

"And now, brethren! I am about to say—FAREWELL! I leave you, not because I do not love you. My heart grows closer to you every day. This church appears to me more interesting and more important than ever. I go, because I believe I ought to go. Europe is dear to my heart; but America is dearer. And I know that, if permitted, I shall hail its shores again with delight. I go to gather light from the experience of ages—to see man in other climates, and under other institutions. My soul pants for knowledge, human and divine. But I would not indulge the desire, could not that knowledge, when acquired, be employed for greater usefulness. Be assured it is not for myself. Whatever I am now, or may be hereafter, is my country's and my God's. I consecrate it to the Church of Christ and to the human race.

"Brethren! what mean ye to weep and break my heart? If there be pleasure in the prospect of seeing many wonders, of witnessing the splendid trophies of human genius, of indulging the powerful desires of curiosity, I have felt little of it; and less and less as the time of our separation has approached. The recollections of the past, the evidences of your ardent and unbought love, the anticipation of your painful feelings, when an accustomed voice, which your own kindness has made you love to hear, shall be heard no more—

these considerations have occupied my mind supremely. The question, 'How shall I accomplish the most good for this beloved people during the brief period of our intercourse?' has weighed heavily on my heart. And now the end of this anxiety is reached, and I am called to perform the last act of religious service in this endeared sanctuary. Oh! it is with a heavy heart that I say to such friends —farewell! Deeply shall your names, your countenances be engraven on this memory. I shall carry a catalogue of them with me, and spread it before that mercy-seat at which we have so often met. My children! my brothers! my fathers! walk in the truth. God has been with you, is with you, has promised still to be with you. Look at all the way in which he has led you. Ebenezers line the path of your history. Each one speaks to your heart—'Be of good courage, for our God is an unchanging God.'

"Brethren in the eldership! called to watch over this flock with me, a double responsibility will now come upon you. I can no longer share that superintendence. But it is not among the least of God's mercies that the recent meetings which we have held, the enlargement of your numbers, and the plan of operations adopted, give such promise of benefits to the church. Be regular, be punctual in your sessional meetings. Go to this afflicted people; watch over them; for the tempter will now have peculiar power over many, by making a readier excuse for deserting the ordinances and the house of God. Watch over every wheel in our moral machinery. See that none of them stop, see that each is kept in repair, and is moving in its place. I commend to you the Sabbath-schools, the Bible-classes, the Young Men's Association, the Maternal Association, the Converts' Class, the Prayer-meeting, the Tract distribution, the Benevolent Societies. See that this people hear the claims of each during every year. Do not let them hug their purses, and close their ear to the cry of the perishing. Call the attention of this people to the great moral reformations of our day. Enlist their hearts for the drunkard, the slave, the unwary youth who walks amid the snares of the licentious, the Sabbath-profaner. Point this people to the times, and seasons, and ways, when they can labor with special promise of success for the conversion of sinners.

"Citizens of Albany! farewell! Have I wronged you, have I misled, or have I been as a prophet of the Lord in the midst of you? Speak; for I am now sealing the first section of my ministry, perhaps the last among you. I have stood on yon heights and looked over your dwellings, and my anxious thoughts have dwelt upon your spiritual interests; my fervent prayers have arisen for you and your children. I have been willing to labor for the general good, just as much as for this individual association. If any have injured me, I would that they knew how fully they are forgiven. If I have injured any, I would that they knew how sincerely I implore forgiveness. Many of you have kindly appreciated my desires for your welfare, whatever you have thought of the imperfect manner employed to promote it. You are kind, and your kindness will be remembered.

"Members of sister churches! God bless you, and make you grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Remember your absent brother.

"Unconverted fellow-citizens! hear the last word of a parting friend; make Christ your Saviour, and heaven your prize. 'Ye must be born again.' Turn, then, quickly to the Lord, and your souls shall live.

"Again, dear friends! *farewell*—FAREWELL."

REVIVALS—LIFE AT BOSTON.

In April, 1837, Mr. Kirk sailed for Europe. His labors had been excessive, and he went to recruit health, and to pursue certain theological studies in which he felt himself deficient. It was his intention to go to Germany, but certain circumstances, which were not of his ordering, induced him to stop at Paris. Here he held a series of religious meetings in connection with Dr. Baird, and afterwards conducted Sabbath services in English in Rue Saint Anne. The interest in them was universal and ardent. During this residence abroad, Mr. Kirk visited London, and held a series of religious meetings at Surrey Chapel, distinguished as the church of Rowland Hill.

Here also the interest excited by his ministrations was great, and the fruits most gratifying to the heart of the Christian. About one hundred persons were hopefully converted. Mr. Kirk afterwards held a similar series of meetings in Spafield's Chapel (Lady Huntingdon's), the fruits of which were equally abundant with the former. He was strongly urged to settle in London by the English, with whom he is the favorite of American preachers, as also in Paris by the Americans there; but these solicitations he declined.

During his absence, he was appointed Secretary of the Foreign Evangelical Society, under whose auspices his labors had been prosecuted in Paris. His department was that of giving information to the American Churches with respect to the Society, arousing interest, and soliciting aid. To this end he returned to this country in September, 1839, and immediately commenced his new duties.

While at Albany, Mr. Kirk had become extensively known, by the wide diffusion of his labors. All recognized his uncommon power in touching the heart and arousing the conscience. He was esteemed as an Evangelist of the times. He had preached nearly as much out of his own church as in it, delivering probably six sermons each week during the greater part of those eight years. From the years 1830 to 1832 he had preached much in New York city, in connection with the Presbyterian Free Church system of that day.

The beginning of this movement is as difficult to define, as it is difficult to tell precisely when morning breaks in the east. It resulted from an anxious interest, on the part of some Christians, for that large class of a large city, who are outside of the influence of preachers, Sabbaths, and Bibles, and from a dissatisfaction with the working of the established system of churches, in failing to reach the degraded and profane. It was preceded by serious consultations on the morals of the city and the inactivity of the church, and by prayer-meetings of unusual earnestness. Simultaneous with these, the first aggressive movement into the ranks of the outcast was made by a few humble and zealous Christians in 1829, in the

starting of prayer-meetings at the "Five Points," the "St. Giles" of New York. This sink of corruption was then even worse than when the reformation of Mr. Pease commenced—referred to in another article. Baxter Sayre was a man whose route from house to shop led him past this wretched place, and whose heart was moved within him at what he saw, and no peace was granted him till having associated with him "Father Cunningham," an elder in Dr. Gardiner Spring's church, and a few others, he opened evening prayer-meetings in the grog-shops, cellars, and brothels of the "Five Points." These meetings developed into organized Sabbath-schools, and regular preaching; and finally Mr. Sayre moved with his family into the heart of the district, taking a residence and opening a day-school at No. 45 Orange-street. His daughters devoted themselves to the school, statedly assisted by ladies from the city, among whom we may mention the daughter of Isabella Graham and mother of Dr. Bethune.

The "First Free Presbyterian Church," organized as such, held its first meeting, June 27th, 1830, in Thames-street, with Rev. Joel Parker as the pastor, who had been invited from Rochester by Lewis Tappan, Dr. Bliss, and two others, who pledged themselves to defray the expenses. Thus was initiated a movement, which, rapidly accumulating power in its progress, became an influence throughout the city, and resulted in a remarkable religious awakening among the infidel, the profane, and the outcast. Christians began to attach themselves to it as teachers and exhorters. Prayer meetings were opened at all points, not only in assembly-rooms, but in liquor stores and saloons, where access could be obtained. Children were gathered from the streets into day-schools and Sabbath-schools; wards were districted, so that every family should be visited, and invitations given to religious gatherings; abandoned women were induced to leave the ways of vice; the moral statistics of portions of the city were gathered, and the foundation laid for the system of Homes for the Friendless which is now in organized and complete operation.

It was the plan to open places of public worship where the seats should be free, and the expenses paid by miscellaneous contributions,

to employ preachers of popular gifts for extempore speaking, and by personal efforts to gather audiences of those who never attended church. Those interested in the enterprise subscribed the amount which they felt able to give, and on one Sunday of each month deposited in a box in the church the monthly instalment, in a paper bearing their signature. Some gave very generously: as an instance we may mention the name of Mr. Dimond, a mechanic and jeweller. Early in the enterprise his acquaintance was made, and at this first interview he said with frank generosity, "I am a mechanic, I have been a Christian only a few months, I never have done any thing for Christ; but I have a good business, and I think I can work out with these hands a thousand dollars a year for a free church." And he did: and that man, in company with another, afterwards built Broadway Tabernacle, in which enterprise he invested thirty-five thousand dollars, the greater part of which was absorbed without ever paying dividends. The influence spread among the merchants, so that many of them met down town for prayer, and, in several stores, partners and clerks retired for prayer during business hours.

The movement advanced rapidly. On the 14th of February the "Second Free Presbyterian Church" was organized, with Rev. E. P. Barrows as the preacher. In March, Rev. Charles G. Finney was invited to the head of a third company. The city was searched for a suitable hall, as audience rooms were rare then, and finally Chatham-street Theatre was suggested. Here were gathering every night some fifteen hundred people, admitted for twelve and twenty-five cents each, where debauchery, obscenity, and intemperance centred, in unexampled license.

Two gentlemen called on the lessee, Mr. Blanchard, in his room in the theatre, and introducing themselves proposed to him to sell his lease. "What for?" he bluntly asked. "For a church." "A w-h-a-t!" "A church, sir." With open mouth and eyes, he said, "You mean to make a c-h-u-r-c-h here!" And then, with one of those mysterious revulsions of feeling, the tears started from the hardened man's eyes, and he added, "You may have it, and I will give one thousand dollars towards it," and he did. The bargain

was soon completed, and at the close of a morning rehearsal, by pre-arrangement, "The voice of free grace" was sung, and Lewis Tappan announced to the actors, that on a following Sunday, and thereafter on every evening, there would be preaching in that place, the scenery would be removed, the pulpit placed in the centre of the stage, an "anxious seat" would front the footlights, and all were invited to be present.

The pit having been covered with a floor, and temporary seats provided for three hundred persons, public announcement was made that a morning prayer-meeting would be held in the old theatre at half-past five o'clock, and Christians of all denominations were invited to attend. To the surprise of all, eight hundred persons were present at the hour. Prayers were offered by Rev. Herman Norton, the late lamented secretary of the Foreign Evangelical Society; Zachariah Lewis, Esq., one of the first editors of the New York Commercial Advertiser; John Wheelwright, and Rev. John Woodbridge, now a patriarch residing at Hadley, Massachusetts, who also gave a short address and pronounced the benediction. Meanwhile, post-bills and advertisements had announced the enterprise; and the expense of refitting the theatre, amounting to $6000, had been met by subscriptions. May 6th, the appointed Sabbath, came. The theatre, on that day consecrated as "Chatham-street Chapel," was thronged by half-past ten. Mr. Finney preached with great power from the text, "Who is on the Lord's side?" The sacrament was administered in the afternoon, and in the evening hundreds went away unable to get within the building. Mr. Finney preached from the text, "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." An attempt was made to disturb the meeting by noise, but the police came to the rescue, and the services were most impressive. From that time Mr. Finney preached to an audience of from 1500 to 2500, seventy successive nights. In connection with this preaching, male and female Bible-classes were formed; prayer-meetings held; Bibles and Tracts distributed; shops, stores, and saloons visted, and their occupants invited to go to the chapel. The bar-room

of the theatre was changed into a room for social prayer, and it is a striking fact, that the first man who knelt there, with strong emotion uttered these words of supplication: "O Lord, forgive my sins. The last time I was here Thou knowest I was a wicked actor on this stage. O Lord, have mercy on me." Mr. Finney continued here for three years, till the expiration of the lease, and then went to the Broadway Tabernacle, which had been meanwhile built, where he preached till called to the Presidency of Oberlin College in 1836.

Mr. Finney is one of the most remarkable preachers of America. With strong logical powers, and educated as a lawyer, he deals much in convincing argument. The law of God, in its various relations, is his favorite subject, and he deals largely in its terrors. We understand that latterly he preaches more the love of God, and wins as well as alarms to repentance. His strength of mind is equalled by that of few. His emotional nature also is deep, but is rarely allowed expression. He has not the grace nor the persuasive appeal of Mr. Kirk, nor the vocabulary and diction of Mr. Beecher, but for a certain scope of preaching he is unequalled—that of impressive argument, and such presenting of the relations of religious truth as in its completeness and clearness works irresistible conviction, and brings skeptic, infidel, and apathist alike into broken-hearted submission to the power of God. He discusses much the moral government of God as applied to human accountability. His reading of hymns produces deep impression, particularly those of the class, "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned," which is a favorite with him. His sermons are long, usually an hour and a quarter. Occasionally his flights of imagination are sublime, and his sweep of oratory magnificent. He has also dramatic power, but uses it little.

The fruits of this revival it is not possible to compute. The number of free churches in 1836 amounted to six, over one of which Dr. Lansing was the pastor. Up to February, 1835, the three churches first established had admitted over fifteen hundred members, and it was estimated that only a minority of those who became Christians in these congregations united with those churches. A large proportion of these accessions were from the Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes. Of one Bible-class of young men, which averaged an at-

tendance of forty-five, in one year twenty-seven were hopefully converted, twenty-five became Sabbath-school teachers, and eight have since become clergymen. Indeed many of the present "pillars" of the up-town churches were hewn out of their native rock, under this free-church system.

Dr. Joel Parker has lately written the following interesting narrative of one meeting of 1832, published in the N. Y. Observer:

"The church at the corner of Dey and Washington streets had been greatly blessed for eighteen months previous to the period referred to. The religious interest during a year and a half had been of a very happy character. More than once during that period it had been very absorbing and general. A large number of youth of both sexes had been gathered in Bible-classes under faithful teachers. These classes furnished quite a number of accessions to the church, on each monthly return of the communion season. At the time of which we speak, but few came forward from the world to profess their faith in Christ. It was felt that there had been a sensible lull in the breathings of Divine influence.

"Mention was made of this at the close of the solemnity; Christians were exhorted to pray; and a meeting was appointed for the following evening, for the double purpose of prayer and conversation with the unconverted. The designated place of meeting was a large boarding-house, which had been kindly offered for the purpose.*

"Anxious myself for the result, I was early at the place. To my surprise I found the entry and the stairway leading to the second story where the meeting was appointed thronged with people. Supposing that some cause unknown to myself hindered their progress, I pressed through the crowd and found the two rooms and the hall, covering the entire second floor, filled with people. Finding that the company could not be seated, I commenced the services by reading a hymn. The song of praise was characterized by a peculiar feeling indicated in the tones with which it was sung. When it was concluded, there was an indescribable stillness of the compact

* This stood where now is the Merchants' Hotel, Cortlandt-street.

mass, which seemed to impress every mind with a sense of the Divine presence.

"Prayer was offered. At its close the same breathless silence was again apparent. I made a plain simple exhortation. It consisted not of any thing like cogent argument. It was not a stirring appeal. It was a brief statement respecting the helpless lost state of sinners, and an exhibition of Christ as the efficient remedy. As their pastor, I counselled sinners to accept Christ as their Saviour then and there. Another hymn of praise was sung, and another prayer was offered. I then requested the members of the church to retire, and invited such as were inclined to do so to remain for conversation with the pastor and the elders of the church. Over forty remained. Most of them were persons whom I had not before known as seriously inclined. On conversing with them a singular and singularly uniform state of religious feeling was found to prevail. They seemed to be all impressed with a sense of their sinful state. No cavilling appeared. No excuses were made. No difficulties even were complained of. There was a uniform admission of inexcusable sinfulness. Christ's atonement was readily admitted to be the only ground of hope. There seemed to be a readiness to comprehend it, and an equal readiness to embrace it. In conversing with them there seemed no room for persuasion. Can it be that all these persons were converted to God? There was no long law work, as our old divines were wont to call it. It seemed too easy. It appeared as if it must have been some strange sympathy—some hallucination. But they came to subsequent meetings, and on mature deliberation, on the next communion, thirty of them united with the church. In the judgment of the session they were as clear in their views, as strong in their purpose, as humble and as devout and consistent as those who found their way into the kingdom of God after long struggles and severe conflicts.

"They wore well. There was every evidence that that was a happy and valuable accession to the church. A sweet and gentle religious influence was diffused over the congregation. The meetings for prayer were, for a good while, more numerously attended.

The songs of praise were more animated. The members of the church were more zealous in their labors of love. The fact that the work of conversion did not go forward seemed not to indicate that God had withdrawn his spirit in displeasure. The mode of the Spirit's manifestation only was changed. It was a shower of grace. The effect was analogous. It was as when a June rain of an hour makes the fields joyous long after the cloud containing the blessing has passed away."

But that time is past, and its zealous colaborers are scattered. Many have gone to their reward in heaven. Most of those who remain are silver-haired. In 1834 Dr. Parker went to New Orleans, returned to New York in 1838, went to Philadelphia in 1842, and came back to New York in 1852, where he has now a large church in Fourth avenue. Mr. Finney is in Oberlin, Ohio, and Mr. Kirk is in Boston. And there has come to be a divergence of views, not less wide perhaps than that of location. Some have become "conservative," some semi-conservative, some continue "radical," some have become "fanatical;" but all unite in recalling those times of Christian work and sacrifice, and fellowship and prayer, with profound interest and with falling tears, and all look forward with faith to that time when the fruits of that season shall be "crowns of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at His coming."

And at this point let us pay a passing tribute to the memory of another colaborer in the same work.

"Aunt Dinah" was a slave in Duchess county, where she purchased her freedom. She had become a Christian in a Methodist revival, and being anxious to read the Bible, had been taught the alphabet by the little daughter of her master. From this beginning she became so much of a scholar as to have accumulated quite a library of standard theological works, the writings of Jonathan Edwards being her favorites. She accompanied Mr. Kirk to Albany, and seemed at once to identify herself with him and his calling as a revival preacher.

She not only attended him in his series of meetings at New York and other places, but wherever she heard of any "special interest" in town or country, there she went, if possible, without regard to

distance or season. She was a woman of remarkable native vigor of mind, intuitive knowledge of character, rare discrimination in respect to preaching, and by a thorough study of the Bible possessed an amount of theological lore which often surpassed the skill of doctors in divinity. But most of all was she distinguished for her humble, genuine, and glowing piety, for her love towards all God's creatures, and for her absorbing interest in the redemption of sinners. Her person was not attractive. She was much bent, not by years, but by an injury to her back, caused by a blow from her master; her features were strongly marked; her color that of the full-blooded African, strikingly contrasting with the snow-white head-dress she usually wore; and her manner heartily affectionate, blunt, earnest, and decided. Her conversations on religious subjects, and she talked of little else, were prized by all. Her expositions of Scripture were discriminating, with the peculiar unction which comes from a living experience; her personal appeals pungent and effective, as well as pathetic; and her frequent talks in female prayer-meetings, Sabbath-schools, and occasionally in religious gatherings of both sexes, were never amiss. She inspired strong affection in those who knew her, and her circle of friends was not only large, but included some of the prominent citizens, at whose houses she was always welcome. The anecdotes about her are numberless, but our limits forbid their mention. For the last few years of her life she occupied a room in the basement of one of the New York churches, making occasional visits to her old friends. She died March 20th, 1846, aged 74 years.

At this time there was stopping at the Astor House the brother of an English officer, who preferred the request that Aunt Dinah should be buried in Greenwood Cemetery by the side of his brother, in accordance with his dying request. It seems this officer was taken sick at a New York hotel, and Aunt Dinah happening to hear of it, sought his room, ministered to his wants, and began in her usual way to talk with him about his soul-interests. He encouraged the poor negro's remarks, for they afforded him relief from the tedium of confinement; but as they were continued and repeated, he began to awake to a higher interest, and finally became a

penitent and believing Christian. His wish was complied with. Twenty-six dollars were found in her room, laid by for her funeral expenses; to this more was added. A procession of carriages followed her remains to their resting-place in Greenwood, and a slab of Italian marble was erected above it, which bears an appropriate inscription.

To return to Mr. Kirk, at the outset of his agency for the Foreign Evangelical Society, in 1839. At this time the United States was in a peculiar condition. The late commercial overwhelmings seemed to have produced in the public mind a seriousness deeper than mere disappointment or despair at the loss of property. There was an interest aroused in those "treasures which moth and rust doth not corrupt," unusual for its depth and extent. A sentiment pervaded the church that Mr. Kirk was the man to meet the peculiar want occasioned by this unusual interest, and that he should not be engrossed by one society, but should for a while be devoted to preaching the gospel wherever Providence should seem to point out a sphere of labor. The plan was proposed to him, and he adopted it, with the stipulation that the churches where he preached should engage to furnish to the society sufficient funds to meet the deficit which would result from the withdrawal of his labors. This proposal was agreed to, and the result was most happy. A large amount of money was collected for the society, and the preaching of Mr. Kirk was eminently successful. He commenced his labors in Baltimore, and preached successively in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Hartford, New Haven, and other places.

In Philadelphia, especially, the interest was remarkable. The whole city, one might say, flocked to hear him. The effect produced was somewhat like that of Summerfield's preaching, not so great in the way of eloquence, but greater in the way of religious impression and permanence. For Summerfield's eloquence was like Jenny Lind's singing—unapproachable and indescribable: that peculiarly pathetic, persuasive, suppliant appeal, by which he insinuated himself into the very centre of your heart, so that one heard him, bathed in tears, losing all note of time, fascinated, entranced.

Those meetings are an exponent of a noteworthy religious movement in America—the revival movement. They are the fairest representatives of revival meetings. They constitute a marked feature of the American Church. The leading idea of those who sustained them was to arouse attention to religious concerns by special religious meetings, and then by their daily repetition hold the attention till it became rooted in religious conviction, and bore the fruit of an abiding Christian character. They were sometimes continued for weeks, and one, two, three, and even four meetings were held each day. Some were prayer-meetings; some were allotted to lay exhortation; some to personal conversation; some to preaching. They were held at all hours. The rising sun looked in upon a company of suppliants. The man of business laid down his employment in its midst, and went to the sanctuary; and at evening, especially, gathered men and women, the old and the young, either to hear, or to exhort, or to pray, or to scoff. For the time all other gatherings were set aside. The social party and the literary lecture were made secondary. Even useful and necessary avocations were more or less neglected. Eternal verities asserted a controlling sway over the mind. And these meetings were continued week after week. Hence they were called "protracted meetings." And they did not occupy the minds of a moiety only of the community: they were a living presence among the people, and a pressure upon the public attention. When they did not kindle enthusiasm, they at least aroused opposition. Few were able to disregard, and fewer to despise. They were either loved or hated.

It was in such seasons that Mr. Kirk was most effective. Here all his fine powers were brought into the fullest exercise. His tender sympathies embraced the crowded audiences; his modulated tones stole into their hearts; his passionate appeals stirred the deep fountains of emotion; his earnestness was electrical; his eloquence irresistible. He gave himself up to the work. There is no enumeration of the number of times he spoke. Neither is there any possible reckoning of the results. But those were times remembered by many, and recalled as life eras.

We have distinguished Mr. Kirk as the "Evangelist Preacher,"

because it was in these revival meetings that he came most prominently before the public, and because he is in the minds of most men distinctively associated with them. Moreover, his peculiar gifts are best manifested in the style of mingled argument, pathos, and appeal which characterize revival meetings. So strikingly was this the case, that many doubted the propriety of his establishment in one place, regarding him as belonging to the Church universal, and not to be appropriated by one community. But the calling of an evangelist, in its very nature, is temporary. It cannot be continued for a lifetime. It exhausts without replenishing. It wears out the body by excitement, and deteriorates the mind by excessive drafts. There must be repose for the one, and quiet study and meditation for the other. Hence we presume that an opening to pastoral life once more was welcomed.

RESIDENCE AT BOSTON.

In 1842 he was invited to establish a church in Boston by clergymen and influential laymen of that city, a public meeting being held for the purpose. In June of that year he was installed pastor of a newly-formed Congregational Church, which adopted the name of the "Mount Vernon Church." Immediately after his installation, he spent four months in Andover, according to a previous arrangement, for the purpose of resting from incessant labors, and making some direct preparation for the pastoral office. He preached first in the old South Chapel, and then in the Masonic Temple, while the church edifice was building, which he now occupies, and which was opened for divine service on the 1st of January, 1844. It will accommodate thirteen hundred persons, is always well filled, and often crowded. He accomplishes, with the same untiring energy, a great amount of labor. He preaches regularly twice on the Sabbath, and on one evening of the week conducts the weekly church prayer-meeting, devotes one evening to religious conversation in the chapel, instructs the children in an unpublished catechism prepared by himself, and meets the officers of the church every Saturday afternoon,

when the notices to be read from the pulpit are agreed upon, and the plan of the next week laid out.

There has been a constant seriousness among his people since the commencement of his labors, and conversions are continually occurring. His relations to Christian ministers of all denominations are entirely friendly. His own people are unwavering in their devotion to him, and manifest a noble generosity.

In May, 1846, he went a second time to Europe, to recruit by a temporary release from his arduous labors, and to attend the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance. The expenses of the journey were borne by one member of his church. It was a tribute of regard to the loved pastor, only the more grateful for being wholly unexpected. We have been told that the Business Committee of the church voted to defray the expense, but inasmuch as this individual would not relinquish what he insisted on as a prior claim, the committee, not to be outdone, voted the sum which they designed to appropriate to the expenses of the journey as a free-will offering to Mr. Kirk.

We have occupied so much space with the biographical part of this sketch that the critical must be brief. Moreover, we are little inclined to discuss Mr. Kirk's oratorical excellencies, because, being so remarkable, people are ready enough to forget the solemn truths uttered, while talking about the eloquence of their delivery. This is true in the case of all ministers, but especially of Mr. Kirk, because of his reputation as an orator. The discussion of his rich and sonorous voice, symmetrical person, finished delivery, and glowing style is apt to create the wrong impression that he has cultivated the graces of oratory rather than the graces of the Spirit; and that his power is due to external accomplishments rather than to the inner fire of a fervent piety. The truth is, that the pulpit has been so associated with awkwardness of manner and affectation of tone, that when a preacher possesses a graceful delivery, we are a little startled, lest he is not altogether clerical. But those who have often heard Mr. Kirk must be deeply impressed with the spirituality, the unction, and the fervency of his ministrations. Such outpouring of feeling, such pointedness of application, such yearning tenderness of

appeals as we have heard from his lips! The words ring in our ears, so thrilling and so beautiful, as he poured forth entreaties that all would love the Saviour who had redeemed them; warning the guilty with such a fearful yet pathetic earnestness; and clothing entreaties and warnings with such a glow of enthusiasm, that it would seem as if the coldest heart must warm and the hardest insensibility give a responsive throb. Mr. Kirk has been highly gifted by nature, and these gifts he has faithfully cultivated, that each might be brought into the fullest requisition for the service of his Master. His voice is full, deep, mellow, and musical. It is a voice that is heard with equal distinctness in every part of the house, sounds as low and soft beneath the pulpit as at the farthest remove, and steals into the heart like the deep tones of music. His manner is difficult to be described, for he has no mannerism. He is entirely natural, and manner is artificial. He has attained the perfection of Art, where Art becomes Nature. Every movement is appropriate. There is nothing discordant, excessive, or *outré;* yet every gesture has its character and meaning. He is a polished speaker, but the temper of the steel is not weakened by the polish. A perfect harmony exists between the voice, the gesture, the sentence, and the thought that is their life. His eloquence charms the hearer. Some orators excite admiration, others inspire wonder, but Mr. Kirk wins the heart. This is partly due to his peculiar style of *talking*, rather than *preaching* to his audience. He seeks to annihilate the distance so generally felt between the pulpit and the pew. And it is due partly to the familiar character of his illustrations. They are by no means low, but are taken from matters of every-day interest and universal acquaintance. He brings religion *home* to the hearer, as pertaining to every-day life, not to be laid aside carefully with the Sunday suit. He urges the importance of *immediate* decision with unusual power. He succeeds in making a person see himself as he really is, and not as he is regarded by his neighbors. The hearer feels that his heart has been scanned, through all disguises and all self-deceptions, and yet he does not preach against vices so much as against sin. He dwells much upon the base ingratitude of the sinner towards a God of such infinite love and com-

passion, and movingly presents the love of God as manifested in Jesus Christ. He also impresses the importance and the privilege of prayer, the beautiful communion between a holy God and a forgiven sinner. To an unusual degree, also, he magnifies the word of God and seeks to lead his hearers to a more ardent attachment to the glorious revelation. He is characterized by his estimation of Christianity as an *aggressive* system. He inspires his church to make sallies into the enemy's camp, and not be content with defending the citadel. He would make his a *working* church, whose members not only attend religious meetings, but also enlighten the ignorant, feed the hungry, plead with the hardened, restore the fallen, pray for the enslaved. Hence he has always shown an unwavering zeal in behalf of the benevolent organizations of the day. He preaches unqualifiedly man's apostasy from God and his departure from an original state of rectitude. He exhibits Christ as the only Saviour, and salvation by faith both for the moral and for the profane —salvation, full, free, inestimable, and indispensable.

In person Mr. Kirk is about six feet in height, of finely developed figure, graceful movement, winning eye, clear complexion, and handsome features. His constitution is of the best, so that it has not suffered from early dissipation, nor from the more severe tax of professional labors. His leading traits of character are —warm affections, fine sensibilities, full appreciations, and rather unusual frankness and simplicity. His organization is finely strung in every particular. His musical attainments are good, and his ear and voice superior. His perception of nice discriminations in language and appreciation of art are uncommon. If he had devoted himself to the study of Language, he would have become, we doubt not, eminent. He has not a logical mind, or at any rate he deals little with argument in the pulpit. In the earlier part of his ministry his power lay almost entirely in delivery and in fervent piety. But through all his later years he has been assiduously supplying the defects of early neglect of study. Now, a fair amount of thought underlies his effective appeals. Yet his calling is not to develop profound thought, or convincing argument, or elaborate exposition, but to arouse the emotions and kindle the affections. But

even a casual observer of his preaching will mark a gradual change within the last few years. At the commencement of his ministry, and for some time, he spoke extempore, for the sake of directness and vivacity. But he did not avoid the evils incident to this style. There were at times a severity and lack of intellectual culture in his sermons, which, to minds of the best order, appeared objectionable. We doubt not that Mr. Kirk recognized these defects, for they have been overcome, and improvement is always preceded by a knowledge of deficiency. Yet we sometimes cannot but look longingly for that impulsive, unstudied, and impassioned extempore of earlier years; that flexibility of pulpit oratory which united the charm of personal conversation with the dignity and power of oratorical appeal. In this no one equals him, while in written discourse he is surpassed.

Mr. Kirk's life is illustrative of three truths:—1st, The energy which a thorough change of character infuses into life; 2dly, That self-discipline and self-culture bear an immense part in the usefulness of a man, and that it is never too late to begin; 3dly, The power of oratory over the mind, and the imperative duty of ministers to cultivate those mental and physical endowments which make effective speakers. Why should there be less eloquence in the Pulpit than at the Bar, or in the Halls of Legislation?

A great work is to be done in this department, and we thank Heaven that such an example as that of Mr. Kirk is presented to the American people—an example which may guide the seeker, encourage the despairer, and stimulate the aspirer.

CHESTER DEWEY,

THE TEACHER AND PREACHER.

"Behold, God exalteth by His power; who teacheth like Him?"

There is doubtless much selfishness in this world, much arrogance, much base ambition, much pretence; and there is much native sensibility, lost to human sight or touch, either smothered by self-depreciation, or blighted by betrayal, which is deaf to the timid knockings of weakness, as well as to the hoarse demandings of want. But withal there is much disinterestedness, much self-forgetting, watchful tenderness, sensitive sympathy, quiet self-sacrifice. There are many hearts responsive to all the cries of humanity, whether coming from the chill of penury, or the tossings of disease, or yet worse, from sterile ignorance, or blighting vice, or unforgiven sin.

It is for the sake of evidencing such devotion to duty and humanity, of setting forth the comforting and encouraging in life, as well as to present the pulpit orators of America, and the religious characteristics of her history, that these sketches are prepared. We would embody in our biographies genuine manhood in a variety of its manifestations and experiences, and the circle of illustrations would be incomplete did we omit a portrait of the true Teacher, or rather of a representative of the large class of American clergy who are both Teachers and Preachers.

To a prevailing sentiment, that the profession of teaching is inferior to the "three learned professions," exception must be taken. Indeed we cannot acknowledge it inferior to any, unless it be to that of the Pastor and Preacher, who is indeed the religious Teacher.

We believe it will one day be so regarded, and the boasted titles and affected claims of outward circumstance and factitious life will sink in comparison to insignificance. It would be enough to magnify the profession in the eyes of some, to show the list of those who have belonged to it; to cluster the names of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Milton, Johnson, and Arnold. But others will object to such evidence, for the man does not make the profession, nor the profession the man. There are other grounds of decision.

What are the faculties or gifts demanded by the profession? for this is the standard by which to measure relative values in man's occupations. Why is not the industrious and expert scavenger equal to the industrious and expert mechanic? Simply because less is demanded of him. We must confess to distinctions. "There are diversities of gifts." The high and low, the patrician and the plebeian are necessities; Nature's elevations and depressions must be recognized, and though "God worketh all in all," honor must be proportioned to them.

Therefore we ask, What is demanded by the Teacher's profession?

It demands, first, *intellectual superiority*. This includes not only thorough knowledge of subjects taught, but of many others incidentally related therewith. The notion is false that *any one* can be a teacher; that a smattering of knowledge, with a good text-book open before one, is enough for instruction. Even the acquisition of rudiments requires the guidance of a proficient. Work half done is not done at all; nay more, obstacles are accumulated in the path of future progress and success. The teacher must be himself a truly *educated* man, that is, his own mind must be developed and disciplined, or he can never lead on the minds of his pupils. He must have a quick perception of mental workings and idiosyncracies, and of *heart workings* too. All minds cannot be dealt with alike, nor each mind in the same way at all times. Even opposite treatments are needed, according to states, conditions, superiorities.

Moreover the teacher must not only have knowledge and interest in the studies, but this interest is to be kept fresh in spite of the most frequent and long-continued repetition. To this must be added the power of infusing this interest into the minds of pupils. This

is the crowning intellectual gift of the true teacher. It is one of the forms of genius.

But more than intellectual superiority, the profession demands *moral superiority*. The teacher must be the true man, the good man, the noble man, that his pupils, by beholding, may reflect and become the same. Though we are not speaking of the moral or religious teacher, yet the moral so transcends the intellectual, character so transcends talent, and the influence of the one is so much more certain, powerful, necessary, and immediate than of the other, that we think no intellectual advantage ought to be regarded as in the least balancing a moral disadvantage. In fine, the teacher must be able, in the words of Kant, "to develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible," and to compass that power by experimental insight into the great principle of upward progress contained in the quotation which heads this sketch.

Chester Dewey represents the true Teacher. He is learned, intellectual, religious. His knowledge of human nature is discriminating. He appreciates shades of difference between different minds. The acquisition of knowledge is a delight, and its communication not only a delight but a necessity. With some, knowledge lies on the dyspeptic brains an undigested burden, but with Mr. Dewey it is vitality and health. His interest in rudiments never tires—his faculty of interesting others never fails. His influence over the young is ennobling: he bridges the chasm between teacher and pupil with compacted information, and thereupon pass back and forth sympathies and affections: and the pathway of his declining years is strewn with the grateful tributes of the many he has educated, now rejoicing in a successful manhood. To them we refer as prompt endorsers of our presentation.

Chester Dewey was born October 25th, 1784, in the town of Sheffield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts. His father was a farmer, who was prevented from obtaining a liberal education by the troublous times of the Revolution. He was a man of strong mind, sound judgment, sober integrity, and, consequently, of commanding influence in his town. In those days, when lawyers and courts were not as now, to be found, like the images of the Israelites, "on every

high hill, and under every green tree," he was resorted to as the arbiter in disputes, and the judge of the place, and from his decisions an appeal was rarely taken. But respected as he was, he always suffered in his own feelings from the lack of a liberal education. He felt that it was his natural birthright, that he would have appreciated it and improved it. And in his thoughtful moods there came up before him so many questions which a liberal education would have solved, so many labyrinthine threads of information which it would have enabled him to follow out into the open day, that he was troubled by his deficiency. He felt, too, the lack of a higher facility in communicating what he did know. As it was, he possessed a singular clearness of expression, but he longed for a greater power.

With these convictions, he determined to give to his first-born son that which he so sorrowingly wanted. Holding to this purpose, he exercised more wisdom than some parents manifest, who keep their sons from the soil as they would from a contagion, deeming that head-work precludes hand-work; that the "college boy" would be ruined by being first the "farmer boy;" that the hand which is to hold the pen, and turn the leaf, and dig Greek roots, should never hold the plough, or turn the furrow, or dig garden roots. He began by educating the body of his boy before the brain, and developing muscle before mind. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," was his golden principle of education. If such were the system of all parents, and if all sons appreciated health, and would *work* to get and keep it, we should hear less of ragged authors, dilapidated teachers, and bronchial preachers. He had, however, all the advantages of school instruction which the times afforded, and play enough to keep his spirits buoyant, his cheek rosy, and his eye bright. He was from childhood remarkably active, prompt, and alert. It is an incident as illustrative of the maxim, that "the boy is father to the man," that when an infant he always rocked himself to sleep. His mother taught him to put his little hands on each side of the cradle and do his own lullabying. In consequence of this early training, and of an active temperament, he grew up a stirring, independent, self-reliant youth, with a mind ever on the look-out for information.

His childhood was an unclouded one. He was what one would style a *sunny* boy, ever bright, buoyant, bounding, the light of the home circle, and a favorite with all. He early showed quickness of perception, with a "gift" at imitation, so that he afforded great amusement by performing sundry little feats, which are taught to bright children. Dispatch in business was also manifested at an early age, united to a principle of order, which is rare in young people. Oh! how many trials and tears would be spared the rising generation, if they could learn to "hang up their caps," and "shut the door," as readily as did young Dewey. He felt an absorbing interest in whatever thing he undertook, whether play, or study, or work; and was thus impelled on by his own zealous spirit. Hence, as well in the school-room as on the cricket-ground and in the wrestling-match he was first. When thirteen years old, the whole care of the farm devolved upon him, his father being disabled by protracted illness. He fulfilled his task manfully, but it was long ere he recovered from the wear and tear of that summer.

Most of the fitting for college was accomplished in the district-school: three months, however, were spent with Rev. Mr. Robbins, the minister of Norfolk, Connecticut, who fitted hundreds of young men for college, being accustomed to receive them into his family for that purpose, according to the excellent usage of those days.

Mr. Dewey entered Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1802, being then in his eighteenth year. He proved to be a superior scholar, ranking among the first in his class. While a good mathematician and classical scholar, he evinced a decided partiality for natural sciences, which has since ripened into such distinguished excellence. His warmth of heart, open manly disposition, and gallant sentiments, won the regard of his classmates. He had no false pride, no exclusiveness of feeling, but that keen appreciation of the good points in his fellows, that wide-embracing sympathy for the "great brotherhood of man," which is ever welling up from the hearts of the right-minded. In this connection we refer to a trait of Mr. Dewey's character, developed at this time—generosity in communicating knowledge. He never hoards it in the coffers of the brain, there to rest or rot, but puts it into general circulation. He

talks out his thoughts, and with whomsoever he is, the child or the man, the ignorant or the learned, he is ever exciting inquiry, quickening thought, imparting information, and adding to his own store. His mental capital is productive. We commend his example to the educated men who have a talent, but hide it in the napkin of their selfish silence; who have a light, but are themselves the bushel to it. There is a duty which such men owe to the community. They have received extra privileges, and they ought to bestow extra favors. They ought to scatter the seed they have garnered, that it may spring up and bear fruit a hundred-fold. They have no right to go through the world a locked-up library with the key lost. If they know any thing, let them allow other people to know it also. They will be none the poorer for it, they will be richer for it, richer in their own stock, richer in the consciousness of doing good, richer in the gratitude of all. Mr. Dewey is a man who pours upon all the stores of his information. Hence his conversation is ever entertaining and instructive, and his society sought. He began life with the resolve to be lavish of his knowledge, and thus it was that his college vacations were regarded as gala days by his family, for he managed in an attractive and easy way to scatter among them all the treasures he had gathered.

In the previous sketch, we have referred to those remarkable occasions, perhaps not improperly termed "Revivals," when the soul seems to rouse itself from the lethargy of sense to a living perception of the Unseen and Spiritual; when great truths, long disregarded, start into living realities; and when Eternity, in its eminence, absorbs all the interests of Time. Such a season occurred during the third term of Mr. Dewey's senior year, and he bowed himself beneath the power of its presence. From that day he was actuated by nobler impulses than the promptings of natural sympathies. A penitence for past ingratitude towards the Supreme Benefactor, for neglect of infinite truths, and a holy love for God filled his soul. Under the impulse of these higher sentiments he consecrated himself to the work of proclaiming salvation, and of persuading men to lay hold of the new life. Immediately after his graduation, he was violently attacked with typhus fever, and at one time his life was despaired of;

but the constitution built upon his father's farm was not found wanting, and he entirely recovered. As soon as health allowed, he commenced his theological studies with Stephen West, D. D., of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a divine of those days eminent for sound theology and actuating piety, and loved and respected almost to adoration. In October, 1807, he was licensed to preach by the Berkshire Association, and during the following winter taught a school in Stockbridge, and preached regularly in West Stockbridge, a village five miles distant. Stockbridge has always been distinguished for its refined and literary society; and by the cordiality with which he was received into its choice circle, his love of social intercourse was amply gratified. Here, too, he found his favorite among the fair daughters of this beautiful village. She was the pride and joy of the place, a girl whose presence was a charm to the glad ones, a balm of healing to the sorrowing. She had an attractive person, a quick mind, gay humor, and a true heart. In the spring of 1808 he made a pleasant, leisurely journey with his sister to Canada, in the sensible, sociable manner of those times, before steam had whirled away the good old practice of riding in one's own conveyance, thirty miles or less a day, and stopping for the night with some hospitable cousin or long-lost friend. We allude to this journey, not because it was fraught with the stirring incidents which characterized the Canada expedition of Sommers, described in another sketch, but because it is dwelt upon by its projector, as the only journey of his life for unmixed recreation and social enjoyment, when work and duty to self or the good of others was not the impelling and controlling motive. From July to November of the same year, Mr. Dewey preached in Tyringham, a small town in the same county. Here his labors yielded happy results. When he went there, the church was rent by dissension, and depressed by poverty. The greatest revival which has ever blessed it, occurred during his ministrations, and he left it prosperous and independent, as it has since remained.

In November he was invited to a tutorship at his Alma Mater, only two years after his graduation—an evidence of the esteem in which he was held, as this office was a tutorship only in name, being endowed with all the responsibilities of a professorship. He en-

tered upon his duties under peculiar and testing circumstances. During the previous spring and summer, an effort had been made by the students to relieve the institution of certain obnoxious tutors. This occasioned some trouble in college, but the difficulty seemed to be amicably settled at Commencement, and the students returned at the beginning of the year with the expressed intention of moving on quietly. Professor Olds, however, a man of strong and independent character, felt that the disturbances could only be atoned for by a written acknowledgment on the part of the Junior class, which had taken the lead; and at his suggestion, it was agreed by the Faculty, that a paper to that effect should be drawn up, and each member of the class compelled to sign it. This was done; but unfortunately each member of the class refused to sign it, and all the influence of Professor Olds, popular as he was, had no power to bend their resolve. At this juncture, when a whole class was arrayed against the Faculty, the President declared himself on the side of the students, and the Professor, with all the Tutors, feeling their honor compromised by the course of the President, resigned in a body, and left him sole officer. Consequently college was adjourned for four weeks, at the close of which, Messrs. Dewey, Nelson, and Robbins entered upon the vacant tutorships. Into Mr. Dewey's hands was consigned the refractory Junior class, which selection placed him next in authority to the President, and virtually threw upon him the responsibility of the institution. He proved himself equal to the emergency; and at the outset displayed that tact for government, the power of influencing young men so that they shall govern themselves, which has since rendered him so successful as a teacher. Upon his first meeting with the class he frankly confessed his own inexperience, told them of the evil reports prevalent of their insubordination, and reminded them that the only way whereby the community could be convinced that they stood upon right ground, as they professed to do, was by a faithful and manly performance of duty for the future. The appeal was apt; the students were thrown on their individual responsibility; they proved thenceforward admirable pupils; studies were heartily prosecuted, and perfect order maintained. An interesting tribute was lately paid by Judge Kel-

logg, a member of the Junior class, who said: "I remember, as if it were but yesterday, that first recitation and Mr. Dewey's address. He put us on our honor, and after that we wouldn't for all the world have done a rebellious deed."

After remaining a Tutor for two years, Mr. Dewey was endowed with the title and perquisites of "Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy." He held the situation until 1827, a period of seventeen years—the best years of life—from the age of twenty-six to that of forty-three. These years were devoted to the upbuilding of Williams College. We shall briefly speak of them as a whole. The consignment of the Junior class to Mr. Dewey, the Tutor, was but an earnest of the consignment made to Mr. Dewey, the Professor. As in that instance, so ever after, he was stationed at the post of hazard and responsibility. When a matter of importance and delicacy was to be managed, requiring resolution, judgment, and personal influence to insure its success, he was the man to handle it; when any difficult point was to be gained, he was the one to reach it; when any boisterous breakers were to be cleared, he was the one to take the helm. Thus, in time, this feeble, struggling, yet growing institution learned to lay its weightiest burdens on him, and consign to his care its more precious interests. We do not intend, by any means, to imply that he heard all the important recitations, or made out the bills, or always disciplined the students; but that in any case of doubt, his counsel was essential; in difficulty, his presence was indispensable; in any difference of sentiment, his opinion was ultimate. Nor does this fact disparage the other able officers of the college. They were equal to their duties, and faithful in their performance. He did, also, much to advance the standard of scholarship, and enlarge the course of study. In the department of Natural History he was unwearied in his efforts. The departments of Chemistry and Botany he established on their present enlarged basis, laying the corner-stone. For the promotion of these, and of Geology, he commenced a system of exchanges throughout the country, and carried on a large correspondence with the *savans*, not only of America, but also of England, France, Germany, and even Prussia and Norway.

In religious matters, also, as well as in governmental, he exerted a truly efficient influence. He had the best good of the students as a constant object of attainment; and vigilant watchman as he was, his "beat" extended beyond the limits of scholarship. He strove to inspire his pupils with the purpose to be men, true men, complete, Christian men. He succeeded, too, in *getting at* the students, in reaching their inner life, appreciating their feelings, prejudices, sympathies. He knew them individually. They, on their part, loved and respected him. They came to him for counsel, guidance, and encouragement. He was the guide of the inquiring spirit, and the consoler of the penitent. He prayed with the prayerful and rejoiced with the forgiven.

As illustrative of the relation existing between the teacher and the taught, we will venture to narrate an incident which has come to our knowledge. Belonging to the Sophomore class of 1824, was a poor Irish boy, who was struggling up through a liberal education, with the purpose of becoming a minister. He was assisted in his efforts by the "Brick Church" of New York. He was fitted for college at an academy in Amherst, but did not, as was expected, enter the college there. In the midst of his regular duties and daily studies at Williams, there came a letter from the officers of the Brick Church, stating that, in consequence of certain reports which had come to them prejudicial to his character, the assistance of the church would be withdrawn from date. The intelligence came upon the poor fellow like a thunderbolt, so sudden and so crushing. No opportunity was afforded for self-defence or explanation. The letter was decisive and final. In this state he went to Professor Dewey and told his trial—that his support was taken from him, that he must leave college, relinquish his hopes and plans of doing good and self-improvement, and all for an offence of which he was ignorant, and of which, whatever it might be, he protested his innocence. Professor Dewey had regarded this son of Erin's Isle with interest. He had been inspired with confidence in him. His fellow-students respected and liked him. He was a good scholar and unexceptionable in his deportment. Under these circumstances, Professor Dewey told him not to leave, or trouble himself about the paying of bills,

and going to the President, prevailed upon him to consent to the young man's remaining, on the assurance that he himself would take the responsibility. So the boy studied on, without any particular notice being taken of the Brick Church. At the end of a year, or thereabouts, a second letter came from the officers, stating that the charges of delinquency had turned out to be false, renewing their support, and, better than all, paying up the arrears. So the young man was saved. Professor Dewey saved him. And the Irish boy of 1824 is now none other than the "Kirwan" of America, Dr. Murray of New Jersey.

In our limits, we can only allude to a college rebellion which came off about this time, and to Professor Dewey's admirable management and removal of the difficulties. It arose from the rustication of one of the students by the President. His fellows demanded his restoration. It was refused, and the students rebelled. It was the wildest rebellion ever known there. Professors were locked in, one narrowly escaped with his life, bells were rung, horns were blown night after night, and college exercises suspended for several days. Had it not been for Professor Dewey's mediation and moderate counsels, most of the students would have been expelled; among them one who is now the president of a college, another who is a professor, another who is one of the first lawyers of New York, another who is a useful minister, and so on. It was in such ways, by his calm judgment and his influence with the students, that he accomplished good.

Several revivals occurred during his professorship. In these he exerted a controlling influence, as the religious guide, the earnest preacher, and the sympathizing friend. One unusually interesting occasion deserves mention. The first manifest intimation of any special earnestness of feeling was made by the call of a student, whose name was Jenkins, on Professor Dewey, with a request from the Junior class that a prayer-meeting might take the place of the morning recitation, as the great seriousness among the students prevented the usual study. Jenkins had been an infidel, but his manner now precluded all suspicion of hypocrisy. He was so deeply moved as almost to forbid utterance. The request was readily

granted, and Professor Dewey met with the class for prayer. It was a sublime meeting. There came together then a band of students transformed by some unseen power. Levity, recklessness were all gone—earnestness, honestness filled their souls—the depths of feeling stirred—tears flowing—prayers ascending. And this feeling continued, and the earnestness prevailed, and prayers were answered. Between forty and fifty enrolled themselves under the banner of the redeemed. Jenkins became a Congregational minister, was settled in Massachusetts, and afterwards in Maine. At the close of the term, instead of the usual Junior exhibition, Professor Dewey preached a sermon, in accordance with the unanimous request of the students, which they published. It is beautiful to recur to such experiences as these, to look back upon a pathway studded with fresh green spots of happiness and righteousness, started into life by one's own watering and nursing. There is a story of a German merchant, so wealthy that he paved his courtyard with silver dollars; but here is the pathway of a life paved with good deeds, leading up to that city whose streets are "pure gold, like unto clear glass."

In 1827, Professor Dewey sent in a resignation of his Professorship. And why, if so useful and influential, did he resign? This is a question difficult to answer in such a brief biography. Suffice it to say, that he was strongly urged to leave. A high-school for boys had been established at Pittsfield, on a large scale. Academical education at that time was inferior. It needed to be elevated. To this end "The Gymnasium," at Pittsfield, was established. It offered advantages far superior to those of most of the schools. Only one other institution of the kind was in existence, located at Northampton. Two were afterwards organized, at Amherst and New Haven. Strong representations were made to Professor Dewey of the importance of such an undertaking, and the desirableness of his cooperation. It was set forth as a wider field of usefulness, and a more reponsible post, and it was urged that the cause of education needed him at that post. These arguments were aimed at his vulnerable point. He yielded; and, greatly to the regret, as well as surprise, of the trustees, sent in his resignation, and immediately removed to Pittsfield. There may have been some minor reasons

which induced this change, but so far as we can learn, they were not connected with his relations to "Williams."

For a number of years "The Gymnasium" greatly prospered, and outlived the other institutions of the kind, but, at last affected, like its fellows, by the improvement in small select schools, which drew off scholars from the high-schools, it became so reduced in size that Professor Dewey deemed it best to remove to Rochester, in the State of New York, and take charge of the "Rochester Collegiate Institute." This change was made in 1836, and was doubtless for the best. Here he remained at the head of a school which received from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty different scholars in a year, until 1850.

He was then elected Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the University of Rochester. This college resulted from the failure of the Baptists to remove to Rochester the Madison University.

This denomination manifested an unsurpassed zeal in the cause of liberal education, by contributing, within the space of a few months, the sum of $150,000 for the endowment of the new university, which amount will probably be doubled by the end of this year. The contributions were in sums of all values, and from all classes of people. The universal enthusiasm in the enterprise reminds of the early days of New England, when Harvard was founded by the gifts of well-nigh every Puritan home. As the Presbyterians had failed to endow a college in Rochester, to which enterprise Professor Dewey had given his best thoughts and efforts, the Baptist Board of Trustees solicited his co-operation in the new institution, in accordance with a liberality of administration, characterizing the institution, which is likely to result in enlisting the sympathies and support of all denominations in Western New York. Recognizing the claims of this wise policy, from which there is no departure in the five years of its existence, during which it has grown to be a large and thoroughly appointed college, he accepted the professorship, and has since given his constant efforts to advance the institution, sustaining relations to his associates of rare confidence and regard, and, as ever, winning the respect and affection of all the students.

Professor Dewey has done much for the cause of education in Western New York. He did not take leave of her interests on leaving Williams College. Indeed, it was in her cause that he left there; and he has ever continued faithful to her, watchful of her wants, and enthusiastic in her behalf, originating good for her, and guiding plans of beneficence to a successful consummation. She was his early love, and he has ever been her loving protector "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer." And he has shown this devotion, not only in making his own school a worthy model, but also in efforts to elevate the character of school instruction throughout the State, and especially in labors for the advancement of the Public Schools. He was active in the formation of the "Teacher's Institute," of which he has been the president, and in the annual conventions of this society he bears an important part.

Professor Dewey has written much on scientific subjects. He has been a correspondent of Professor Silliman's "American Journal of Science and Arts" since its establishment in 1814, writing principally on Caricography. In this department of natural history he has taken the lead in this country. We have only space to refer to one interesting article in this Journal, which shows the fallacy of the well-known and hitherto unquestioned experiment of the distinguished Dr. Murray, of Edinburgh, employed to prove that water transmits heat from particle to particle, without necessary motion among the globules. In this demonstration Professor Silliman expressed great gratification, but could not refrain from coupling with this his regret that he should have shown his friend, Dr. Murray, to be guilty of such a blunder. In 1829 he wrote a scientific description of the plants of Berkshire county, Mass., which was engrafted in a "History of Berkshire" by Dr. Field. In accordance with an appointment by the State Government, he wrote in 1841 a "History of the Herbaceous Plants of Massachusetts." He has also published minor essays on scientific subjects. He is remarkable for constant use of the pen in study, an admirable practice, induced by his father's pertinent injunction when he took him to college: "*My son, learn to put your thoughts on paper.*" It is well to state also that he is a member of the "American Academy of Arts and Sciences," established at Bos-

ton; of the "Lyceum of Natural History," at New York; of the "Society of Natural Sciences," at Philadelphia; and of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science." In 1837 he received the title of D. D. from Union College, and in 1850 that of LL. D. from Williams College.

He has ever cherished his youthful fancy for the so-called Natural Sciences. They always were natural to him. And now he may often be seen, with bag on shoulder, hammer in hand, and very likely a troop of pupils behind him (for it's very difficult for boys to "get ahead" of him, even in the matter of recreation), clambering over the cliffs, scaling the mountain-spurs, and roaming the fields, in search of layers, and strata, and "croppings out," and "primary rocks," and "secondaries," and flowers, and "specimens" in general. In this way has the bodily vigor, gained upon his father's farm, been retained through all the wearing duties of a long literary life; and now, when past the allotted limit of "threescore years and ten," his form is as erect, his step well-nigh as elastic, his eye as bright, and his laugh as hearty, as when on the cricket-ground he "tallied up" higher than all his fellows. In this particular, as well as in his free outpourings of knowledge, we would commend his example. If the clergy would tinge their pale cheeks with the morning sun, let the fresh breeze brown them, and the mountain scramble tire them; if they would search out Nature in her chosen places, and study God in that book of Revelation whose leaves are the fields, and carolling birds the commentators; if they would occasionally find "books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones," then we should hear fewer complaints of feeling "Mondayish."

Until lately Professor Dewey has spent four months of the year at the East, in lecturing on botany and chemistry, at the medical colleges of Pittsfield in Massachusetts, and of Woodstock in Vermont. This work absorbed all his vacations. He was in the habit of delivering two lectures, of an hour each, during every day of the whole course, besides the arduous preparatory work in the laboratory. The professorship at the Pittsfield Institution began with 1822, and the one in Vermont in 1841.

In addition to all these labors, he preaches, on an average, one ser-

mon on every Sabbath. He is not confined to the limits of one denomination, but supplies vacant pulpits wherever needed, and is a favorite with all. In the pulpit, we should hardly style him eloquent or brilliant. He is instructive, interesting, and earnest. He always develops some good thought, expounds the Scriptures felicitously, and has variety in his reasoning. We would regard, however, the appeals he makes to the responsive feelings of man's nature, to one's gratitude, desire for immortality, and innate perception of the Good, the Wise, and the Pure, together with the manifestation of sincerity and deep feeling, as the characteristics of his preaching. In prayer he has a fulness, beauty, variety, and richness of expression which is unsurpassed.

He has lately borne an important part in the establishment of a new Congregational church, called the "Plymouth Church of Rochester," of which the elegant edifice, costing $60,000, was consecrated in August of 1855, and to which no allusion should be made without mention of the name of A. Champion, Esq., the generous originator and main supporter of the enterprise.

Professor Dewey has a well-built, symmetrical form, is nearly six feet in height, of full habit without corpulency, and with a face beaming with kindly expression. He dispatches business without slighting it; is generous without prodigality; self-forgetting without recklessness; enthusiastic without a hobby; sociable without loquaciousness; inquiring without inquisitiveness; holding opinions without being opinionated; learned without pedantry; starting questions without engendering skepticism; decided without dogmatism; and, finally, has a noble head without belief in phrenology. He has been twice married: in 1805 to Sarah Dewey, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who died in 1823; and in 1825 to Olivia H. Pomeroy, of Pittsfield. He has had fifteen children, six of whom are living.

The fundamental trait of his character is beneficence. He radiates happiness upon all within his sphere, be they high or low, ignorant or learned. Of this ever-actuating principle we need no higher proof than the fact of his having been a teacher of youth for forty-seven years, having delivered about four thousand lectures, and preached not far from three thousand sermons—the first two depart-

ments having been filled for a bare livelihood; the last for nothing. After all, these constitute the smaller part. It is the minor charities, that cannot be filed and numbered; the daily, hourly overflowing of kindly feeling and appreciative sympathies; the gentle words, the generous advice, which constitute the warp of his benevolence.

As we look at such a life, we muse on the much there is of beauty and of good to assuage the weariness of life's journey; thought is good, affections are good, health is a living fountain of happiness. How refreshing too is Nature, with her "voice and eloquence of beauty." The blue sky from its deep bosom sends deep joy into the heart, and the bright sun lights up gladness within, and then the music of the birds and the rustling of the leaves, the gentle hum of insects and all the forms of life stir a gladness, which sends the blood thrilling through the veins, and the voice utters itself in gushing tones of thankfulness to the Giver of every good. And then the merry laugh of children greets the ear, and harmony of happy voices carolling their early loves. We see youth feasting at the loaded board of social joys, and old age leaning on the arm of youth, peacefully and hopefully threading the descending path, which shall change at death to an ascending flight; we see hope light up the eyes of all, of

> "Youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
> In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
> And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man;"

and we see goodness laying hold of that higher, holier hope, within whose folds is wrapped a bliss unutterable. Yes, it is refreshing,

> "To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
> Of beautiful and well-created things;
> To love the rill of waters; and the sheen
> Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
> To thrill with the rich melody of birds
> Living their life of music; to be glad
> In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
> To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
> And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree;
> To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
> Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world;

To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star
Whose purity and distance make it fair;
And from the spell of music to awake
And feel that it has purified the heart."

But pleasanter than all to look upon, is Manhood steadfastly standing in the allotted place, performing the work which Providence has appointed, undismayed by its severity, unseduced by its surrounding pleasures; in singleness of heart following the path that opens; valiantly, effectively doing, because it is his duty to do, whether others, controlled by interest, do or leave undone; and, in addition, striving to shed the warmth of sympathy and the light of information on all the waysiders and companions of life's journey—dispensing charities, encouraging goodness, exciting inquiry, radiating happiness through all the onward progress. Nature is beautiful, Thought is beautiful, Childhood is beautiful, Woman is beautiful; but Manhood, strong, steadfast, single-hearted, sympathizing, is more beautiful still.

Such a character we have presented, not one of surpassing genius like a Milton or a Bonaparte, nor one of surpassing talent like a Goethe or a Washington; but yet how superior, and how easy (in one sense) of imitation!

But how came he by this character? Nature, doubtless, was generous to him, but he had a childhood like all "born of woman," and that childhood was one of impressions and of moulding. And it was his *mother* who impressed and moulded it. It was she who guided him, and inspired him, and prayed for him. She taught him to do what he ought, promptly and thoroughly; to bear burdens cheerfully; to be watchful of others' wants, careless of his own; to keep life's great work before him, and thus be unmoved by trifles; to hold Heaven in view, and thus be manful under the work of life. She was self-sacrificing and self-forgetting, and he grew up like her; she loved God and all his creatures, and he came to love with the same holy love; she joyed with the joyful, and sorrowed with the sorrowful, and his heart, too, opened in sympathy with all. And now, as that godly mother draweth nigh to the grave, with a heart as warm, a conversation as intelligent, a hand

as free, a sympathy as glowing, a benevolence as wide-embracing, as when she nurtured her sunny boy—with a life full of interest behind her—such a son present with her, and a Home of redeeming love before her—look on, ye Mothers, and answer, Is there not a treasure ye also can win? Is there not a duty ye should meet?*

GENERAL VIEW OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

As an appropriate conclusion, we present a succinct statement of Education in the United States, prepared by Dr. Baird.

"According to the census of 1850, the number of public schools (that is, of schools sustained or aided by the government) was 80,978; the number of teachers was 91,966; of pupils, 3,354,011; and the amount paid for tuition was $9,529,542, of which $4,653,096 were derived from taxation, $2,552,402 from public funds, $182,594 from endowments, and $2,141,450 were paid by the pupils.

The number of academies and private schools was 6089; of pupils attending them, 263,096; of teachers, 12,230; and the cost of tuition was $4,225,433, of which sum $288,855 were derived from endowments, $14,202 from taxation, $115,729 from public funds, and $4,225,433 from other sources—in other words, were paid by the pupils.

The entire number of pupils in the schools, public and private, in 1850, was, therefore, 3,617,107, as returned by the teachers of the schools to the marshals who took the census; but as returned by the parents, it was 4,089,507; the former giving, it is probable, the number that attended with a good degree of regularity, whilst the latter included all that were sent for any period, however short.

The entire cost of tuition, including public and private schools, as well as the academies, was that year $14,173,756.

There were 44 theological seminaries, 127 professors, 1351 students, and 198,888 volumes in their libraries.

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* Since the above was written, this Mother in Israel has gone to her rest, at the age of ninety-two.

There were 36 medical schools, 247 professors, 4947 students.

There were 16 law schools, 35 professors, 532 students.

The entire number of what are commonly called *colleges* was, in 1850, 215, and the number of students was 18,733; 963,716 volumes in their libraries.

It is believed that there cannot be less than 35,000 Sunday-schools, with at least 2,500,000 pupils in them. These schools have generally interesting libraries attached to them. Not a few persons, especially among the adult pupils, receive all the education they ever get, at the Sunday-school.

The public funds and endowments for the support of schools and academies in the United States, exceed $50,000,000. Up to January 1st, 1854, Congress had appropriated to 14 Western and Southwestern States (including Florida), and the Territories of Minnesota, Oregon, and New Mexico, no less than 48,909,535 acres of land for schools, and 4,060,704 acres for colleges and universities.

Within the last twenty-five years, many of the large cities have done much to found admirable public schools. In this good work Boston stands at the head; but Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Baltimore, New Orleans, Louisville, and many others, have also done well.

According to the census of 1850, the White population was 19,558,088, and the Free people of color, 434,495—making together a total of almost 20,000,000. Of this number there were 1,053,420 persons over twenty years who could not read—namely, 767,784 natives, 195,114 foreigners, and 90,522 free colored.

Including the entire population, bond as well as free, the number of pupils in the schools, of all descriptions, was in the ratio of 1 to 5·6.

Of what we call Public Libraries in the United States, there were, in 1850, more than 1200, containing 1,446,015 volumes. There were 213 college libraries, containing 942,321 volumes. If we add those of the common schools, of Sunday-schools, and of churches, the whole number of volumes could not have been less than four millions and a half. Several of the public libraries are large and well-selected. That of Harvard College has more than

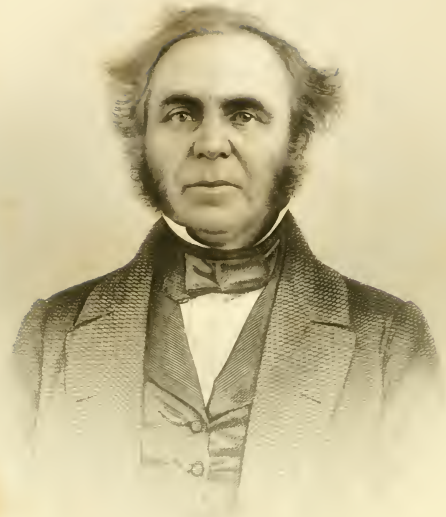
85,000 volumes; the Astor Library (at New York) has nearly, if not quite, as many; the Philadelphia Library has more than 60,000 volumes. The library of Congress has at least as many.

The American Education Society, and its branches, aided last year 610 young men who are preparing for the ministry, and the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church aided 364—in all 974—belonging, with few exceptions, to the Congregational and Presbyterian churches alone. The Baptists, the Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the Reformed Dutch, the Cumberland Presbyterians, and other evangelical churches, also take great and increasing interest in the subject of properly educating their young men for the sacred ministry. We should not go too far if we were to say that it is probable that nearly, if not quite, 2000 pious young men in the United States are at this moment receiving assistance from some society or association, in their efforts to prepare themselves, as far as human training can go, to preach the Gospel; and this at an expense of $250,000 at the least. It is not necessary for me to say that great numbers of young men receive no such assistance, because they do not need it.

It may be proper to state here, that in addition to what is given to educate young men for the ministry, large sums of money are raised every year to found, or better endow, grammar-schools (or academies, as they are often called with us), colleges, and theological seminaries, and this by nearly every Protestant branch of the Church. There are no less than 6 theological seminaries, 20 colleges, and 60 academies, in possession, and under the direct control, of one branch (the Old-School) of the Presbyterian Church. The Methodists have 24 colleges. The Baptists have 10 theological schools and faculties, and 25 colleges. And all the other denominations have each one or more colleges. These colleges are not sectarian, but decidedly religious. The Bible is read and studied—sometimes the catechism, but not generally. They are open to young men of every creed, and it is a rare thing to hear of *proselytism* in favor of any particular church, though proselytism in favor of the Gospel and all its blessings is earnestly pursued.

There is no subject in which a greater interest is taken in the

United States, than that of education. Not only is much doing for both primary and superior education, but also for intermediate schools. Besides those just referred to, an immense number of female academies have risen up, and many for boys. And lately, a movement has commenced in relation to establishing what may be called "*People's Colleges.*" These are large schools, in which young men and young women—sons and daughters of farmers, mechanics, tradespeople, and others, who have received a common education in the primary schools, may, in the course of a year or two, or two or three winters, be far better instructed in the ordinary branches of education, and be taught the principles of the science which their future avocations may demand. Geography, history, grammar, some branches of mathematics and natural philosophy, the elements of chemistry, the Constitution of the United States, the art of writing and speaking with propriety, etc.—these are the subjects of study; sometimes one or two modern languages, but seldom Greek or Latin. This is a very recent movement. There are in the State of New York at least 10 such colleges, some of them attended by 500, 600, and even 800 students. One of them had last year 1200 students, young people of both sexes, who lived in separate boarding-houses, occupied different parts of the same lecture-room, and listened to the same instructions. Under a strong moral and religious influence, these young people are taught to have confidence in themselves, and to respect each other. And it must be confessed that the experiment thus far works well. They are not children, but young men and women, influenced by the strongest desires to receive a better education than can be found in the ordinary schools. They have but a few months, or one or two years at most, to spare, and that with the greatest economy; and they expect to return to the labors of an industrial life. There are few things in America more interesting than this movement. It reminds one somewhat of the scholastic institutions of the Middle Ages."



R. Davis.

ROBERT BAIRD,

THE INTERNATIONAL PREACHER.

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him."

The circumstances of Dr. Baird's life are peculiar. Their tendency has ever been to press him into notoriety, without any design on his part. He commenced his professional labors as the general agent of the American Sunday-School Union. The duties of this office brought him into close connection with Christians and philanthropists of all denominations, throughout the country. He resigned this agency to become the delegate to Europe of the "French Association." He was thus led to travel extensively on the Continent, to consult with kings, and join hands with the great and the good of the Old World. This experience eminently fitted him for the service of the Foreign Evangelical Society, in the employ of which he has crossed the ocean fourteen times, spent eight years in Europe, visited Syria, threaded the United States, and travelled not less than 250,000 miles, or ten times the circuit of the globe. The knowledge of this country thus acquired, fitted him to be the accurate expounder of American institutions abroad; while his thorough acquaintance with European politics, customs, and men, presented him to inquiring Americans as the reliable and interesting lecturer on the Old World. Thus has he been carrying on a system of intellectual exchanges, a legitimate commerce of information, on the principle of Supply and Demand. He has done more than any other man to enlighten Europe in regard to the religious movements and characteristics of this

country, and, on the other hand, to enlist the sympathies and assistance of the American church in efforts to reinvigorate, with a living Christianity, the religious systems of the Old World, enervated by errors, or prostrated under the weight of manifold ceremonies. It is gratifying to know the experience of such a man, with such an international life; to scan his early training, contrast the doings of maturer years, and glance at the unfolding of those traits which have proved the means of so much practical enlightenment.

Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., was born on the 6th of October, 1798, near Brownsville, Fayette county, in Western Pennsylvania. His father was a farmer. He was of Scottish descent; his ancestors having been numbered among the old, unbending, persecuted Scotch Covenanters, and his grandfather having come to this country. His maternal ancestors were English and Welch. The family was unusually large; Robert being one of thirteen. Eight of these reached maturity, most of whom are at this time residing not far from the old homestead, as worthy substantial farmers, or frugal farmers' wives. Robert was a farmer's boy. His early days were spent like those of all farmers' boys. He ploughed and hoed, and "did the chores;" and during the winter months trudged to the village school, working as faithfully at geography and arithmetic, as in summer on furrow and sod. And is it not a fact worthy of attention, that such a large proportion of our great men were reared on Soildom? A natural connection exists between such a training and future usefulness. The life inures to toil, the influences are not debasing, the circumstances promote thrift, the associations are with Nature in her purity, and not with man in his selfishness. We will find that many of those who are now the working-men of the age—the effective philanthropists, the devoted patriots, the guiding statesmen, have had their early training in connection with a farm.

Robert Baird manifested at the outset of life an unusual fondness for reading. Books were not then as common as stones. Moreover, Western Pennsylvania has never been distinguished for over-stocked magazines of literary treasures. They had in those good old days the "Family Bible," the "Shorter Catechism," and the "Spelling-Book," and these were nearly all. The boy Robert,

however, was peculiarly favored. He stumbled upon an edition of Morse's Geography, in two large octavo volumes, published in 1791, and these he read through and through. The knowledge thence obtained by the farmer's boy, we doubt not, has oftentimes proved indispensable to the European traveller.

He also evinced, early in life, a remarkable memory. He garnered up the fruits of his reading. When he was about fourteen, he chanced to meet with a mock-sermon, written in German, and committed it to memory. This he was often called upon to repeat for the amusement of friends, until finally he became the lion of all the "apple-bees" and "corn-huskings" in the region roundabout. The recital used to please these old Scotchmen. Indeed, the world is probably indebted to this Dutch sermon for the good Dr. Baird has accomplished, as a philanthropist and a scholar. Not that the sermon itself had much of good, but it happened that the popular recitals of young Robert came to the knowledge of the village pastor. He sent for the boy, and set a worthy example to his parishioners by listening attentively to the whole sermon, and then putting into instant practice the truth it presented. That truth was, that the boy-preacher was blessed with an excellent memory and a good mind, and that he must be sent to college. The parents had not dreamed of such a destiny for their boy, but the good man revealed to them what ought to be and must be. They had always listened reverently to the teachings of their pastor, and so it was decided that Robert should "have an education." We bless the good pastor for his influence, and the parents for yielding to it.

But now a great difficulty arose. How was the boy to be supported? There were no "placers" on the farm, and thirteen mouths were a goodly number to be filled. Ah! these mothers! What noble beings they are! Robert was blessed with one who belonged to that believing class, to whom "all things are possible." Oh, she would attend to the boy's support, she said. She would weave the cloth and make his clothes; she would sell butter, too, at the market, and the butter-money would buy his books and pay his board-bill. The thing could easily be done: and it was done. That mother supported her son through all his academical and collegiate

course, by the proceeds of her churn. And she is not the only mother who has done the same thing. There are other good and great men, the cream of our nation, who have been churned through college. But shall we leave the matter, with all the credit posted on the mother's side? No, she must share it with her son. We feel bound to repeat the report current, that his expenses, during his regular course of education, were less than one hundred dollars per year. What think you of that, students of Cambridge and of Yale!

But, after all, these educational plans were well-nigh frustrated, in consequence of the very devotion that seemed to insure their success. In his sixteenth year, Robert was sent to a Latin school in Uniontown, some nine miles distant. He had never been from home before, and had never mingled with rough, rude boys. So, when he joined the school, it was all new, and strange, and trying to him. Moreover, he came in a homespun garb, and with a homely air. He was just the raw material out of which the older, shrewder boys could manufacture sport. And they went to work as if they had a high protective tariff to insure them. It is no wonder that the farmer's boy, fresh from all the attentions of his devoted mother, became insupportably "homesick." He could not endure such a life, and in two months he deserted. After remaining a while his spirits revived, and he was persuaded to return. But, in the mean time, his tormentors had enlarged operations, and were all ready for a "smashing business." The poor fellow felt that he could not endure it, but he knew that a mother's heart was bent on the education of her son. He saw that a discontinuance of his studies would deeply grieve her. She wrote little to influence his decision, but he read her thoughts. It was harder to endure the silent reproach of a mother's disappointment than the abuse of a crowd of tyrant boys. The resolution was made to "endure unto the end." For one long session he continued on without a visit to his home. In that time he had conquered himself, and his fellows too. They had yielded to his mental superiority, as, gradually dawning upon them, it mounted above the clouds that obscured its rising, and with the year closed also his first trial. The remaining two years were among the happiest of his life. He had risen to the

head of the school. He was acknowledged to be without an equal. His old persecutors sought his assistance in their lessons, and he repayed their treatment by "heaping coals of fire on their heads."

In the summer of 1816, Mr. Baird entered Washington College, situated at Washington, the shire town of the county of the same name in Pennsylvania, connecting himself with the Sophomore class during its last term. Here he pursued his studies with even increased assiduity. His teacher at the Uniontown Academy, Dr. Dunlap, was an excellent man, but much advanced in years. Time had treated him roughly, and some of his mischievous pupils followed the example, paying little respect to the old man. With the dimness of age, the nice distinctions of classical literature also failed to be perceived. His government was feeble and his teachings superficial. Hence, when Mr. Baird came to college, he found that his classical knowledge was somewhat inaccurate and vague. But he did not, therefore, "take college life easy," and charge all deficiencies to his old teacher. These only proved a stimulus to increased exertion. In his junior year he went back to the beginning of his classical course, again took in hand the Latin and Greek grammar, and before the year had closed, numbered with the best. In the practice of composition, also, he was wholly inexperienced when he entered college. Up to this time he had not written a private letter. But he went vigorously to work. He wrote and destroyed, and wrote again, toiling on so perseveringly, that before graduation he held an enviable reputation, even as a writer. As there was a precise time in his boyhood, when he resolved that he would bravely endure the persecution at school, for his mother's sake, so now there was a time when he resolved not to continue a crude writer, for his own sake. It was a disparaging remark by an officer of college that gave birth to this resolution, and when once made it must be maintained. Thus was the progress in education accomplished by steady advances, through faithful labor.

Soon after he entered college he was invited to take charge of a class in the Sabbath-school. It was a class of negro boys, who could not read. His friendly feelings were moved towards those ignorant outcasts, and he consented. This seems a slight incident,

but it proved the turning point in his life. He had been religiously educated, and was correct in his habits, yet at this time he did not esteem himself a Christian. But the teachings of the New Testament, to his Sabbath class, induced reflection. He felt the wants of the religious nature. He listened to the voice of conscience. Those wants became more pressing, convictions of duty deepened, until he yielded to their force, and opened his soul for the indwelling of the Spirit.

Most of the senior year was spent at Jefferson College. A serious dissatisfaction, with the President of Washington College, had arisen among the students. Fifty went off in a body. Mr. Baird was one of twenty who entered Jefferson. While there, his health failed under unremitting study, and he spent some months at home.

He was graduated with the reputation of being among the first scholars of his class. As no "honors" were awarded, his precise standing cannot be ascertained, but since, Jefferson College has bestowed her highest honor upon him, by inviting him to her Presidential Chair. This pressing invitation he saw fit to decline. He had become identified with the Foreign Evangelical Society, and her interests were dearer than the honors and emoluments of a Presidency, though wreathed with delightful associations, and made peculiarly desirable by the near residence of many friends.

After his graduation, Mr. Baird was thrown upon his own resources for support, and plans for the future were left to his own decision, though he had not reached his twentieth year. His father gave him a patrimony of a horse and saddle, mounted on which, with all his worldly goods ensconced in a small portmanteau, he started forth. The first stage in life's journey was, however, soon brought to an end by his arrival at the town of Bellefont, Centre county, Pennsylvania, beautifully situated on the banks of the Susquehanna. Here he remained one year as the teacher of a select school of twenty young men, most of whom were older than himself. During this year he taught, literally, *every thing* that he had previously studied at school and college, from simple Addition up to Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and devoted not less than six hours of each day to private study, reviewing every text-book that

he had studied in college. This training clinched the knowledge which is proverbially so evanescent. Besides this, he found time for a good amount of social intercourse, which he greatly enjoyed. Although so youthful, he was treated with the utmost respect and regard. His persevering, earnest habits, and his elevated character demanded these as their rightful tribute. Besides this, he followed in the true, independent path of Christian duty. Christianity was a living principle within him, and he could not but act the Christian. This course was pursued, not so much for the sake of appearing well, setting a good example, or, as it is sometimes expressed, "honoring one's profession," as because it was right. With the living, actuating principle within, he could not do otherwise. Thus, although he was the only young man in the village who professed Christianity, he always had devotional exercises in his school, and presented, wherever he was, an unequivocal, undisguised Christian example. He was governed by the higher law of conscience, and by no inferior motive of expediency. Hence he gained the respect of those who would not yield to the claims of Christianity. He was sincere, conscientious, and withal, high-minded, sensible, and sociable. Who would not respect such a character? The most depraved reviler, and the most bitter skeptic, cannot so firmly grasp their regard, that it will not ascend as incense towards the well-balanced character and the man in earnest.

During this year, also, he began the course of writing for the press, which has gone on increasing to this day. The village newspaper received his contributions. These were of a serious and instructive character, though written in a lively style. They were evidently prompted by the desire of effecting good, and treated of prevailing vices unsparingly. The editor was a professed infidel, but the handwriting of Mr. Baird was an unfailing passport to his paper.

From Bellefont he went directly to Princeton Theological Seminary—where he pursued his studies for three years.

But how does the matter of self-support progress, since the mother's churn and loom have ceased their contributions? This is a subject of interest. He started in life, we mentioned, with a horse

and knapsack. His Rosinante he sold on reaching Bellefont, and from this sale, with the proceeds of his school, he paid his expenses of the year and left $200 in the bank. This sum furnished him with clothes and books during the Princeton course. For the first two years he was the private tutor of a few families in the place, and during the last year was tutor in the college. James W. Alexander was his private pupil at that time. His brother, Professor Addison Alexander, was also a scholar of Mr. Baird's subsequently.

During his connection with the college, Mr. Baird gained great influence with the students. It was not in his nature to be imperative, but still he controlled. He was decided but not domineering, earnest but self-possessed, making due allowance for his pupils without compromising his own authority; respecting their sentiments without losing respect for his own. He was himself a young man, and he sympathized with young men. He acquainted himself with their views, and listened to their reasonings in matters of difference. In this respect he strikingly resembled Professor Dewey, whose excellent management has been described. These men have been equally successful as instructors—and the same principle of government was adopted by both—a principle which inculcates sympathy with the pupil, without the loss of respect; the maintenance of law, without the exercise of tyranny; the appeal to reason before the rod, and to conscience rather than emulation. It is the system of government which leads the young to govern themselves.

The year was full of interesting experiences, and some really thrilling adventures were encountered. The attempted blowing up of the college buildings with gunpowder, which the students then at Princeton will never forget, occurred during that year. A young man, connected with one of the first families of the town, was detected in the act. It was an outrageous plot, but no one seemed ready to brave the personal danger and loss of influence which would attend the prosecution of the young reprobate, till Mr. Baird promptly stood in the breach. He had the young man arrested, and though his life was notoriously in danger, he cheerfully encountered the trial.

This circumstance induces us to speak of the somewhat peculiar

temperament of Mr. Baird. He is possessed of delicate sensibilities, so that he may easily become confused, and be deprived of perfect self-possession in emergencies of trifling moment, but when real exigencies occur, he is calm and reliable.

Mr. Baird was also the means of quelling a serious rebellion by his individual influence. Some misunderstanding had arisen between the faculty and the students, and for three days not one came to recitation except Mr. Baird's own class. Uproarious college meetings were constantly in session, and the spirit of '76 waxed fiercer and fiercer. On the morning of the fourth day, when matters seemed desperate, Mr. Baird inquired of one of his class if the students would not candidly discuss the whole matter with him, and strive to come to an understanding. The proposition was readily accepted. The students were then in session, and a committee was appointed to request Tutor Baird to come and address them. As he entered the hall the presiding officer offered him the chair, but he declined it, for the reason that he had come to talk over matters, not to preside. Thereupon he asked them plainly to tell the cause of their trouble. It was stated, the matter was canvassed, and before the meeting closed the whole difficulty was amicably settled, and the students returned to duty.

Much sorrow was expressed when Mr. Baird left at the close of the year. Students came, and, with undisguised emotion, thanked him for his kindness to them, and his interest in them. It was a good year of Mr. Baird's life, one that must rise in refreshing beauty before the eye of retrospection.

After the completion of his theological studies, in the autumn of 1822, Mr. Baird took charge of an academy in Princeton, and held the situation for five and a half years. His diffidence was, in his own opinion, a sufficient obstacle to his preaching. He, however, overcame the difficulty so far as to occupy occasionally the neighboring pulpits. He might have continued teaching—of which he was very fond—during his life-time, had it not been for the entreaties of Rev. Mr. Gibson. This lamented servant of God had come to Princeton to die. He was a young man of uncommon talents, and a speaker of impassioned eloquence, but his body was not sufficient for

his great soul. When he had no longer strength to preach, he came to Princeton, that his last days might be spent in the place hallowed by the associations that cluster about a college life. Mr. Baird was much with him in his last sickness; and as he lay upon his couch, he would implore him to preach—preach the Gospel, with almost the energy and solemnity of inspiration. The counsel of the dying man was not forgotten.

We have now followed the life of Mr. Baird to the time when he entered wholly upon his professional duties. Mr. Baird's experience as an agent, in behalf of the religious societies of the American church, commenced in the year 1827. Having become deeply interested in the Nassau Hall Bible Society, while in the Seminary, he proposed to the members a plan for supplying every destitute family in the State of New Jersey with a copy of the Bible within one year. The plan was adopted, though with strong opposition, as the scheme appeared impracticable to many. Mr. Baird was chairman of the committee appointed to carry it into execution. In six weeks the work was done, and 10,000 Bibles were distributed. During this campaign Mr. Baird travelled throughout the State. His ability in the work of benevolence was then tried, and his character established.

In the winter of 1827–28, he was appointed by the American Bible Society as their agent to Caraccas, in South America. He decided to go; but at that time the discussion of the Apocryphal question coming up, so involved the society that the South American Mission was relinquished. Having decided, however, to close his school in the spring, he became General Agent of the New Jersey Missionary Society. While thus employed, he wrote a series of twenty articles on Education, setting forth the woeful destitution discovered during the Bible distribution. These were published in all the New Jersey papers, and excited universal attention. They embodied a correspondence in relation to school-systems, comprising letters from Governors Lincoln, Bell, and Parrie, John Holmes, Rev. Dr. Wayland, Roger Sherman, Mr. Flagg of New York, Rev. Dr. Hodge of Princeton, and Robert Vaux of Philadelphia. The Legislature in coming together took the subject in hand, and passed a bill

which is the foundation of the present system of public-school education in that State.

In the spring of 1829 Mr. Baird became General Agent of the American Sabbath-School Union, and removed his place of residence to Philadelphia. In this agency he travelled throughout the United States, held meetings from Portland to New Orleans, and was successful, not only in raising money, but in exciting a deep and general interest in the subject. When he entered on his duties, the revenue of this society was about $5000, and employed five or six laborers. When he retired from it in 1835, its revenue was $28,000, and it employed fifty laborers. His mode of conducting this enterprise was somewhat peculiar. He addressed public meetings but little himself. He induced others to speak, engaging the services of effective orators, statesmen, and preachers. It was his custom to organize the meetings, introduce the subject by a few remarks, and allow others to make the speeches. This proved an excellent method. At one meeting in New York twelve thousand dollars were collected.

It was during this period that he wrote his first two volumes, the "View of the Valley of the Mississippi," and the "Memoirs of Anna Jane Linnard," both of which were well received by the public. The latter has been reprinted in England, Germany, and, we believe, in France.

In 1835 Mr. Baird decided to go to Europe. His interest in the religious state of the Old World, awakened in early life, had been deepening for many years. When a school-boy at Uniontown, his attention had been drawn peculiarly towards France. He seems to have had a strange presentiment that his future life would, in some way, be connected with her spiritual interests. Since that time he had familiarized himself with European History. The accounts of the French Revolution of 1830 were read with avidity, and in 1835 his long-cherished plans reached the point of their consummation.

At Dr. Baird's suggestion, a Society had been formed in 1834, called "The French Association." Dr. Plummer, of Virginia, and Dr. Wisner, of Boston, were particularly active in its formation. As

the agent of this society he sailed for Havre, with his family, in the ship Roland, 26th of February, 1835. He remained in Europe three years. The winter months he spent in Paris, promoting the objects of the Association; writing and conducting an English service on the Sabbath. The first summer was spent in Switzerland, and during the first year a "History of Temperance Societies" was written, which has been published in the French, Swedish, Dutch, German, Grecian, Danish, Finnish, and Russian languages, and scattered broadcast over Europe.

In the first tour made by Dr. Baird, in behalf of the temperance cause, he visited London, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Liebig, Berlin, Sweden, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Brussels. On this journey, he had interviews with most of the rulers of Europe. His philanthropic mission, and his gentlemanly bearing, gained him admission to the privacy of kings, and their hearty co-operation in his work. The fruits of this expedition, and the impulse given to the cause of Temperance, together with the reform in social life consequent upon it, have been published to the world, and we need not repeat the facts.

In the spring of 1837 he removed from Paris to Italy, and spent three months in travelling over it, promoting the temperance reformation, and gathering information in behalf of the "Association." In the winter 1837–38, he made a Northern tour through Europe, visiting Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Poland, Austria, and Germany. In the spring he returned to America, the objects of the "Association" having been accomplished. In the mean time the "Foreign Evangelical Society" had been formed, and in August, 1839, Dr. Baird returned to Europe as its agent. In the winter of 1839–40 he was severely sick, and endured a long confinement. The summer of 1840 was spent in another tour to the North of Europe. He lectured throughout Sweden, speaking two or three times each day in behalf of Temperance. Enthusiasm was aroused in behalf of the cause, and great good effected. Some of the best Swedish orators were his efficient coadjutors.

The summer of 1841, and the winter of 1842–43, were spent in this country, in lecturing in behalf of the Society. An unusual in-

terest was excited by his statements, and a virtual pledge was given by the American Church, that the work of evangelizing Europe should go on.

During the summer of 1842, he wrote the work entitled "Religion in America," which has been published in the English, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, and Danish languages, and is now translated into Modern Greek and Armenian. In the autumn of 1843, Dr. Baird brought his family to America, and labored in this country for the Evangelical Society till the spring of 1846, when he returned to Europe and remained abroad till February of 1847. He went as a delegate to the World's Temperance Convention, held at Stockholm. Representatives from all parts of Christendom assembled there, and a great meeting it was. Ten years had elapsed since his pioneer tour through Europe in behalf of the reformation, and during that time, the seed he had scattered had taken root, and was bearing fruit a hundred-fold. Many thousands had enrolled themselves in the Total Abstinence ranks throughout Norway, Denmark, and Holland. The Temperance Society in London numbered 100,000 members, and that of Germany 1,000,000!

In August of that year, 1846, he attended "The Evangelical Alliance," which met in London, and took an active part in its deliberations. During this year he visited Russia, Poland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, and Constantinople. On his return to this country, in February, 1847, he continued his labors in connection with the Foreign Evangelical Society, which were exceedingly varied and arduous. He was not only constantly employed as a general agent in preaching for the Society, but also in superintending the disbursement of funds, stationing of missionaries, employing of colporteurs, conducting the extensive foreign correspondence, and editing the Society's Periodical.

In the year 1851, he published a "Christian Retrospect and Register," a volume of 450 pages, 12mo. In the preparation of this work, Dr. Baird availed himself of the assistance of Professor Martin, now of the University of the city of New York, as well as of his son, now Rev. Charles W. Baird. In July of the same year, he went to Europe again, mainly on account of his health;

and spent five months in travelling through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Hungary, Italy, and Switzerland. One of the objects he had in view, was to attend an important meeting of Protestants from all parts of the globe, which had been called by the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance. There he read a report on the "State and Prospects of Christianity in the United States," which was published in the volume containing the proceedings of the meeting, as well as in a pamphlet form, together with a speech delivered by him on the same occasion, in relation to American Slavery. Six thousand copies were published and circulated through Great Britain, Ireland, the Continent, and America.

In May, 1855, Dr. Baird resigned the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, to devote a few years to the preparation of several works, chiefly relating to the moral and religious state of the world, which he had for years contemplated, but had found impracticable while the burden of official responsibility rested upon him. Nevertheless, he accepted, at the request of the Board of Directors, a mission of two or three months to Europe, to look after the operations of the Society in Ireland, France, Belgium, and Italy. This would enable him to attend an important meeting of Protestants in Paris, similar to the one held at London in 1851, as well as the Kirchentag, a conference of Evangelical Christians held annually in Germany for five years past. With this service terminated Dr. Baird's connection with the Religious Societies in which he had been engaged for twenty-seven years: first, for the cause of Secular Education (as an Agent of the New Jersey Missionary Society); next, for the cause of Religious Education, in connection with the American Sunday-School Union; and lastly, for the promotion of Evangelical Christianity in Papal lands.

Dr. Baird is engaged, with but little respite, in delivering his course of lectures on Europe. These he has repeated about one hundred times in various parts of the country. They are popular, and deservedly so. They present a view of Europe as it is, which is clear and graphic. Each country is treated of with respect to its

geography, government, literature, religion, social life, great men, the distinctive characteristics of its people, and whatever subjects of special interest may pertain to it.

Dr. Baird possesses some elements of character which peculiarly fit him for the preparation and presentation of such a course of lectures. In the first place, his memory is unyieldingly tenacious.

2. His habits of observation. He hears, sees, and knows, what passes before him.

3. His universality. He is not limited in his intercourse, or in his investigations, by any sect or party. While in Europe he mingled with all classes, kings and beggars, priests and laymen, Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor, bond and free.

4. His candor. His tendency is to recognize the truth wherever it is. He sees things very much as they are, and when looking over the world wears colored glasses as little as possible. Still he is decided in his own tastes and opinions.

5. His urbanity. This has insured him an easy intercourse with all classes, and has given him the opportunity for information which his universality has enabled him to improve.

On the other hand, there are faults in his lectures which seem to some considerable. They lack condensation: there is repetition, and some peculiarities of expression. He is inclined to enlarge, episode, and state facts which every one is supposed to know. But towards these defects we are constrained to be lenient, because they are the necessary consequence of the amount of labor imposed on him. He has no time to write out his lectures, or to thoroughly systematize them. They are not speeches, but the familiar fireside conversations of an intelligent and communicative traveller. One is admitted to the *undress* of a good conversationist, who will talk improvingly for two hours, without requiring you to say a word. We esteem such a favor, and do not feel inclined to criticise looseness of style or length of discourse.

In this criticism of Dr. Baird's lectures, we have given a partial summary of his character. Two or three other points we would briefly present. Dr. Baird is a man of the people, in sympathy with the people, ea nest for the rights of the people. His democracy is

humanity, and his humanity is Christian love. It is not the democracy that prates on the platform, and scorns honest poverty from its door; that lauds the elevation of the masses, and withers with its unfeeling contempt the upward strugglings of genius. It is not the humanity that endows seminaries, and gives no moment for mental culture to its servant; that subscribes thousands to benevolent institutions, and grinds the face of the poor. His is a democracy that acts more than it talks, and a humanity that feels more than it can act. In this connection we quote the following paragraph from an article by Dr. Baird on "Our Age—its Progress, Prospects, and Demands."

"There are at this moment two great struggles going on in the world—the like of which the world has never before seen. One is the mighty movement which men are making in behalf of political liberty; the other is that which is making in some directions in behalf of religious freedom. Of these two movements, as might be expected, that which relates merely to political liberty, to that which is material, is much more powerful than that relating to the spiritual. Whole nations are rising up to shake off the yoke of despotism beneath which they have so long groaned. In this great movement, it is not simply the struggle of the higher classes—the nobles and other powerful citizens—the "upper ten thousand" of society—who are striving to throw off a superior despotism which rests heavily upon them. But it is the "masses," the despised masses, who have in many countries been crushed to the ground by feudal tyranny. It is the poor, degraded, ignorant people, who had but little encouragement given them to attempt to rise above the abject condition in which they were born, and who have been trodden into the very dust by the heel of a proud and insolent aristocracy."

His heart is in sympathy with the Progress of the Age. We do not use this term in a cant way. There is a Progress of the Age towards freedom, freedom of thought, freedom of person, freedom of opinion, freedom of soul. We make the following extract as illustrative:

"Intimately connected with, and in fact consequent upon, this wide and rapid diffusion of opinion, of argument, of light, we behold

a mighty awakening of the human mind to question and investigate anew every subject. There is an increasing disposition to take nothing on authority, to receive nothing merely as tradition. Every thing in science, morals, religion, politics, economy, and even law, must be re-examined, re-judged, and re-decided. A momentous revolution is going forward in the moral, religious, and scientific world. Whatever cannot stand the test of the most rigid scrutiny, is rejected as useless, if not pernicious.

"In this great movement and collision of mind, what a change is coming over the political world! Nations are rising up to interrogate the tyrants who have held them in subjection, and to compel them to concede the just rights of the people, or retire from their thrones. At length, mankind are assuming an erect posture, and demanding that the governments which they must obey shall be such as they themselves choose to establish. They are beginning to think that whilst it is unquestionable that God has ordained order and government for the nations, He has left its forms and details to those who are to be its subjects."

In personal appearance Dr. Baird is prepossessing. He is nearly six feet in height, stout in proportion, with fresh complexion, regular features, large blue eyes, and a fine forehead. He stoops somewhat, especially when in the pulpit. It is a habit induced, we apprehend, by natural diffidence. He was married at Philadelphia, August 24, 1824, to Miss Dubuisson. He has four sons living. Rev. Charles W. Baird, though only twenty-seven, has a desirable reputation as a writer both of history and of poetry. He is the author of "Eutaxia, or the Presbyterian Liturgies," a work which has enlisted considerable interest. Henry M. Baird, a younger brother, is publishing a valuable work, entitled "Athens and Greece, or a Year on Classic Ground." Dr. Baird's home-life has been of the happiest.

The productions of Dr. Baird's pen have been numerous, and remarkably so, considering his other arduous labors, and the many and long journeys he has made. Besides editing two monthly publications from 1847 to 1855, he has made contributions to the monthly and quarterly reviews, both American and foreign, many of which are of permanent value.

Besides these works, Dr. Baird has written much for the newspapers. His style is well adapted to this department. It is easy and flowing, popular and pithy. He has written several series of European letters for the "Commercial Advertiser," "Journal of Commerce," and "N. Y. Evangelist." The series over the signature of "Americanus," in the "Commercial Advertiser," reached the number of one hundred and twenty.

We subjoin a list of his most important works:

	PUBLISHED
1. View of the Valley of the Mississippi	1832
2. Life of Anna Jane Linnard	1834
3. Letter to Lord Brougham	1835
4. Life of the Rev. Joseph Sandford	1836
5. History of the Temperance Societies	1836
6. L'Union de l'Eglise avec l'Etat dans la Nouvelle Angleterre	1837
7. Transplanted Flowers	1839
8. Visit to Northern Europe (2 vols.)	1841
9. Religion in America, in England (1 vol., 720 pp.)	1843
10. Protestantism in Italy	1845
11. Christian Retrospect and Register	1851
12. State and Prospects of Religion in the United States	1851

Dr. Baird has striven to leave the world better than he found it. With this end in view Heaven has furnished the means. The way of doing good has always been open before him, and he has had no concern otherwise than to press on in it.

Blest is the man who finds his place and fills it! Be he known or unknown, rich or poor, it matters little. He has done what it was his duty to do. "Father, I have accomplished that whereunto thou didst send me."

JOHN P. DURBIN,

THE PIONEER PREACHER.

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Sincere joy must live in the soul of one, who, starting in life with no other impelling power than the honest desire for self-improvement and for other's good, finds, when the days of a half century have rolled by, that he actually *is*, and that he really *does*. The contrast of boyhood, ignorance, and unimportance, with age, experience, and influence, is striking and agreeable. He need not be self-sufficient, but he may be grateful; not arrogant, but happy. He started forty or fifty years ago to do a work, and the work is done.

He started to *be*, and he has become; to *do*, and he has achieved. He started with no guide but the light of Heaven, and no companion but the "rod and the staff," to thread the wilderness of life; yet, as he passed on, a way opened among the trees. He started with no encouragement save his own heroism, but this has carried him over mountain obstacles, and bridged many a morass of despondency. He started ignorant, and he has become learned; he started weak, and he has become strong; he started unknown, and he has become renowned; he started with shadowy anticipations, and he looks back on substantial facts; he went forth, "weeping, bearing precious seed," and he has "come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

And more than this, he has been all the while achieving for the advancement of humanity. He has been shedding light, dispelling error, staying crime, removing "sorrow, wrong, and trouble" from

the earth. Should he not rejoice? And although there is much in his retrospection to evoke the sigh and start the tear, although the best must recall barren days, wasted opportunities, mistaken views, and by-path wanderings, yet the recollection of these should mellow, not mar the joy. Dr. Durbin was once a poor apprentice-boy; and at the age of eighteen could do little more, in an intellectual way, than read and write, and these by no means excellently. His early life was spent in Kentucky. His parents resided in Bourbon county of that State, and his father was a farmer in moderate circumstances. In 1814, when he was fourteen years of age, he commenced an apprenticeship in a cabinet-maker's shop, where he remained three years. After this he worked one year at his trade, during which time he became seriously impressed with religious truths, and at last rejoiced in the possession of the Christian's hope and the Christian's peace. Then a Saviour's love so touched the inmost springs of being, that he felt a holy impulse to set before others the light which had beamed so brightly and warmly on his own spirit. And the impulse was so resistless that he relinquished business, and in two months had joined the Western Conference, and commenced his labors, as a pioneer and preacher, in Ohio and Indiana. This field of labor was extensive, for the places at which he regularly preached could hardly be included in a circumference of three hundred miles.

It will excite the surprise of some that Mr. Durbin could have ventured, or should have been permitted, to enter upon the great work of a preacher at so early an age, and with such limited acquirements. He had numbered as yet only eighteen years, and had received not even an ordinary New England public-school education. Moreover, the only library to which he had access was readily disposed of on his father's mantel-piece, being composed of three volumes—the Bible, Scott's First Lessons, and an old English history. To be sure, Mr. Durbin had what some one styles "the best work on theology extant"—the Bible; but all commentaries, exegeses, evidences, church histories, &c., usually considered an essential outfit of a soldier of the Cross, unfortunately did not fall in his way. Notwithstanding, he preached with vigor and effect, and his labors were greatly blessed. What conclusion shall be derived from this

fact? That learning is not essential to the preacher? By no means. Dr. Durbin himself would not so conclude. His future course of severe and unremitted study in philosophy, languages, and science, is a practical demonstration that he of all men least underrates the value of an education gained from books. The truth is, that Mr. Durbin had unusual native vigor and force of mind. In default of external assistance from books, he could rely on his own genius and be sustained. He was naturally a fluent and effective speaker. He could utter the good thought in him so that others could receive it in its length, breadth, and true bearings. He had, also, a knowledge which may be, but is not necessarily derived from books—a knowledge of human nature. This he could acquire, and did acquire, from the great book of humanity, which is open to all. He knew the avenues to the human heart; he could touch its secret springs, and analyze its hidden workings. Nay, more, he had a heart of his own, into which he had often searchingly looked. There he had seen the reflex of the heart of his brother man. He had closely questioned his own spirit, and the answerings had been worth a library to him. In this lies the source of his power and the secret of his success. And this self-knowledge is the source of the power of every powerfully-minded man. Mere facts are of little worth, except as connected with and subservient to principles. The noblest thoughts, the most poetical imaginings, the sublimest truths are powerless as the sound of last year's running water, or the rushing of last year's wind, unless there be already in the soul something which answers to them. Mere reading cannot give this something. It is the product of an inward growth, nurtured by reflection, and brought out by experience. Hence it is that to some people the highest poetry is no better than "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Hence it is that the deep things of philosophy are to some minds "transcendental." Hence the Jews said, in reply to the earnest delivery of holiest truths, "These men are full of new wine." We would not undervalue "book-learning," but we note the fact that some of our completest orators have become so with little aid from books. Take John B. Gough as an example—perhaps the most genuine orator of to-day; and yet Gough has not attended school

since he was twelve years old. Yet he has studied—studied nature, studied men, studied himself. It is to this study that that of books must be subservient and conducive. They should be employed as helps to this end. They are great helps. Few men can succeed without them; no man, unless he is gifted with uncommon acuteness and force of mind, and a native disposition to reflect and observe. So far from undervaluing a regular collegiate education, we deem it in most cases essential. The dangers arising to a religious teacher from the lack of it are many and great. The "self-educated" man is liable to become the self-conceited, pedantic, and obtrusive man. Mr. Durbin escaped its dangers, until a regular course of study removed them forever. From the outset he valued the education of books and teachers, and hence, as he was riding on horseback through his circuit, in that new and sparsely-settled country, he studied the English Grammar, preparatory to an academical course.

We have dwelt longer on this part of the history, because it is the interesting feature of Dr. Durbin's life; that, an unlettered lad of eighteen, he should have passed from work-bench to pulpit; that, after entrance on active professional duty, he should have bent himself to the regular routine of school; that he should have fulfilled these tasks without interruption to preaching, and that he should have at last attained his present position as a theologian, a scholar, and an orator, eminent in the very departments to which he was at first a stranger and an alien, are facts worthy of being dwelt upon and talked about.

There is another fact worth noticing. We refer to the impulse given to the *intellect* by Christianity. Mr. Durbin, previous to becoming a Christian, had not read or studied more than other boys—perhaps not so much as many do in similar circumstances. He had worked regularly at his trade, and spent leisure hours, as most boys do, in no particular way. But now it is all changed with him; now he studies English grammar on horseback; now he preaches from place to place; now he spends hour after hour of the night in storing and training his mind. How is this? Is he ambitious? Not at all. He has simply become a Christian, and the world is a new world to him. It is a place in which to be and to do—not for one's

own sake, but for Christ's sake. The perfect man is the standard; and as for the good to be done, why the whole earth groans under the weight of it, and the heavens cry out for workmen to do it. A new zest is given to life; a fine enthusiasm fires his spirit; progress, improvement, development, are his ideas: and this is the fruit of Christianity.

In 1821 Mr. Durbin connected himself with the Miami University, and commenced the study of Latin and Greek. While thus pushing his studies he did not relinquish preaching, but, being stationed at Hamilton, a town twelve miles distant, walked to his church at the close of each week, and "divided the word of truth." In the year 1823, being now twenty-three years of age, he became a member of Cincinnati College, and was graduated in 1825. There his application to study was so severe as to injure materially his health; so that, on leaving college, he travelled through the South for one year as agent in behalf of Augusta College. This service he enjoyed, and profited by its advantages. His circle of friends was enlarged, and health benefited.

Mr. Durbin received the second degree of Master of Arts at graduation. It was a marked tribute to his energy and acquirements, and its agreeableness was enhanced by the fact, that it was conferred at the suggestion of William Henry Harrison, afterwards President of the United States. During the same year (1826), he made his first visit to New York. That visit is well remembered by many a one who was charmed by his oratory, or impressed by his appeals. His uncommon extempore, united to a youthful appearance, and the fact of early disadvantages, created a marked sensation. His voice was in constant demand, either on the platform before crowded audiences, or in the social circle. He was a star in the metropolis of the Union, no slight transition from the work-bench in a frontier village. But it did not cost him his modesty. He received the attentions quietly, effected all the good he might, and then returned to duty at the South. His sphere, meanwhile, had been enlarged. The Publican of Augusta College was made a Professor. From 1826 to 1831 he filled the Professorship of Ancient Languages. This position afforded opportunity for higher studies. It was sedu-

lously improved, and to the course of life at this time, more than to any other period, is Dr. Durbin indebted for the freedom from technicality, provincialism, and inaccuracy which marks his style.

In the winter of 1831–32 Dr. Durbin resided at Washington, having been elected Chaplain of the United States Senate. There he was a favorite. Henry Clay spoke of him as one of the best orators he had ever heard, whether connected with Church or State. Abel Stevens, editor of the National Magazine, says—

"His sermons in the capitol are remembered still for their pungency and power. It fell to his lot, by vote of the House, and requisition from Mr. Clay, the chairman, to preach the sermon in the capitol on the one hundredth birthday of General Washington. Both houses and the Supreme Court adjourned, and such an audience probably has never, before or since, been seen in the capitol. When the slender form of the preacher appeared in the speaker's desk, before the vast and august assembly, there was a slight tremor of apprehension in the throng; and the western members felt special solicitude. The tune of Old Hundred resounded through the vast hall, and was followed by the clear, composed, and peculiar voice of the preacher in prayer; and all hearts were quieted. The text was Rev. iv. 11, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.' The whole drift of the sermon was to show the agency of God in our Revolution, and that the prosperity of the country depended upon morals and religion; there was no effort at display in it; but more than usual directness, plainness, and earnestness. It had all the characteristic effect of his discourses. At the close of the service, as he descended from the speaker's chair, Governor Wickliff, of Kentucky, took him by the hand and said: 'I advise you never to preach again, if you have regard to your reputation. You never can see such another day as this; and I doubt whether you can do such another deed as you have done to-day. The preacher bowed and was silent."

In the spring of 1832 he was elected to the Professorship of Natural Sciences in the Wesleyan University, but resigned on being chosen soon after, by the General Conference, Editor of "The Chris-

tian Advocate and Journal," the New York organ of the Methodists.

In 1834 he was made President of Dickinson College, an appointment so unexpected, that the first hint of it came with the congratulations of a friend in the street. He held that post till 1845, when he resumed preaching at Philadelphia, where he now resides.

In April, 1842, he went to Europe and the East, returning in August, 1843. The Harpers published the written results of his travels in four volumes. These works are condensed in expression, lively in tone, and instructive in details. Reflections upon governments and religions are interwoven in sufficient but not excessive quantity. Over ten thousand copies have been demanded by the public.

In 1850 he was unanimously appointed, by the Bishops, Missionary Secretary, in the place of Dr. Pitman, who resigned on account of ill health. The General Conference of 1852 reappointed him to the same post, which he now holds.

Dr. Durbin shines pre-eminently on the platform. He is an orator in the true sense of the term. He can arouse the sympathies, move the passions, convince the understanding, and charm the fancy. He has the elements of character which go to make up a popular speaker. His command of language is unbounded. Never at a loss for a word, his sentences pour out with the ease and smoothness of flowing oil. He has also a vein of pleasantry, which, at times, rises into humor, and which he uses with discrimination and success. He is always self-possessed. No attack of an opponent, no unexpected call before an audience, no unforeseen accident can tip the balance of his self-control. He has a good degree of fancy, and can paint a scene with harmonious and lively coloring. His voice is not superior. It lacks volume, but is not disagreeable. His manner and modulation are, however, at times, strikingly at fault. At the commencement of his speeches he occasionally has an unfortunate way of drawling his words in a monotonous, inefficient, feeble style, the sentences "dragging their slow length along," like Alexandrine verse. How he should have fallen into this way is a puzzle, for it is so dissonant with his character. It deserves censure, because there is no need of it, as is seen from the fact that, as he advances in a

speech, he drops it, as Bunyan's Pilgrim let go his burden, and starts on with energy, life, and animation. At first it seemed as if there were no strength of body, no activity of mind, and no interest of heart; but now all is warmth, enthusiasm, and thought. His success on the platform is very different on different occasions, as his remarks are entirely extempore, and he always trusts to the occasion for the impulse necessary to the formation of sentences. Thus he occasionally fails in getting "warmed up;" while, at times, he wields the wand of eloquence with a master's hand. He is a superior debater, and always successful; but he never sets foot in the arena of discussion until others have exhausted the subject to the extent of their ability. Then he presents himself, reviews the whole ground, sums up the argument, and virtually decides the question.

The characteristic of Dr. Durbin's mind is its *practical* cast. It has to do with facts rather than with theories. He is a man of details, one who attends to the minutiæ of whatever is before him. He observes every thing with a closeness which is astonishing. Nothing escapes his scrutiny, not even signboards as he walks the street. Hence he proves an excellent working man. He will carry out a plan to the minutest detail with unwavering success. He makes an admirable financier, and a most able Society secretary. There are no loose screws in the machinery under his control. When he was President of Dickinson College, the finances of the institution were in perfect order. There was always money to pay debts on the day they became due.

He is not a philosopher in the highest sense of the term. He does not revel in pure thought. Abstract principles he does not discuss, and to the higher philosophical theories he pays little attention. "Transcendentalism" is to him a bank of fog which the light of genius may illuminate, but cannot dissipate. We do not mean that he is so fond of facts as to disregard principles, or so nice in details as to forget generalizations, but his power lies in sound and shrewd conclusions from observation rather than from speculation. Natural sciences are in accordance with his tastes. He is familiar with the principles of geology, and his lectures to the students at the college on that science, which is usually deemed as dry and hard as the

rocks of which it treats, were listened to with avidity. So in the principles of government and of political economy he is well versed, and ethnology he has pursued with zeal. Some of our readers have seen a treatise, which he published, on the harmony between the Mosaic account of the Creation and the discoveries of Geology. In sentiment and opinion he would be ranked as a conservative. He is neither ultra in notions nor rash in conclusions. He regards subjects with candor, and comprehends all opposing facts.

In preaching, he succeeds in keeping out of the beaten track both of thought and of expression. He avoids those phrases which have become so familiar as to savor of cant. Hence some unreflecting people have esteemed him speculative, because his views were simply novel, when no man is less so. *Practical* is his chosen adjective.

His memory of facts and of thoughts is tenacious, but of words it is slippery. He cannot commit sentences to memory, and hence the hearer may never be alarmed lest his extempore eloquence has been "cut and dried."

Dr. Durbin has done much to elevate and establish the Methodist Church in this country. Perhaps he has done no more than some others, but he has fulfilled his proportion. In almost every department of labor he has been stationed, and has shown himself a profitable servant. He has written considerably for the religious papers, and for the Methodist Quarterly Review. In this latter admirable publication will be found able critiques on "Guizot's History of Civilization," and "Butler's Analogy."

Mr. Stevens well describes his appearance as follows:

"Dr. Durbin is slight in person, but apparently in excellent health. He walks with a light, elastic step. We know not but that he must consent to be placed in the glorious class of 'homely men,' who fill so largely the annals of greatness. We once thought this his inevitable allotment; but by closer and more familiar observation, or perhaps the 'fascination' of that indefinable—some would call it mesmeric—influence which usually accompanies men of genius, we have been tempted to change our mind, and there is a lurking disposition about our heart to consider him a decidedly interesting-

looking man. His head is diminutive, nearly as outright a refutation of phrenology as that of the late Dr. Channing, or Bancroft, or Bishop Simpson, another of the leading men of his own church; his eyes are blue; his nose small, and slightly upturned (for which he may claim brotherhood with Pitt, Burke, and other notabilities); his mouth is remarkable for its characteristic expression; it indicates great firmness, and the lines from the nostrils to its corners are distinctly marked. His hair is slightly sprinkled with gray. His complexion is somewhat sanguine—it glows with good health, and reminds you not of the suffused floridness of the English face, but of the less tumid and more embrowned countenance of the continental Europeans.

"After all, it is not the features, as far as the bare lineaments may be so called, that give characteristic expression to the human face, just as it is not the mere verbal expression of a writer that constitutes his style. There is a subtile, general, indescribable something—indescribable because of its exquisite subtilty and spiritual significance, which renders alike the features and the style of a man instinct with his soul, and with even his individual characteristics. The highest perfection of art consists in the ability to give to the canvas or the marble this visible *animus* of the man. Dr. Durbin's face is strongly marked in this respect; his smile is especially expressive; it plays with outbeaming radiance, and is usually enhanced by some accompanying gesture expressive of refined courtesy. The intellectual and moral indication of the countenance is especially significant in his preaching. In his more emphatic passages his features glow, and his eyes radiate an electrical fire which darts with resistless effect among his hearers.

"His voice is peculiar: there seems to be an organic defect about it. It cannot be called feminine, nor squealing; but you are induced to suppose that it would have been decidedly one or the other were it not for assiduous cultivation, by which he has subdued it into perfect control. He uses it as a well-trained musician uses his instrument, and though far from musical, it is not disagreeable. It drawls somewhat, and on its higher keys becomes harsh; but it is seldom raised above an agreeable colloquial tone.

"We have no hesitancy in pronouncing Dr. Durbin the most interesting preacher now in the Methodist pulpit. We gave Olin this distinction once, but it remains now with Durbin. Others there are who excel him in particular respects, but none that equal him either in popular effect or in the interest of intelligent, thoughtful minds. His sermons are usually long, but no one tires with them; no one hears the last sentence without regret, nor leaves the church without a vivid, if not a profound impression of the discourse."

Thus are briefly sketched the prominent points of Dr. Durbin's life and character. The wide scope of experience imparts peculiar interest. A pioneer circuit, a college agency, a professorship, a Senate chaplaincy, a college presidency, an editorship, a pastorate, and a mission secretaryship, all worthily filled by one man, whose life is yet at its meridian, make a rare group. Yet not so much the variety of the life, as the contrast of its commencement, is the attraction. The greatness of result is enhanced by the minuteness of beginning. It is the obstacles overcome which give grandeur to achievement. It is shadow depth which heightens light. Other men have been presidents of colleges and chaplains of senates, but they were not all reared in humble circumstances, bound down by poverty; unblessed by schools, unadmitted to libraries, unaided by teachers; apprenticed to a work-bench, yet struggling on, and fighting the way up; watchful of opportunities; snatching wayside facilities; gathering "line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little;" borrowing a history of one, buying a grammar of another; reading in kitchen corners; studying in log-cabins by pine-knot light, and on horseback through the woods; holding to the course perseveringly, steadily, calmly, unwaveringly; following the path which opens; doing the work which offers; until the day be past, and "Well done" be spoken by the all-observant Master.

THE PIONEER PREACHER.

"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

AMERICA has always had its frontier country, and the American pulpit its pioneer preachers. A long future will be like the past. Until the tide of civilization shall reach its Pacific limit, there will be the axe, the rifle, the saddle-bags, and the stump: there will be a strip of country on which the day of civilization is dawning. Our volume would be incomplete did it not discuss, somewhat at length, this anomaly to the Old World, and this characteristic of the New—the pioneer preacher.

Passing by the honored names and great work of Elliott, Brainerd, and others, as belonging to a past beyond our prescribed limits, we shall treat of the pioneer movements of the Methodists, omitting also desirable mention of the important doings of other denominations on the Western frontier, the Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, as having received more attention from the historian, and as being, perhaps, less distinctive, characteristic, and universal.

Of the Methodists, we have selected the name of John P. Durbin to introduce this chapter; not because he is esteemed the most remarkable pioneer preacher of the century, but because, of the Methodist preachers, who have served in the frontier campaign, and who are, at this present, of active and prominent influence in the church, he is esteemed the most desirable representative.

In order that the Methodism of the West may be properly pre-

sented to the intelligence of the reader, it will be well to outline the prominent features of the last third of the preceding century.*

The defeat of the English before Fort Duquesne, under the ill-fated Braddock, in 1755, did not root out the desire to wrest that strong position from the French; and for this purpose General Forbes was placed at the head of an expedition. It was deemed, however, essential to success that he be preceded by some person with gifts adapted to win the minds of the indomitable inhabitants of the forest from the cause of the French to that of the English.

Christian Frederick Post, a Moravian missionary, was selected for this hazardous enterprise. He had long been laboring among the tribe of the Delawares, in Susquehanna, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of Indian language, habits, customs, and prejudices.

He was simple-hearted, calm, intrepid, and versed in the perils of savage life. Committing himself and his cause into the hands of the Great Master, attended by a small band of friendly savages, he started on his mission, and plunged into the forest. Omitting minute history, suffice it to say, that the negotiation was eminently successful. His life was often threatened, and his escapes marvellous; but he succeeded in attaching the Indians to the English, and in returning safely to the settlements. The fort soon fell, and the English arms were crowned with triumph.

After the close of the war in 1761, this Moravian missionary returned to labor among the Indians with whom he had negotiated; crossing the Alleghany river, and settling upon the Muskingum, in what is now the State of Ohio. The Indians were of the Delaware tribe, with whose brethren he had before lived, and with whose language he was familiar. Having taken possession of some ground allotted him, he began to build a cabin for the double purpose of a home and school-house. But as he commenced clearing the land of

* We are indebted to the interesting unpublished "Lowell Lectures" of Mr. Milburn, entitled, "Sketches of the Early History and Settlement of the Mississippi Valley," for the warp of the following chapter; but since in weaving the pattern, some threads of our own have been wrought in the woof, we can only give credit in t' is general way.

its native timber, the Indians inquired his purpose; and on his answering that he must live, and to live he must have a cabin and a cleared spot to raise corn, they said: "Nay, not so; the French priests, who have been our teachers, are fat and comely, but they raise no corn. If you be the servant of God, He will feed you as He fed them. You need not to sow and reap. If you have land, the pale faces will come and take land beside you. They will build a fort; they will cut down our forests, and seize our hunting-grounds, and we shall be driven towards the setting sun."

The Indian logic was irresistible, and so Christian Frederick Post only built his cabin, and trusted God for his corn. The memorable Heckewelder was his worthy colaborer; but the Pontiac war breaking out the following year, the two missionaries, warned of danger by the faithful children of the forest, returned east of the mountains, remained six years, and then went back to the Indians, establishing the noted settlement of Schönbrunn (beautiful spring), which, at the commencement of the Revolution, was the only Christian settlement west of the Alleghanies, except those of the Jesuits and other Catholic missionaries in Illinois and Louisiana. Thus planted and fostered by these pious, holy, and devout Moravian brethren, many an Indian heart was won to the cause of Christ by their labors, their patience, and their constancy. Flourishing missionary stations were established around this, as the centre, and peacefully and rapidly were the Delaware Indians being converted to Christianity and civilization.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, unfortunately but inevitably, these missionary stations were on the frontier between the Whites and the Indians. The Wyandots and Shawnees, the hostile tribes of the Northwest, in making incursions throughout the borders of Virginia and Pennsylvania, must needs pass through these Christian settlements; and the whites, in their avenging expeditions, must also take the Moravian Indians in the route. This only resulted in their good treatment by both parties; but the British at Detroit determined, at last, that they must be broken up, and removed to the neighborhood of Sandusky. They were loath to leave their homes, their maize-fields, their school-cabins, and the

graves of their fathers; but they were forced to go. Carried off before their corn was harvested, unprovided with suitable shelter and sufficient food, during the severe and long winter of 1781–82, nearly one hundred of them perished of cold and starvation; and in the spring the remainder resolved to return, and at least gather in the maize which was yet standing in their fields. It happened that a company of ninety whites, under the command of Colonel Williamson, had resolved on an excursion into the Indian territory, to punish the Wyandots for their outrages; and after two or three days march from Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg, they gained the peaceful settlements of these Moravian Indians. They found them scattered through the fields—men, women, and children—gathering in the corn. They were received courteously and even cordially, and invited to partake of food and rest. The whites told them that they had come on a peaceful errand to take them to Fort Pitt.

It happened that some of the Indians had been there the previous year, and had been treated with remarkable kindness by the commandant of the fort. The plan therefore impressed them favorably; and in accordance with the desire of the whites, they gathered together from the fields, within a circuit of four or five miles, for friendly conference. When they were all collected in one place, unarmed and inoffensive, they were put under arrest and guard, and the question was proposed by Colonel Williamson to his men: Shall these Indians be marched to Pittsburg, or be put to death? The soldiers were standing in rank, and the vote was put. "All in favor of life step out two paces in front," was the word. Sixteen out of ninety advanced. The motion was lost. The Indians were doomed to death. Their fate was announced to them, that with the morrow's dawn they must all die. Trusting, simple-minded people, they begged for life; but their prayers were unheeded, except by Him whose ear is always open. The wailings of women and children were lost on the vindictive soldiery. All night they spent either in pleadings with their captors, or in prayers to God. But when the sun rose they were led forth, and laid on blocks previously prepared. Five and thirty men, four and thirty women, and four and forty children, were in succession butchered. The blood runs cold at the memory

of that deed, the most atrocious ever perpetrated by the Anglo-Saxon. But God the Almighty slumbereth not: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The next year this same band fitted out another expedition for exterminating the Indians, in company with four hundred others.

They went forth to burn, lay waste, and butcher; but they were entrapped, defeated, scattered, and almost the entire company were either burned alive, tomahawked, or lost in the wilderness.

These Moravian brethren were the first to bring the Word of Life into the boundless regions of the Mississippi Valley (excepting, of course, the old Jesuit fathers and Catholic missionaries who came with the French); and a few of their converts survived, and till this day a small remnant of Moravian Indians and Whites are to be found in the eastern part of Ohio.

Turning now to the frontier country south of the Ohio, and we find that the earliest Christian pioneers coming into Kentucky on the first wave of population, were of the Baptist denomination, a large and influential body in Virginia and North Carolina, whence the greater part of emigration to Kentucky originated; and whilst there were but few regular preachers who came with the sole purpose of preaching, there were many who came to get farms and establish estates, and who were also licensed to preach and to administer the sacraments.

These were not long after followed by Presbyterian missionaries, devoted exclusively to preaching the Gospel, and supported at the East. Both the Baptists and Presbyterians accomplished a noble work, but of these we do not design to speak. Indeed, there is less occasion, as faithful historians have already written their worthy story. We come at last to the Methodists, to whom our attention will be confined.

The Methodist is a younger Church. Its first regular preachers landed in America in 1770. Only fourteen years after the first Methodist preacher had touched foot on this continent, they were penetrating the wilds of the Far West, and visiting the outmost points of advancing civilization. James Haw first crossed the Alleghanies, and others rapidly followed.

At the outset there was much antagonism between the different denominations in the West. A sort of religious pugilism was in vogue, which, indeed, is not yet altogether passed away. There is a kind of courage and grit about western or pioneer people, which insists on scuffling and grappling—a pugnacious attitude, which manifests itself through all varieties of life. The pioneer clergy were not free from it. They were, hence, adept controversialists, and a great din was kept up about Baptism and Pedo-Baptism, Free Grace and Destiny, Falling from Grace and Perseverance of the Saints, &c., &c. Brethren of the different denominations often had their public discussions. One would challenge his brother of another faith, and meeting together before the people, occupying a temporary rostrum in some grove, would debate the doctrines in which they disagreed. These discussions were conducted with due form and ceremony. A moderator was chosen, a committee of decision selected, the order of speaking determined, time specified, and all preliminaries having been satisfactorily settled, the combatants would discuss, defend, treat and maltreat the unfortunate doctrines, to the eminent edification of the interested audience; and finally, like most disputants, sliding from general principles into sharp repartees and telling personalities, would oftentimes contribute to the infinite entertainment of the assemblage.

Nevertheless, the people during twenty years were, for the most part, quite insensible to religious matters. Absorbed by Indian wars, by the settlement of a new country and the inexorable demands of a frontier livelihood, and French infidelity having come in with French politics, many sank, from apathy concerning Christianity, into cold deism or reckless atheism. Many of the principal citizens of the West were not ashamed to avow themselves skeptics and infidels, and therefore the field of the missionary was hard to till.

In order that essential progress be made in rooting out error and clearing away the weeds of infidelity, it was necessary that the champions of the truth should merge all minor differences into the one common cause of the one great Head of the Church. Therefore, towards the close of the last century, the Presbyterians and the Methodists united their efforts and worked with mutual understanding

and harmony. In the southern part of Kentucky they held union meetings and sacramental services, at which ministers of both denominations officiated as true yokefellows, and the result was that an unusual interest in the subject of religion began to pervade the community; and in the spring of 1800 occurred "the great revival," as it is termed, or "the Cumberland revival," the most extraordinary manifestation of religious excitement that ever happened on this continent, or perhaps ever happened in the history of the Church since the day of Pentecost.

It burst forth with irresistible power at what was called a "sacramental meeting," or a "protracted meeting" of several days, held at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, sustained by the Methodist and Presbyterian ministers in union. This meeting had been preceded by many of the same kind, held in various parts of that region of country, the size and interest of which steadily increased with every repetition. At this one the collection of people was immense. It is credibly stated that thirty thousand were on the camp-ground at one time; which seems the more remarkable when we consider the sparsely settled character of the country.

Of course, provision for the sustenance and lodging of such a multitude for days in succession could not be provided by any one settlement of a new country, and hence the people came in families and companies, as of old the Jews went up to the Feast of Tabernacles, with horse-teams and ox-teams, carrying with them provisions, jerked meat and corn-dodger, cooking utensils, bedding, and tents. And hence we see that from the necessities of a new country arose the peculiar form of religious meetings, so popular with the Methodists, called "camp meetings." The inhabitants, scattered through the partially cleared forests or open prairies of the West, without church buildings or established pastors; their minds untrained to thought, yet highly susceptible to sympathetic influences; their attention for the greater part of the year engrossed by the inexorable necessities of getting a livelihood, it is evident that their religious nature only could be reached through the combined influences of sympathy, exclusive attention, popular oratory, and special excitement. And these camp meetings were not the device of ingenious

men to compass a desired end. They were the natural growth of a new country, springing up spontaneously like prairie flowers from virgin soil. But at this meeting which we have introduced to the attention of the reader, this remarkable gathering of thirty thousand, a new development appeared, so wonderful and mysterious as to be incredible, were it not vouched for by hundreds and thousands of worthy witnesses.

Previous to this gathering at meetings in different parts of the country, there had appeared the most remarkable physical manifestations, which went under the expressive name of "the jerks." The people were seized as by a sort of superhuman power; all control of the will over the muscular system seemed taken away; in many cases the senses refused to perform their functions, and the usual methods of manifesting consciousness were annulled. Strong men would suddenly fall to the earth utterly helpless, or would be tossed and thrown about in all positions and attitudes. Women would be taken with a strong spasmodic motion, and while standing on their feet would be swayed back and forth, striking the back to the ground, and then, without the bending of joints, thrown over on to their faces, and so swing forward and back with strange regularity and rapidity. Indeed, it is stated by many eye-witnesses, in some cases so resistless and rapid was this motion, that the long hair of the women (which, in anticipation of the experience, they had let down and fastened in a knot at the end) would whiz through the air and strike the floor, so as to resemble in sound the crack of a teamster's whip, capable of being heard, it was presumed, in some notable instances, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. Men would be forced over the ground in a rotatory motion, their limbs forming the four spokes (so to speak) of an animated wheel; and though sometimes able to stop themselves by clinging to trees or shrubs, yet in some instances even unable to do this, and only secured by the help of friends.

These remarkable manifestations excited, of course, the intense curiosity and interest of the whole country, and resulted in the thronging of the entire community to these "sacramental meetings," in order to be eye-witnesses, or possibly actual performers of these

mysterious "jerks." This accounts for the immense gathering of thirty thousand people at the Cane Ridge meeting, to which many had come fifty, one hundred, and even three hundred miles, or nearly a ten days' journey.

The chief man, or presiding officer of this Cane Ridge convocation, was Barton W. Stone, a leading Presbyterian minister and preacher at the Concord and Cane Ridge meeting-house, who afterwards became renowned in the ecclesiastical annals of the West, as the father and head of the "New Lights," one part of which became absorbed in the sect now called "Christian," and the remainder became followers of Alexander Campbell, and are at present included among the "Campbellites." There were also collected ten or a dozen other preachers, of different denominations, and from various parts of the country, most of whom were holding forth from the temporary stands for preaching, or elevated on huge stumps or fallen logs, each surrounded by his audience of eager listeners. Among the Methodist preachers present was William Burke, a man of mark in his denomination. He was a person of stalwart frame and commanding presence, and possessed of a voice that rather thundered than spoke—a voice that in a still day could be heard for miles, unequalled for its tremendous volume. Burke was an orator, and a favorite with his sect; and having come to this great meeting, he and his friends expected that he would be one of the principal speakers. He arrived on the ground on Friday night, but up to Saturday night had not been invited to preach by the presiding leader. His friends began eagerly to ask if he were not to speak; and he replied that he was ready to do so when invited. Sunday morning, Stone, in company with one or two of his Presbyterian brethren, called upon him, and introducing the subject of his preaching, asked some question about his theological views, as if intending to test his orthodoxy as a prerequisite to an invitation. This fired brother Burke's blood; and he, referring in proud tones to the wide-spread expression of his sentiments as a prominent preacher, said almost with fierceness: "If you want to know my sentiments, come and hear me preach;" and stalking away from the little knot of divines, sought a fallen log, which he mounted, and began to read a hymn. The news spread

like wild-fire that Burke was holding forth; and the people—men, women, and children—thronged to the spot. In a short time ten thousand persons were his audience; and then rose his voice with a power beyond all previous efforts, swelling over the assembled multitudes with indescribable effect. But ere that sermon was completed, the voice, powerful as it was, and of accumulated power as it progressed, was but a whisper amidst the uproar that encompassed it from the thronging multitudes, "like the sound of many waters."

The supernatural agency was present beyond all precedent; and it seemed to seize in its mysterious grasp the entire multitude. As they stood about the stand listening to the preacher, they would be swept down, five hundred at a time, like trees in a forest, prostrated in the fearful pathway of a tornado, and lie senseless; others would be tossed and whirled about in wild convulsions; others would perform gyratory motions; and all this, intermingled with Hallelujahs, and shouts of "Amen," "Glory," "Glory," "Come, Lord," presented a scene of excitement beyond compare in the annals of religious enthusiasm. And it was not the religious people, the members of the Church, who alone were seized with these motions. Those who came to scoff and ridicule were seized equally with the rest. Indeed, the severest convulsions, contortions, and insensible prostrations, were experienced only by the scoffers, the profaners, and blasphemers. A perfectly authenticated story is told of one man who, present at this meeting, and believing the whole thing to be either a delusion or a trick, determined to put a stop to it. There was one collection on the ground called "The Praying Circle," made up of a ring of five hundred people, surrounding a large group of persons praying, shouting, crying, and tossed about by the convulsions, all in the most heterogeneous state conceivable. This man determined to break up this circle. So galloping down his powerful horse towards it across the field, and yelling like a demon, he bent his energies to riding through and scattering the throng. But as he neared the outer circle, he suddenly dropped senseless from his horse, and lay extended on the ground. There he continued for thirty hours, apparently free from pain, his pulse ranging about forty, when he aroused and recovered. He said that he had

been conscious all this time of what was said and done about him, but that he was held by an irresistible power, which prevented motion or expression. Such is a faithful description of "the jerks," gathered from eye-witnesses; a manifestation which has baffled all physiological or psychological explanations, and which continued for several years, extending throughout most of the West, and constituting the marked feature of the "Great Revival."

The result of this movement was the wide-spread overthrow of infidelity; but as the Church flourished by its victories, the rank weeds of prosperity, rivalries, heart-burnings, and divisions arose. The Baptist, as well as the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations, had largely participated in the movement; and these sects, after the religious fever had subsided, became not only jealous of each other, as the fruits of the revival were being garnered, but became also divided among themselves. These rifts seemed the inevitable fruit, not of the faults, but of the virtues of the new converts. Reared in all the independence of a frontier life, with its contempt of formalities and its impatience of constraint; living much in the society of nature with its inspiration to reflection, to freedom, to self-reliance, and to faith in impulses; unaccustomed to think, except to some practical and immediate end, and hence trained to embody all theories resulting from speculation in the substantial form of action; and uniting with these traits, the recklessness of consequences, and the unconquerable decision of pioneer men, it was a matter of necessity that the new converts should blossom out all varieties of religious notions, to mature into the unhappy fruits of divisions and fanaticisms. Quite a number became Shakers, a sect who ignore the ties of kindred, deny the liberty of wedlock to the children of God, and fulfil the worship of the sanctuary by monotonous chants, ungraceful dances, and bodily revolutions and evolutions, which are a tame imitation of "the jerks." One man set himself up for a leader or prophet, gathered about him a band whom he styled the twelve Apostles, set out westward in search of the Holy Land, and died of destitution on an island in the Mississippi. Another professed to hold converse with spirits, not in the vulgar style of modern table-rappings, but directly and immediately.

Another worked out his reflections to the conclusion that he could live without food, that faith would save him from starvation, according to the command of Christ, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink. Consider the fowls of the air, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them;" and faithful to his theory, he held on to the last and died of hunger, which brought his sect also to an untimely end. But it were needless to continue description, or even to enumerate the new parties, such as the Hard Shell Baptists and the Soft Shells, the New Lights, the Cumberland Presbyterians, &c., &c.

Rather, in conclusion, let us adopt the testimony of those many witnesses who, now old, wise and godly men, and having for fifty-five years watched with religious fidelity the results of the great revival, assure us that its good fruits are incalculable, in comparison with which its evil sinks into insignificance.

The ministers of the Methodist Church assume the position, responsibility, and duties of the calling under the impulse and belief that they, each and every one, are specially called, designated, and sent forth by the Holy Spirit of truth and power to be ambassadors of Jesus Christ. The conference might decide, by consideration of gifts and graces, according to their best belief and conviction, whether it be a real or a spurious "call," and if their opinion coincided with the conviction of the individual, he was set apart for the sacred office of the ministry. At the time to which we refer, the office was no sinecure. His field of labor was the world; his particular station determined by the Church, in conference represented; his annual salary, sixty-four dollars, according to the Book of Discipline. And this was to include the presents which he might receive. If any grateful sister should knit for him a pair of woollen socks, an expression of the warmth of her regard, it must be reported to the conference, a price set upon it, and the sum deducted from the sixty-four dollars. And so, whatever was received, from whatever source, was to be deducted from the prescribed salary; and if, as sometimes happened, the yearly presents from marriage fees or otherwise amounted to more than sixty-four dollars, the sur-

plus was handed over to the Church, to be paid to some less fortunate brother. They must also provide themselves with a horse, riding saddle, wearing apparel, and necessary books, with no outfit allowance from the Church; and west of the mountains many were the preachers who never realized, either in legal coin or in presents, even the stipulated sixty-four dollars. Nothing more was allowed a man with a wife than without one, for it was understood in the primitive Methodist Church that a preacher had no business with a wife, and was much better without than with one. John Wesley had such an unfortunate experience in wifedom, that he discouraged marrying: Francis Asbury, the master genius of Methodism in this country, was so devoted to his work that he discountenanced matrimony as a hindrance. He once said that he never married, because he never could find a woman who had grace enough in her heart to be willing to be separated from her husband, the year round, with the exception of one week; and if he could find one so good, he would not marry her, for he had not grace enough to be happy away from her. Nevertheless, he insisted that it was the business of every man to support one woman. He therefore gave the larger part of his income to the maintenance of a distant cousin in England, and after her death to some other female. But he never approached nearer than this to the countenancing of matrimony. When one of the young brethren was so rash or unfortunate as to become entangled in the bonds of wedlock, there was a tacit understanding that he had better "locate," in the language of the Church, that is, retire from itinerant labor, settle down to some self-supporting occupation, preach in one place, and no more draw on the funds of the conference.

As we see, small were the worldly inducements to enter the ministry. Besides the meager support and the single life, they were to encounter a wilderness; to face perils; to endure want, weariness, unkindness, cold, and hunger; to hear the crack of the Indian rifle from the adjoining thicket, feel the ball whizzing past the ear, or perhaps fall by the unerring shot: but if their lives were spared by the guardian care of a kind Providence, and by God's special interpositions, the bare earth, in winter and summer, was to

be their bed; three-fourths of their time, the saddle their pillow, the sky their tent-cloth; and oftentimes when making a preaching-circuit, at their own charge and cost, on applying for food or shelter, they were to be rudely repulsed by a member of another denomination, or some bitter infidel; and thus to go forward, year after year, with no provision for advancing years, but faith in the Master who had called them; no sunshine of affluence to light the pathway of declining life, and no comforts but the approval of conscience, and the indwelling testimony of God's Spirit. It is manifest that one who could be a respectable blacksmith, carpenter, mason, or farmer, would not enter the ministry, unless pressed by the irresistible "call;" and that those who did consecrate themselves would be men of nerve and men of power; for they were not men "of education," in the popular sense. Their book knowledge was scanty, but they were thorough students of the Bible, and they were mighty in the Hymn-book. The Bible was not only studied on horseback, but read daily on bended knee, in the shelter of a thicket or in the midst of the wide prairie. The preacher on rousing from his night's slumbers in the open air, as the first rays of morning suffused the east with just enough light to see the sacred page, was accustomed always, even in winter, to read and pray before saddling his horse or breaking bread. Kneeling there on the snow, he committed himself to God's care, and sought the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and he could scarcely renew his journey until he had carefully read three or four chapters of the Holy Scriptures. They studied the Hymn-book, also, almost as devoutly and constantly as the Bible; and with these two the Methodist preacher felt that he had an arsenal from which he could draw ammunition for any emergency; and perhaps he was not far from right. There was, however, a sort of supplement to these two books, a third volume, which they carefully and constantly perused—the ever-open volume of Human Nature. They could read character "like a book." They were shrewd, discerning, keen-eyed men, who detected the controlling motive and saw the assailable points of the human heart; and could be, like Paul, "made all things to all men, that they might by all means save some."

It will readily be inferred from this analysis what was their style of preaching. They were earnest preachers. They felt that great issues were at stake. Whether there was a congregation of three or three thousand before them, the same pressure of responsibility rested upon their hearts; for they saw before them immortal men and women, whose eternal destiny was to be decided within this brief life, with whom they might never meet again. And they felt that the "blood of souls" would be found on their skirts if they failed to declare the whole counsel of God. And they were men of quick sensibilities and intense emotion, and of lively fancy and imagination. Before the eye of faith was distinctly pictured the haven of rest, repose, and joy, which was to succeed the life of weariness and hardship they were leading; and, on the other hand, the dark, unfathomable abyss of perdition was a revealed reality. Their favorite reading, besides the Bible and Hymn-book, were works of lofty imagination. Milton and Young were intimate companions of these old wayfarers. Their Miltonic descriptions of perdition abounded, and their delineations of the judgment-day, with all the solemn array of the last Assize, were terribly graphic in their minuteness. It might seem to us, in our cold and calculating criticism, as if their descriptions of the good and the bad savored too much of a topographical character, like the minute descriptions by travellers of sights and animals in foreign countries. But not so did they seem to their hearers. Many of these were ignorant, captious, hard, cavilling people, fierce in their contempt of every thing like lack of downright earnestness, or rose-water sentimentalism. Agreeable metaphysical disquisitions, profoundly elaborated exegeses of scripture passages, or any address to the intellect instead of to the heart through the imagination, would have done little towards influencing these backwoodsmen to a better life. The division made by a certain prelate, after reading his text, into—first, its topography, secondly its chronology, and thirdly its psychology, would have been a poor start to make before those people. They must have plain, practical truth; and these firm-faithed, single-hearted Methodists were the ones to give it to them, and they did it with a right good-will.

It was a strong, fierce, demonstrative style of preaching. Men of inexhaustible stamina and voice, they spoke with loud tones and with the whole body. Neither did they shun humor in the pulpit. Those who had the gift, and many of them had it, used it by no means sparingly, and with unmistakable effect. But polished and erudite discourse they discarded. With no library but what they carried in their pocket, they had little opportunity to prepare it, and less inclination. But to illustrate, to interest, to admonish, to reform, to win, to entreat by the love of Christ, "Be ye reconciled to God,"—this was the burden of their preaching.

We now turn to a more particular consideration of some of the actors in these scenes among the Methodist clergy.

Of all Methodist preachers, Bishop Asbury stands at the head, if indeed he does not rank first in importance, of all American preachers. With full appreciation of the claims of Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Channing, and all the other eminent clergy of New England, we are free to say that Francis Asbury, the first Methodist Superintendent and Bishop on this continent, has made probably the broadest and deepest mark in our ecclesiastical history. For forty years he travelled on horseback from Maine to Virginia, and from Boston Bay to the Mississippi. He had the care of all the churches. He was constant in season and out of season, not only as a preacher, but indefatigably stimulating and inspiring young men to the work of the ministry, reclaiming the backsliding, bringing incongruous elements into working accord, and consolidating a Church which, when he began in 1771, numbered less than fifty members, and when he died in 1816 numbered one million, scattered from Maine to Louisiana, and from Florida to the extreme northwest,—all united in an effective and prosperous organization, a Church built almost absolutely by the skill of this one man; by his profound wisdom, his untiring effort, his ceaseless devotion; by the constant exercise of his spirit, brain, heart, and body. And yet the name of this man, who did so much for the erection of churches; for the establishment of schools and colleges; for the diffusion of sound views of morals, religion, and education, and the presentation by example and precept of the loftiest views of life—the father of

this great body of Christians, which includes at present one-fifth part of the population of the United States in its congregations; which has one-third more stated preachers, and more colleges under its care, than any other two denominations in the country,—the name of this man, Francis Asbury, does not appear in any school-book or American history, to our knowledge. Thus is it that monuments to the greatest of the great are not of granite nor in type, but in the hearts of men.

Asbury was surrounded and assisted, as all leaders are, by men much akin to him, inspired with his spirit and devoted to his plans. One of his associates, whom he trained up from youth, was James Haxley, a famous old fellow of East Tennessee. Another was James Craven, a renowned man in his day. These old preachers were very severe against whiskey and slavery. Brother Craven was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows: "Here are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now, you have seen wheat, which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found it only came to forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and—*pop* goes the weevil. Now you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the finger of the gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the curly-head and the whiskey-bottle."

Old Father Haxley on one occasion preached as follows: "Ah yes, you sisters here at church look as sweet and smiling as if you were angels, and one of you says to me, 'Come and take dinner with me, brother Haxley,' and I go; and when I go, you say, 'Sit down, brother Haxley, a while, while I see about the dinner;' and you go to the kitchen, and then I hear somebody cry out, 'Don't, missus! don't, missus!' and I hear the sound of blows, and the poor girl screaming, and the lovely sister a whalin' and trouncin'

Sallie in the kitchen; and when she has got through, she comes back, looking as sweet and smiling as a summer day, as if she had just come from saying her prayers. That's what you call Christianity, is it?"

Brother Haxley was sent in 1806–7 into Attakepas region, Louisiana, as a missionary. He was about five feet eight inches in height, strong and sinewy, accustomed to all forms of exposure and suffering. Travelling among a rude, border population, many of whom were French Catholics, he had not much to expect in the way of comfort. At one time, out of money, and reduced nearly to starvation, having slept for several nights in a swamp, he came upon a plantation house. The people knew him to be a preacher by his coat, and they wanted no such persons in the house. The old gentleman entered, and asked if he could have a supper and night's lodging. The only persons present were a widow lady, some children, and black people. "No," said the woman, "you cannot; we don't want any such cattle here." Here was a fair prospect of sleeping another night in the cold. Besides, the poor man had had nothing to eat, and he might die of starvation. He thought of the sad and lonely way, and of the perils which encompassed it. Then his faith lifted his thoughts to the better, brighter world; he thought of heaven, and its rest and reward for the wayfarer; he thought of the good Father, and of those angels which were sent to succor and minister; and his heart began to fill and overflow with gladness; and in the enthusiasm of gratitude and love and faith, his voice, of its own accord, as it were, burst forth into singing—

> "Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
> Thy great Provider still is near:
> Who fed thee last will feed thee still:
> Be calm, and sink into His will."

But he would not stop with one verse; he sang the next, and so through all the verses of the hymn, and then through another hymn, and still another. He was a fine singer, and his voice had then peculiar sweetness and richness; and as he looked around, at the conclusion of the third hymn, he saw that the woman, the

children, and the black people were crowded around him, and the tears were flowing, and the old lady shouted, "Pete, put up the gentleman's horse; girls, have a good supper for the preacher!" and thus the good man was lodged and fed for a song. Haxley came to Baltimore to attend a general conference in 1820. A discussion arose on a question of order, whether presiding elders should be elected by preachers or not, and the dispute had waxed warm, not to say hot. Brother Haxley had said not a word through it all, but at the close of the session, the bishop called upon him to make the concluding prayer. He knelt and said, "Now, O Lord, thou knowest what a time we've had here, discussing and arguing about this elder question, and thou knowest what our feelings are. We do not care what becomes of the ark, it's only who drives the oxen." Thus did these men strike to the heart of things. They preached among a people who were sharp shooters, who would drive a nail into a tree with a rifle ball at the distance of fifty yards, and they did with the tongue what their hearers did with the rifle—they hit the nail on the head.

Peter Cartwright was another of those preachers, now living an old man in Illinois. One incident we will give of him. In common with most of the early preachers, he was a strong opponent to slavery, and the question being canvassed in Illinois about 1822–3, whether slavery should be engrafted on the constitution, the brave man resolved to remove to Illinois and take part in the quarrel. He had been preaching in Kentucky and Tennessee for a quarter of a century, but he received an appointment as Presiding Elder in Illinois, and had a district from Galena in the northwest, to Shawneetown in the south, a country nearly as large as England. This he was to traverse once every three months, and never failed in his appointments, and at a time when there were no roads, and scarcely any bridges or ferries.

It was his practice to preach Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, hold quarterly conference in the afternoon, preach in the evening; hold love-feast Sunday morning at eight o'clock, administer baptism at eleven, then preach from one to three hours, administer the Lord's Supper; preach again in the evening (at all convenient inte-

rums selling books, with which his saddlebags were crammed); and then at the close announce that on the next day he would address his fellow-citizens from the stump on the admission of slavery into the State. It resulted, of course, that the pro-slavery men became very angry at the preacher, and had much to say about "ministers not dabbling in politics," "sticking to their calling," &c., &c. It happened that on one occasion he rode to a ferry across the Illinois river, where the country was more thickly populated, and met a little knot of people who were discussing politics. The ferryman, a stout fellow, was holding forth in excited terms about some old renegade, prefixing a good many expletives to his name, which we omit—one Peter Cartwright, swearing that if he ever came that way he would drown him in the river. Cartwright, unrecognized by any one, said, "Stranger, I want you to put me across." "You'll wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman. So when he had finished his speech, he added, "Now I will put you over." Cartwright rode his horse into the boat, and the ferryman began to pole it across. Cartwright felt it his duty to make himself known, and assert his principles; but he wanted to be sure of fair play. So when they reached the middle of the stream, he threw the horse's bridle over a stake of the boat, and told the ferryman to lay down his pole. "What for?" said the ferryman. "Well, you have just now been using my name 'improper;' you said if I ever came this way you'd drown me in the river. Now you've got a chance to do it." "Is your name Pete Cartwright?" said the ferryman. "My name is Peter Cartwright," said the preacher. Down drops the pole, and at it go preacher and ferryman. They grapple for a minute, but Cartwright is remarkably agile, as well as athletic, and in a trice he has the ferryman, with one hand by the nape of his neck, and with the other by the seat of his trowsers, and whirling him over the side of the boat, plunges him under the tide; his astonished companions looking on from the shore, fair play being secured by the distance. Twice and thrice the preacher souses the poor ferryman under, saying as he does, "I baptize thee (k'splash) in the name of the devil (k'splash), whose child thou art (k'splash);" then lifting him up dripping with water, and gasping for breath, Cart-

wright asks him: "Did you ever pray?" "Pray!" said the ferryman, "no." "Then it's time you did," said the preacher. "Say, Our Father which art in heaven." "D—d if I do," said the ferryman. K'splash—goes the poor man under the tide again. "Will you now?" said the preacher. "No—I—won't," said the strangled ferryman. K'splash—under the water again. "Will you pray *now?*" said the preacher. "I'll do any thing," gasped the ferryman. "Say, Our Father which art in heaven." "Our Father which art in heaven," said the ferryman, and followed him through the Lord's prayer. "Now let me up," said the ferryman. "Not yet," said the preacher. "You must make me three promises—first, that you will repeat that prayer every morning and night, as long as you live; secondly, that you will hear every Methodist preacher who comes within five miles of this ferry; and, thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over this ferry, free of expense. Do you promise?" "I promise," said the ferryman, and resumed his pole. Cartwright went on his way, and that ferryman not long after became a convert, and in time quite a shining light in the Church.

Wilson Pitner was another pioneer of later date. He was subject to despondency and self-depreciation, and to corresponding exaltation of feeling. He once began a sermon as follows: "As I was riding through the woods, I saw a grapevine whose stalk was as big as my arm, and on looking up, I saw that it reached, I should think, forty feet, to the great branch of a tall oak, and held on there; on the ground around were other grapevines, small and flat, with tendrils loose and seeking. Yes, said I, I see what makes the difference. That big grapevine, large as my arm, and forty feet high, was once on the ground as poor and small as any; but it *took hold of the tree.* So it is with me, my dear hearers, I am very apt to be on the ground, dispirited and disconsolate; but when I take hold of God, when I cling to Him, and wind my tendrils around His great branches, ah! then I mount up, strong and lofty." And after the sermon, as he started forth across the prairie on horseback, his companion asked him how he felt in one of these exalted moods. To fully appreciate his reply, one must have experienced the irresistible exhilaration of being on a wild horse in the midst of one of those

boundless prairies. "I feel," said he, "as if my soul was running a horse-race in the grand prairie of Divinity." Thus did they illustrate in a bold, familiar way. Pitner once came in his circuit to the bank of the Mississippi, where he had an appointment to preach, and joined a cluster of men discussing the best locality and pattern of a new warehouse. He thereupon took for his text, "But godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." And he began: "My friends, I hear you talking about a new warehouse on the river, and discussing where it shall be put, and what size it shall be, and whether it shall have one or two stories. I can tell you of a warehouse, and it's a two-story warehouse—it has one story in this life, and another story in the life to come; and when the water rises so that the first story isn't safe, you can tote your plunder up into the second story." And so he proceeds to develop the truth of the text.

We might multiply anecdotes to any extent, but our limits forbid. In the words of Mr. Milburn, "The pioneer preacher is a man of stamina and a man of humor; an urgent sort of man, whose soul is permeated with the truth of what he said—without doubt, evasion, or equivocation—speaking right out what he has to say, and doing right on what he has to do. True, they have their faults. They are inferior in the niceties and elegancies and refinements and beauties of civilized society; but with all their downright directness, they are men of great hearts and tender susceptibilities. It is much in vogue to disparage ministers of the gospel, to treat them decently, perhaps, as a sort of debilitated class between women and children, with condescending patronage. But these pioneer preachers need no patronage, nor pity; they can take care of themselves, and they do it. And if any one at the East fails to find his ideal of ministerial character—sublime courage, indomitable energy, daring self-forgetfulness, a Christian piety which is self-abnegation—then let him go, even in this present day, west of the Mississippi, and he will find there some noble pioneers, hastening with the bread of life to the starving inhabitants, scattering manna in the wilderness 'unto eternal life.'"

Those who rise early and toil late, to hoard up gold with which

to build a house, and live in it and die, with no breath from grateful hearts to waft them up to heaven; those who struggle and manœuvre and electioneer, sacrificing principle and peace to win earthly power, which they use for their own exaltation—but never to lift up the people they have used; those who loll in lazy luxury, consuming the harvests their soft hands have neither sown nor reaped; well may they, unsatisfied, restless, craving, ennuyéd, envy the hardship, the poverty, the toil, the lowliness, and the health, the peace, the exhilaration, the joyful memories, the heavenly hopes of the self-sacrificing, man-loving, God-fearing Methodist Preacher.

The next sketch will contain a description of the daily life of the Pioneer Preacher.

W. H. Bullock

WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN,

THE BLIND PREACHER.

"For Thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness."

W. H. Milburn was born in Philadelphia, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1823. His father was a merchant, but, meeting with reverses, removed to the West in 1838, and is now living with his wife and one son at Jacksonville, Illinois. They were originally from Maryland, and belong to the Methodist Church. William was an active, robust boy, possessed of perfect faculties, both bodily and mental; but at the age of five met with the accident which resulted in blindness. He was playing with another lad in an open lot, engaged in throwing at a mark, when his companion, in lifting his hand to cast a piece of iron hoop, or something of the kind, inadvertently struck the edge of it into Milburn's eye.

From this accident, however, the eye recovered without injury to vision, except that the scar consisted of a slight protuberance, which interfered with sight downward, but not direct or upward. This protuberance the physician decided to burn off with caustic; an operation which, twice repeated, was hard for the boy to bear. He begged for relief, and at last resisted, declaring that he could not endure it. Upon this the physician seized him in his arms, forced the caustic upon the wound, and in the struggles both eyes of the poor boy were dashed with it. As a remedy, they were kept bathed with a solution of sugar of lead for two years, during which time the pupils became permeated with depositions of lead, and light was shut

out, with the exception of the left upper corner of the right eye, through which narrow aperture objects were visible.

By placing a projecting shade over the eye, the hand convexly shaped beneath it, and leaning the body forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, Milburn was able to read; seeing, however, only one letter at a time. Cut off from most sports, he became absorbed in reading; and day after day would sit in the constrained posture necessary to see, poring over books, often twelve hours out of the twenty-four. His constitution was so good that it did not suffer under this confinement and unnatural attitude, until he was nineteen years of age, when a Senior in college; then his health suddenly gave way, and it was discovered that he had a slight curvature of the spine, and some internal organic disease. From the former he has not altogether recovered, and is in consequence obliged to lie in a horizontal position during a portion of every day; but, though of rather slender and delicate appearance, he is capable of enduring great fatigue, and long-continued, severe mental application.

His sight has been gradually diminishing, so that now he is unable to read at all; but in a favorable light and position, can dimly discern the outline of objects. The result is, that his other senses are cultivated to exquisite nicety. He recognizes acquaintances from the voice, more readily than many do from the appearance; and he judges of character from intonation, as others do from expression. His idea of locality is admirable, so that he moves about in familiar places with facility, and often travels unattended, trusting to the kindness of strangers, or rather certain of meeting some one of his many friends. His memory is prodigious, receiving like wax and retaining like iron, and in early life was probably not surpassed by that of Magliabecchi, or any of the mnemonic prodigies.

On hearing his father read a chapter of the Bible at morning prayers, he would repeat it after him without mistake, and two repetitions insured its permanent retention. A college mate has told us of his going to Milburn's room one day with a volume of Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses, and reading him a half or two-thirds of one. Milburn expressed delight, and wished it read again. He

did so, when Milburn said, "Thank you, I have it now." "What do you mean—have what?" "Why, I have that sermon;" and to dispel skepticism, repeated it verbatim, and the next Saturday declaimed a part of it in the chapel. After entering college, however, he discouraged the cultivation of memory, and bent his mental energies in other directions, fearing to be no more than the receptacle of other men's thoughts—a mere walking encyclopedia.

The result is, that his memory is now less tenacious. His habit, at present, is, when wishing to commit a new chapter, preparatory to public worship, to have it read to him on the previous day, and he repeats after the reader, verse by verse, and then in sets of four verses, commencing each time at the commencement of the chapter. With one reading of the chapter thereafter, he is prepared to go through it before an audience, without possibility of failure. Poetry he commits with greater facility than prose. He is perfectly familiar with the Hymn-book, and can probably repeat most of the New Testament, and considerable portions of the Old. His retention of names, dates, facts, and conversations, seems to be equally good; the only difference of power being between the committing of prose and of poetry. It is an interesting fact, that his four children inherit much of this power of memory: the oldest, a daughter of eight years, having a special gift in that way; and the next, a bright little fellow, having caught a good part of Milton's Allegro, from hearing his sister repeat it, before he could understand a word of it. Since we have floated along to this point of the narrative, we will add, that Mr. Milburn's wife, a Baltimore lady of thorough education and practical sense, to whom he was married in 1846, is his principal reader; at some periods reading to him ten hours a day for weeks, four and five hours at a sitting, and sometimes fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In May, 1838, the Milburn family removed from Philadelphia to Jacksonville, Illinois; and being in reduced circumstances, William, in company with his father, sought for some suitable means of livelihood at St. Louis, Quincy, and other places. The son was offered a clerkship on a steamboat, but his mother would not consent to a situation so hazardous to good habits; and the result was, that the

father opened a small store in Jacksonville, with William for a clerk. His parents, while interested in his education, feared that reading would result in total blindness, and wished him to relinquish books for business, and hence the clerkship. William's regular duties consisted in being up at four o'clock, lighting the kitchen fire, drawing water, and cutting wood, opening the store, sweeping it out, and returning to breakfast by candlelight in winter, or at sunrise in summer. The day was spent at the store, and faithful attention to customers was necessary, besides the keeping of the books, which he managed to do, with some assistance, in spite of his limited vision.

But meanwhile the studies could not be relinquished, for a liberal education was the lad's ambition. At his place, by the door, in summer, and at a window in winter, sitting in a constrained posture, he received the sunlight of knowledge, as it were, through a crevice in the roof, instead of by the effulgence poured in through surrounding windows; besides the disability of sight, suffering from the incessant interruption consequent upon strict attention to the store, and the constant ear-vigilance necessary to distinguish customer from idler. But the preparation for college was accomplished without assistance, except in the use of Latin and Greek dictionaries; and the Freshman class was entered in 1839, at Illinois College, situated in Jacksonville, then under the presidency of Dr. Edward Beecher. The regular course was pursued until the latter part of the Senior year (with the exception of Greek, which was discontinued on account of eyesight, at the close of the Sophomore year), and the clerkship at the store faithfully maintained. Much interest was manifested by the excellent people of Jacksonville in his progress, for he was a favorite; and all went on prosperously till the spring of 1843, his last collegiate year, when health suddenly gave way, as we have mentioned; and separation from books and a regimen of horseback riding were prescribed as essential.

From childhood Milburn had been the subject of religious impressions. The teachings of parents, and the conversations of visiting clergy, were received into a susceptible heart. The emotions, however, excited by religious truth were evanescent, like all emotions of

childhood. The tide of boy-feeling ebbs and flows with a rapidity only equalled by its strength. There is the sorrow, the dash of tears, the forgetfulness, the glee, and the sky of the boy's heart as clear and blue as ever. But at fourteen, impressions became abiding, and he united with the Methodist Church.

At a very early age he had an unwavering presentiment that he should be a preacher; but with college life and its success, especially in declamation, debate, and composition, new ambitions were engendered, and a wider field became the object of aspiration. His father's home had always been the resort of the travelling Methodist preachers. He had listened to their stories, their escapes, their religious experience and exhortations, with absorbed interest: they were the Knight Templars of his life-romance; and through early years all encouragement to be himself a Methodist preacher met with a responsive throb.

Now laid aside from study, and driven to the saddle to win back the ebbing forces of life, he lent ear once more to the suggestions of the old preachers, who looked upon this experience as a providential guidance into the path of the ministry. The presiding elder urged the course of duty. His father furnished him with a horse, saddle, and saddlebags; his mother fitted him with a grayish-blue jeane suit (a homespun woollen fabric, the coarser quality of which goes under the name of linsey-woolsey); and thus accoutred, with overcoat strapped on the saddle, he starts forth, in company with the presiding elder, as an itinerant preacher, to make the first acquaintance with his circuit. He had never rode before to any amount, but at the end of two and a half days an appointment one hundred miles distant was punctually attained. His theological course had also commenced, with the good elder as the professional corps; the Bible, his text-book; the saddle, his recitation-seat; God's wide, beautiful earth, the seminary. The appointment was a quarterly-meeting, held in a double log-cabin—that is, a cabin with two rooms, on the floors of which the preachers slept at night. The meeting began at one o'clock Saturday afternoon with a sermon by the elder. In the evening the local preacher officiated, at the close of which service, the elder, without warning, spoke out in an imperious voice—

"Brother Milburn, exhort;" and thus, standing up behind a splint-bottomed chair, "Brother Milburn" made his first address to a religious assembly, and his profession was entered at the age of nineteen. Thus during the summer, he traversed a region of one thousand miles in extent, preaching on every Saturday and Sunday, and three or four times during the week, always in company with his theological instructor, his text-book, and his seminary course. In September 26th, 1843, on his twentieth birthday, he was admitted as a "travelling preacher" to the Illinois Conference, and his field of labor specified.

At this point let us observe the daily life of a Methodist pioneer preacher, with more minuteness than in the previous chapter. His circuit, we will suppose, is one of two hundred miles, with thirty "appointments," each one to be visited once in four weeks. He obeys the rules of the Book of Discipline, the most noteworthy of which are these:

1. Never fail to meet an appointment.
2. Never disappoint a congregation.
3. Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed.
4. Believe evil of no one without evidence.
5. Speak evil of no one.
6. Be ashamed of nothing but sin.
7. Do every thing at the time.
8. Rise at four o'clock.
9. And *converse sparingly with women.*

Rising at four o'clock in the morning, after a season of devotion, he seeks his horse, which he cleans and feeds. The Methodist preacher always takes care of his own horse, and hence they become greatly attached to each other; and the preacher is usually somewhat of a jockey, and takes a worthy pride in his animal. Milburn's horse was young, and very superior, and his companion during the four years of western life. He has ridden him ninety miles in one day. After this duty, he returns to the house, washes, and sits down to study till breakfast, which usually consists of bacon, "corn-dodger," or hot corn-bread, "seed-tick coffee," a cheap kind of Rio coffee of small kernel, strong and bitter, which gets its name, doubt-

less, by an attempt to illustrate a thing of taste by a thing of feeling. After breakfast he saddles his horse and starts on his journey, having an appointment to preach, we will suppose, twenty miles distant, at half-past ten. If it is winter, he has on a fur cap, overcoat, and buffalo overshoes. If warm, and not raining, the overcoat is strapped behind the saddle, and a straw hat has superseded the cap. The suit of coarse blue jeane is cut in the simple Quaker style. The saddlebags are filled with religious books, which he sells, realizing from the profits a little daily income. Every appointment must be kept, even when the preacher is sure that no audience will meet him. Even drenching rain must not interfere with progress: and the preacher carries no umbrella; but the motion of riding insures against taking cold, if the clothes can be dried at the stopping-place. On his way he overtakes some half-dozen women in calico gowns and aprons, with knitting-work, proceeding, with friendly gossip, to the meeting. These will constitute his audience, as it is a work-day of spring, and the men are busy in the field. The log-cabin where the meeting is, has but one room, which is parlor, kitchen, bedroom, and lumber-room. After some friendly chat with the women, he withdraws to one part of the room for a brief interval of meditation, and then commences the services with a hymn. This is followed by prayer, another hymn, a sermon, and concluding exercises, and the meeting is adjourned till evening. Thereupon the good housewife proceeds to get dinner, and pulls from under the bed a nice molasses pudding, prepared in anticipation of the preacher's welcome visit. The men come in from the fields, and pleasant talk and narrative ensue, the humorous and religious combined.

The preacher spends the afternoon in study and writing, and in the evening preaches again to a larger audience of men and women, and attends to personal religious conversation, or any matter of church business. On Sunday the audience is large, collected from a circuit of from five to thirty miles, the sermon from one to two hours in length, and the services more elaborate, sometimes continuing without an intermission from eight A. M. till five P. M., the sermons of some being five hours long. The settlers do not care to

come thirty miles for a mere sprinkle of preaching. These sermons consist much in exposition of Scripture, in liberal quotation and grouping of texts, and in familiar illustration, closing with fervent and extended exhortation. Formal and highly wrought discourse would be absurd to a group of half a dozen women, and as many men in their shirt-sleeves, who have just laid aside pipes and familiar conversation together, to hear a preacher who takes his stand behind a wooden chair on one side of the kitchen. Yet the preaching is not by any means thin. It has body, and that of great power. The sermon has been built up day after day, by reflection on horseback, study in cabins, and practice through its growth, three or four times a week. All the varied experiences with nature, with people, in conversation, by anecdote, on the road, in the cabin, through the field, are made to contribute to its life; and thus, when finished, it is like its robust originator, hearty and elastic, full of vitality and blood and electricity, instead of being pale and abstract, like the dyspeptic clinger to rocking-chairs and book-encircled rooms.

The following are some of the rules for professional duty which will illustrate the preacher's life.

1. To spend from four to five in the morning, and from five to six in the evening, in prayer, meditation, and reading of the Scriptures.
2. To preach, if possible, at five in the morning.
3. To visit the sick.
4. To see that the other preachers behave well.
5. To meet the Stewards and Leaders.
6. To appoint all the Leaders.
7. To receive, try, and expel members.
8. To hold Watch-nights and Love-feasts.
9. To hold quarterly meetings in absence of Presiding Elder.
10. To take care that every society is supplied with books.
11. To publicly catechise the children.
12. To form Bible-classes.
13. To enforce the rules of the society.
14. To keep accounts of attendance on worship, number of Sab-

bath-school children, &c., &c., and report regularly to the Conference.

15. To obtain the names of the children, pay special attention to them, and speak to them personally and kindly.

And the Book of Discipline adds, "The sum is, go into every house in course, and teach every one therein, young and old, to be Christians inwardly and outwardly. Make every particular plain to their understandings; write it in their hearts. What patience, what love, what knowledge is requisite for this!"

Truly said! But the self-denials of the life seemed to insure the graces. They were men of large, beating hearts, and self-sacrificing spirit. They felt that they had received a "call" from heaven to preach. They were as certain of their commission as was Paul, on his way to Damascus, when the light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shone round about him. Like Paul they answered, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" With the gratitude of redemption, with the warmth of a first love, with the assurance of a divine commission, they present themselves to the Conference, and the Conference sends them forth. They find their way among the log-cabins. They gather people more unlettered than themselves. They preach in kitchens and from stumps. They sometimes utter words of the deepest wisdom. They know little of books, but they can think, and reason, and feel, and influence, and accomplish; so that they become guides, captains, pioneers in life. Some seem to have intuitive knowledge—the common-sense persons; some have studied human nature; some have been trained in the school of active life; some have been developed by silent thought; and thus, knowing little of Lexicons or Encyclopedias, they are better educated than some pale student who has paid his five dollars for a parchment. There is no doubt every one of them would be of a higher order of manhood, and better preachers, if more skilled in books; but with little learning they become great teachers—with scanty seed they reap mighty harvests. They could live on sixty-four dollars a year, preach seven times each week, exhort daily from house to house, complete the circle of three hundred miles with every moon; swim ferryless rivers, sleep on the ground, eat corn-

bread and bacon; and at the end of the year report themselves strong and hearty to the Conference, and receive credentials for another campaign. They mount the first wave of civilization which rolls over the prairie, cast their bread upon the waters, and see it gathered after many days. We honor their devotion; we bless their good deeds; we forgive their deficiencies.

In September of 1845, Mr. Milburn came East, by order of the Conference, to present the cause of education, and collect funds for the establishment of Methodist schools and colleges.

On his journey he found himself on board of an Ohio river steamer, on which were three hundred passengers.* From the number of days the passengers had been together, Mr. Milburn had become well informed of their character, and he found most prominent among the gentlemen, were a number of members of Congress, on their way to Washington. These gentlemen had attracted his attention, on account of their exceptionable habits. On the arrival of Sabbath morning, it was rumored through the boat that a minister was on board, and Mr. Milburn was hunted up and called upon to "give a discourse." He promptly consented, and in due time commenced Divine service. The members of Congress to whom we have alluded were among the congregation, and by common consent had possession of the chairs nearest to the preacher. Mr. Milburn gave an address suitable to the occasion, full of eloquence and pathos, and was listened to throughout with intense interest. At the conclusion he stopped short, and turning his face, now beaming with fervent zeal towards the "honorable gentlemen," he said: "Among the passengers in this steamer, are a number of members of Congress; from their position, they should be exemplars of good morals and dignified conduct; but from what I have heard of them, they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe, and all the high hopes I have of the future of my country would be dashed to the ground. These gentlemen, for days past, have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been constant patrons of the bar, and encouragers of intem-

* For this anecdote we are indebted to Col. T. B. Thorpe.

perance; nay, more, the night, which should be devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vices of gambling, profanity, and drunkenness. And," continued Mr. Milburn, with the solemnity of a man who spoke as if by inspiration, "there is but one chance of salvation for these great sinners in high places, and that is, to humbly repent of their sins, call on the Saviour for forgiveness, and reform their lives."

As might be supposed, language so bold from a delicate stripling, scarcely twenty-two years of age, had a startling effect: the audience separated, and the preacher returned to his state-room, to think upon what he had said. Conscious, after due reflection, that he had only done his duty, he determined at all hazards to maintain his position, even at the expense of being rudely assailed, if not lynched. While thus cogitating, a rap was heard at his state-room door: a gentleman entered and stated that he came with a message from the members of Congress—that they had listened to his remarks, and in consideration of his boldness and eloquence, they desired him to accept a purse of money, which they had made up among themselves; and also, their best wishes for his success and happiness through life.

But this chivalrous feeling, so characteristic of Western men when they meet bold thought and action combined, carried these gentlemen to more positive acts of kindness: becoming acquainted with Mr. Milburn, when they separated from him they offered the unexpected service of making him Chaplain to Congress, a promise which they not only fulfilled, but through the long years that have passed away since that event, have cherished for the "blind preacher" the warmest personal regard, and stand ever ready to support him by word and deed.

His election to the office of Chaplain to Congress, so honorably conferred, brought him before the nation, and his name became familiar in every part of the Union. His health still being delicate, in the year 1847 he went South for the advantage of a mild climate, and took charge of a church in Alabama. For six years he labored industriously in Montgomery and Mobile, and in four years of that time, preached one thousand five hundred times, and travelled over sixty thousand miles.

During the two years at Montgomery he came into the sad experience which seems inevitable to active minds—the season of questionings and doubts, when the cold fog closes down upon life's river, and the mariner creeps anxiously along, with constant soundings and tolling bell. The time has come to settle the great questions and solve the problems of life and religion. There is no longer escape from them. And as he will not preach further than he has lived, it is not strange that his ministrations lacked the pungency and daring which are popular in the Methodist Church. So when the time came to leave his people, he told them of his state. "I have been to you," said he, "but as 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' I know you have gathered little good from my preaching. My spiritual eye has been like my natural. But I trust that he who 'comes after me' will be to you a messenger of peace, so full of Christ's spirit as to be the coming of Christ to you." But at last his eyes were opened, and he rejoiced in the light. Then he preached with heart and wide-embracing charity; and thus, using only expressions which blossomed out of his own thrifty soul, and shedding all the dead leaves of the past, he came into another sad experience, which also is not uncommon—to be suspected by those who cannot distinguish between truth and established formulas—to be tried for heresy, and to be abundantly acquitted. This was during the first two years at Mobile. The next two years were spent in preaching in a free church as a city missionary, an enterprise initiated by John A. Campbell, now judge of the Supreme Court at Washington, and supported by persons of every denomination. The audience was made up of all classes, from the poorest and most ignorant to the richest and best educated. They were very happy years, of abundant promise for a fruitful future; but health gave way again, and the prostration of strength made removal to the North essential. In December he was re-elected chaplain to the Senate, which post he held till March of 1855. During the summer he prepared a course of lectures, entitled, "Sketches of the Early History and Settlement of the Mississippi Valley," which were first delivered before the Lowell Institute, at Boston, in December. He has since been wholly engrossed by lecturing, and his success is unsurpassed. He has spoken

from Augusta, Maine, to New Orleans, and from Chicago to Savannah. From October first to May first he has spoken on an average seven times a week, at least five-sevenths of which were lectures. Derby & Jackson, of New York, are publishing four lectures in one volume, including—"Songs in the Night, or the Triumphs of Genius over Blindness," "An Hour's Talk about Woman," "The Southern Man," "The Rifle, Axe, and Saddlebags, or Symbols of Early Western Character and Civilization."

In the course of a year or two all his lectures will be published; and we hope also an autobiographical life, which, including experiences in the West, South, at Washington, and as a lecturer, among all classes and conditions of men, with the anecdotes which such a memory will accumulate, would make a volume of great interest.

Mr. Milburn is planning to go to Europe, we understand, this summer; and we hope the English will find out how much of interest to them is contained in his lectures. He has become a resident of New York city, and we trust in time will find a field of labor opening for him there, similar to the one which was so sorrowingly left at Mobile.

Of his delivery we have briefly to say, that it is simple and natural. His voice is clear, inclining to gentle inflections and tender undertone, though sometimes rising into great vigor and ring of utterance. He speaks with easy and even affluent Extempore, though he uses his memory but little in preparation for public discourse. But his preaching is not of the style most popular in his Church, for it is not demonstrative nor assured; but quiet, and touching upon heart-experiences with the gentleness of one who has felt them.

As a fitting conclusion, we will give a succinct view of the educational movements and progress of the Methodist Church, with allusion to a few of its leading men.

EDUCATION IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Of those who have taken the lead in education, Wilbur Fisk, D. D., deserves special mention. A native of Vermont, a graduate of Brown

University, he began his efforts by establishing Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts, in 1825 or '26; and then Wesleyan University, in Connecticut, in 1830, of which he was President until his death, in 1840. Augusta College, Kentucky, was established about the same time; and thus the work has gone on, until now every State in the Union, out of New England, has at least one Methodist college or university, except California, which will soon have one. Besides the colleges, they have many high-schools, which have an attendance of from three hundred to six hundred pupils. For example, in Illinois there is the Northwestern University, sixteen miles from Chicago; the Bloomington College; the McKendree College at Lebanon; the Female College at Jacksonville; the High-school at Mount Morris, and other schools of more recent origin. All the colleges and schools are under the care and control of the Conference, and the property owned by the Church.

George Peck is another who has done much to arouse the denomination to clerical education. He is now in his fifty-ninth year; has been preaching forty years; editing the "Methodist Quarterly" eight years, and the "Advocate and Journal" for four years; and writing many essays, and some volumes which have been esteemed worthy to be used as theological text-books. He was born in Middlefield, Otsego county, New York, August 6th, 1797. His first preaching circuit was in Broome county, when he was eighteen, and he went by the name of the "boy-preacher." He has always had a taste for theological controversy, and he became, at the outset, involved in many a smart skirmish, which, while it quickened his powers, pressed upon him the importance of thorough mental training and outfit. Thirty years have passed since he began to agitate, through press and pulpit, the subject of clerical education. They have been years of rich growth to the denomination. Suggestions of improvement have become living realities. The day has gone by when people look strangely at the mention of a Methodist college, and "Methodist minister" may be used as a synonym for ignorance and boorishness.

And though the change is so recent that the Puritan descendants in some quiet village are still puzzled at discovering that the Meth-

odist preacher, who has come to spend two years with them, is a man of literary culture, polished eloquence, and refined taste, yet the change is accomplished. A system of ministerial education is established; text-books are prepared; timely aid is given to the indigent; libraries are collected; colleges abound; newspapers flourish; the Methodist Quarterly Review is distinguished for the ability and elegance of its articles; and the Methodist Book-Concern floods the country with tracts and books.

The denomination, now only seventy-one years old (the Methodist Church of America having been organized on Christmas day, 1784), has 22,209 ministers, 81 missionaries, 10 quarterly and monthly periodicals, 24 religious newspapers, with a weekly circulation of 127,900; 24 colleges, with 99 professors, 1779 students, 61,270 volumes in their libraries; 133 female seminaries and colleges, 11,678 pupils; amount of Church property, $17,411,440; amount given the last year for support of ministers, Sabbath-schools, &c. (exclusive of what was given for building churches), nearly $8,000,000, which is more than five dollars a member, not counting slaves; population which may be said to be under the spiritual care of the Methodist Church, nearly six millions, or full one-fifth of the population of the United States.

It is worthy of note, that throughout the new States and all the Territories, the system of Methodism is so complete, that preaching is accessible to every hamlet at least once a month, and to most once a week. To others who have been distinguished in this pioneer work, we should be glad to pay a deserved tribute, did our limits allow—such as William McKendree, John Collins, James Quinn, Russell Bigelow, John Strange, Henry B. Bascom, Samuel Parker, Jesse Walker, Jonathan Stamper, and others; to Valentine Cook, Martin Ruter, Charles Eliot, Joseph Tomlinson, &c., who were the earliest movers for education among the Methodists of the West; and we may also worthily mention the names of John Scripps, James Finley, and William Wyman, who, together with Peter Cartwright, already referred to, are now living.

In this connection we are led to suggest whether the Church has not to revise its views about theological seminaries. Are there not many who find that a theological course has a more or less benumbing influence on religious character? And is there not a necessity for this result in the nature of things? Is not the separation from the work of real life, and from the sympathies of actual experience, unfortunate for the development of a natural and vigorous piety? And is not the tendency of a critical and philological dissection of Christ's simple words of love and faith, and of Paul's glowing imagery, when continued month after month, to "exalt the letter which killeth," and chill "the spirit which giveth life?"

Are there not advantages in the old method of theological study, pursued under the roof of some godly divine, and combining a pastor's experience with a theologian's instruction, for which libraries and lectures do not compensate? Is there not suggestive truth in the success of the Methodist pioneer preacher, although the true balance between the education of books and of practical life was lost, by the excessive preponderance on one side? And is not the "seminary air" of some initiative preaching, unnatural and ineffective as it is, suggestive of the possibility that the true balance may be lost, by preponderance on the other side?

Why may not the seminaries, most valuable institutions as they are, hold the same relation to the preacher, which the regular law-school holds to the lawyer—a place of admirable instruction, by all means to be attended if possible, but not a prerequisite to admission into the profession? And why would it not be well for a young minister, whether with or without a seminary course, to have practical training, as temporary associate, with some experienced pastor, as the young lawyer always connects himself with the office of some good attorney and counsellor, before "setting up for himself?"

We are also led to suggest, whether the world has not reached that time when the pulpit should be open to lay-preaching. For centuries it has seemed to the Church necessary to guard the pulpit-

door with sleepless sentries, lest dangerous heresy or unedifying ignorance gain entrance. But the people are not as ignorant or dangerous as once. Neither does the clergy now monopolize piety, learning, and literature. The printing-press has been invented. The daily newspaper is an established institution. The private library is a household necessity. The religious Weekly preaches to its audience of one hundred thousand. Is there not a change of relations between clergy and laity which demands a revision of conditions? Once, the pulpit guarded was the church guarded; but now winged imps of error fly in at a score of windows, and, alighting on a hundred pews, chatter deridingly at the old sentries on the pulpit stairs. Do not old restrictions, and defences, and precautions, now keep out more good than evil?

The editor of a religious paper preaches weekly to an audience one hundred times as large as his pastor's. Why should he not be licensed as well as his pastor? The author of a religious book preaches to an audience one thousand times as large. Why should he not also be licensed before preaching? "The liberty of the press forbids." True; but there was a time when editors and authors could not preach without a license. In Italy they cannot now. Is it not time to inaugurate "THE LIBERTY OF THE PULPIT?"

Let us cite illustrations. Here is a western settlement of scattered farm-cabins. A log school-house is built and occupied, but no church can be erected as yet, nor pastor supported. But in one of the farm-cabins lives a man from New England, of intelligence, good sense, and piety, who moved on to "Government Land," for the sake of his many sons. Why not make him the preacher on Sunday till the settlement, grown to a town, can support a pastor?

Here is an old New England village. The pastor is disabled by sickness. His brethren come from long distances to "supply the pulpit;" or "deacon's meetings," distasteful to many, give opportunity for loud reading from printed volumes. Of the audience is the Academy Preceptor, a man of accomplishments, of unusual oratorical excellence, both extempore and written, and of genial piety. Why not make him the preacher on Sunday? We shall

find that not two divines of the county can surpass his pulpit eloquence.

Here is a thriving city. A revival occurs in a large church. The pastor is worn with excessive labor. The people, hungry for bread, demand preaching every night. Connected with the church is a lawyer whose eloquence holds crowded court-rooms, for successive hours, in rapt attention. He is also a good man and true, and a fervent Christian. Why not make him the preacher for Monday and Wednesday evenings?

We all say that a Free Press is the Palladium of free institutions. Is it not time to inquire whether a Free Pulpit is not the prerequisite to an universal Christianity?

H. W. Beecher

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

THE PEOPLE'S PREACHER.

"For all the people were very attentive to hear him."

Among the many consecrated edifices which distinguish Brooklyn as "the City of Churches," is included one, individualized by its unusual capacity and its modest architecture. It is substantially built, evidences skill in the convenience of its arrangements, is furnished with sufficient comfort, and, so far as the essentials of a church building are concerned, is a model. Once a year its pews are re-let on a principle of universal equality. If one be too poor to hire a seat, a simple request will insure it to him for the year.

Ten respected men of the society officiate on the Sabbath in seating strangers. It is a church pervaded by the hospitality of a home, and where "the poor" as well as the rich "have the gospel preached to them," as in Christ's time. It is the outward expression of the essential Democracy of Christianity. Its seats are virtually free, and its Pulpit is a Platform.

Here gather, twice on every Sabbath of the year, except during the summer solstice, about twenty-five hundred people, and the audience sometimes numbers three thousand. It is not unusual for the capacious body of the church, the broad galleries, the second elevated gallery, the several aisles, and all vacancies about pulpit and doors, to be occupied by eager listeners, and sometimes hundreds turn away, unable to find footing within the audience-room. And this is no novel fact. It has been a fact for six years. Its persistence imparts to it the dignity of a moral phenomenon. It is unprecedented in the history of audiences, whether religious, literary, politi-

cal, or artistical. What in truth is it? It is not that an orator attracts a crowd. That is often done. But it is, that twice on each Sabbath of six years, from two to three thousand people centre to an *unchanged* attraction.

No dramatic genius, no melodious voice, no popular eloquence has ever done so much as that. Neither Macready, nor Garrick, nor Jenny Lind, nor Rachel, nor Gough, nor Clay, nor Choate has done it. The theatre must change its "Star" monthly, the singer must migrate often, the orator must make "angel-visits" to concentrate three thousand people. And the phenomenon is the more remarkable, in that this gathering is around the Pulpit, where no Art wins, and no Pleasure stimulates; and, furthermore, it occurs when hundreds of other audience-rooms are opened for the same purpose, with pulpits suitably supplied; while competition must be banished, before the Stars of Art can fill three thousand seats for a single evening. And though a difference of expense has its effect, yet it is far from explaining the difference of fact.

What is it that makes "Plymouth Church, Brooklyn," an exception to all churches, and to all audience-rooms? Is it because its pastor, Henry Ward Beecher, is the most eloquent man, or the most learned man, or the most godly man among the clergy? Neither is true of him. When these audiences began, "novelty" was assigned by some as the attraction, and "wit" by others; but six years has ruined the one, and seekers for the other find attendance a too serious business. This question may well be pondered by all churches and in all pulpits, for it certainly is of moment to know the secret of Mr. Beecher's attraction, when the serious problem of the day is this matter of public worship. Take for example this church-going city of Brooklyn, and we find that all its churches will seat only 46,446, while its population is 205,250. The church capacity of New York is 135,406, and its population 629,810. In New England, the best Sabbath-keeping community of America, not more than one half attend church, and the relative attendance on public worship is said to be on the decrease. This vast repulsion between People and Pulpit is generally charged to wicked Human Nature. This may be correct, but it does not alter or amend the

fact; and many are asking whether the reason does not lie in the Pulpit, or at least a remedy in some change of preaching. The fa' that Nettleton and Whitefield and Duff and Beecher seem to neu tralize this repulsion, though not gifted with greater intellects, it is said, than many other preachers, lends additional interest to the problem.

Deferring, therefore, biography, as of less account, we will endeavor to present the characteristics of Mr. Beecher's preaching; beginning with his religious and philosophical views, which, whether right or wrong, have much to do with his attraction. Yet we give our ideas not with authority, not the result of personal intercourse, which would have had its advantages, but of some hearing of his sermons.

This presentation can more readily be made, if the reader will keep the fact in mind, that Mr. Beecher holds to the "orthodox" faith (a term well understood), and allow us to note some of the differences, either in theology, or in the relative value attached to certain truths, or in the mode of presenting them, between him and most orthodox divines.

MR. BEECHER'S VIEWS OF MAN.

He looks at him as he is revealed in our every-day experience, without regard to theory, and he sees him, as we all see him, having a twofold nature, the animal and the spiritual, mutually dependent and mysteriously united; and while gifted with wonderful capacities for the highest good, and for the purest and noblest spiritual life, he sees him enslaved by strong, and apparently inevitable, downward tendencies; the lower propensities asserting sway over the higher aspirations; Sense lording it over Spirit, when it should be servant; the Animal absorbing the Spiritual, and this resulting in sinful indulgences, in blindness to the eternal life, in forgetfulness of God, and in the death of trespasses and sins; or, to speak less abstractly, resulting in selfish, hardened, unloving, sensual men and women. Now, nearly everybody believes in the doctrine of "total depravity," practically; at any rate, those who have ever

practised law or taught school, or even tried themselves to be good: that is to say, we believe that people have an inevitable bias towards selfishness and forgetfulness of God, and that it is hard to make them different; and we doubt whether any one believes the doctrine, in the sense that the depravity of *children* is "total," meaning thereby that every child is as depraved as possible. If any do, they have a different view of human nature from Mr. Beecher's, who thinks that some children are more depraved than others. But he differs from many preachers in not presenting this doctrine in precisely defined statements, but in taking it for granted. And when taking it for granted, he refers to it, not as a fact of discouragement and despair, but as something from which we can and may secure escape, for which ample means are provided;—God's Spirit, ever at work; Christ, the way and the life; Providence, warning and guiding; Nature, overflowing with instruction; and the Bible, shedding its illustrating light through and over all. He preaches hope, restoration, salvation. He is like the good physician, who begins the cure by the encouragement administered before the medicine, instead of plunging the poor wretch down from all chance of recovery, by enlarging on the desperate nature of his disease. "Yes, you are sick, but you can get well: we will talk about that, not about the disease." We never heard him use a common prayer-phrase, "Show unto us, O God, the exceeding sinfulness of our hearts;" but we once heard him say in a sermon that he never offered that petition, because there would be such an awful revelation that he could not endure the sight. And yet we rarely hear any minister who sincerely and unprofessionally expresses, with fuller consciousness, or profounder humility, personal sinfulness and unspeakable need of a Divine Redeemer.

He once incidentally stated his theological position, on this doctrine, by saying, "I would not for all the world *make my nest* in the doctrine of total depravity. It would be like lying on a bed of thorns;" manifestly meaning thereby, not that he disbelieved the doctrine (as some have charged), but that he would not dwell upon it, live in it, brood over it; making it the prominent, ever-present, and central truth: that the chief place should be occupied, both in

one's thoughts and in one's system of theology, not by man's depravity, but by God's infinite, all-forgiving, and inexpressible love. And though it is not difficult, on the one hand, to define his position with reference to this fundamental doctrine, yet, on the other, one can realize his conviction of the degradation of Humanity compared with its capacities, only by hearing in his prayers, humble acknowledgments of indwelling sin, touching aspirations for deliverance, earnest supplications for the Divine assistance, and heart-utterances of the Divine love,—vitally outbursting in every variety of expression and illustration, and all intensified by his lofty ideal of man, if only disenthralled, purified, and redeemed.

A second distinctive feature of Mr. Beecher's convictions in regard to Man, is, that instead of depreciating or ignoring his value, he exalts it. He sees nothing in the universe, except God and Angels, of so much worth as Man. He is the centre around which and for which other existences revolve. All creatures are his ministers, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are for his sustenance, the growth of the soil for his support, the atmosphere for his life, and the sun and moon and stars for his enlightenment; nay, more than this, institutions and governments are servants to his good, and only of value as ministering to his well-being. Now, one can see how this conviction will shape many opinions, and give the answer to a variety of questions. In Dietetics, for example: is it right to slay for food? Doubtless, if it is for man's good. In regard to Institutions: "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," would be the indicating text to all his positions. In Politics: shall an obnoxious law be sustained? No, if it is to man's injury. Is a human law more sacred than the God-imaged man to whom creation is subservient? Christ, the Son of God, valued his life as worth less than Humanity, and shall any government rate itself higher? Away with the law, away with the institutions which degrade or prostrate Humanity.

Here one reaches the root of Mr. Beecher's anti-slavery sentiments. He regards the African as a part of Humanity, though some do not. He looks upon him as deteriorated and demoralized by an institution; the institution made superior to the man, and hence his whole

nature revolts at the enormity—his soul inevitably cries out against the wrong. Shall man be debased, his manhood crushed out, his intellect blinded, his Bible torn away, for whom Christ died? God forbid! Away with the monstrous wrong!

Now, no arguments in favor of slavery drawn from the institutions of two thousand years ago, or from the alleged physical comforts of the slave, or from the value of the Union, or from the sacredness of law, can touch such a position as this. They all appeal to lower motives, and start and end on an essentially lower plane. A scale which makes compromises or unions or cotton of more weight than Humanity, is abhorrent to him; and the only way to convince him that emancipation should not be immediate, reckless of property or governments, is by convincing him that Humanity would lose.

Finally, in regard to Theology. It is not difficult to see how this appreciation of man would affect, not his creed, but the comparative prominence given to certain views in his preaching. Humanity, life, real experience, facts, would be worth to him far more than abstract formulas, scientific propositions, or elaborated systems. Doctrines would have value only as they can be translated into experience. Truth must be vital to be valuable. Hence he never takes one of the "doctrines," as theologians do, and devotes a sermon to showing its relative place in a system. "Away with such husks of truth," he says; "they are dry as last year's pods, and empty as last year's bird-nests. As the forms and ceremonies of the Jews were of value at one stage of progress, but when Christ came were to be sloughed off—so now do systems of theology stand related to the Church. They are like the wrapping leaves round a bud, essential in its early state to protect and preserve; but when the time of efflorescence comes, then the flower bursts out of them. Their work is done; and if they hold on longer, so glued together that the swelling bud in vain presses against them, they prove, not its protection, but its death." And he goes on to say, that what we want is truth which is vital. We must know how to act, how to control passions, how to resist temptations, how to be self-sacrificing and loving, how to walk with God, how to live. It is well in its way, and important, to know what to believe; but the great

thing is to know how to *live*. In a morning prayer-meeting he once said: "I should be glad to hear some brother speak. If any one has any heart-experience, which he is moved to tell, I would be glad to hear him. But we don't wish any stale advice, by one person, how his neighbor ought to feel; nor any bloodless commentatings on disputed texts of Scripture. What we want is life—pulsating, glowing, Christian life. If any one has a living thought, or an aspiration, or some blessed experience of divine grace, we would like to hear him. If a person would bring in to me a fresh, blue violet, this beautiful Spring morning, I would thank him; and so if any one has a little flower of Christian experience, which has blossomed forth from the wintry snows, through the warmth and light of God's love, I would thank him for it—I would give more for it than for *four acres of dried hay*."

MR. BEECHER'S VIEWS OF THE DEITY.

Of course, his view of attributes is not different from that of all believers in the Bible; yet here, as in other matters, the difference in relative prominence given, works a manifest difference in preaching. Mr. Beecher exalts the *love* of God—not sentimentally, far from it—but livingly, eloquently, rapturously; with heart, with glow, with inspiration. This he regards as the central essence of the Divine nature, to which other attributes are tributary. He esteems less the cultivation of veneration, which puts God at a distance; less the cultivation of conscientiousness, which exalts his justice; but more those states of mind which realize God's long-suffering, his tenderness, his compassion, his forgiveness, his nearness; in a word, his unfathomable love, to which, as he once said in prayer, "the ocean is but as a drop, and the encircling atmosphere but as a puff of wind."

His address in prayer is to a Father, to "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." His ascriptions are those of gratitude for the numberless expressions of God's love, forbearance, and mercy, and not so much those of solemn reverence or retreating awe. He

"comes boldly unto the throne of grace;" he "draws nigh unto God." The filial feeling is pre-eminent in his heart; and the paternal relation of God to his creatures, the all-pervading one of the Gospel, rather than the judicial or the governmental or the retributive: yet these he does not by any means ignore, but esteems them tributary. Prayer is to him a reality; and while he is yet speaking, his soul, upborne on the wings of aspiration, hears the response, and a spiritual interchange exists between the Father and His child.

Whatever tends to infuse our ideas with the personality of God, Mr. Beecher dwells upon. He insists on the importance of realizing the Deity, in our conceptions, as a "God not afar off;" not a vague spiritualism; not an unimpressible existence, but a Person, living, acting, sympathizing, loving, hating; determining, changing his determination; threatening, withdrawing the threat on change of circumstances; stretching forth the hand, speaking the word of love; full of all emotions and vitalities and affections; delighting in activities and creations and ingenuities; rejoicing in beauty and strength and harmony; infinite in all those powers and capacities in which man is finite.

The voice of God is to him a fact. It is heard in the murmuring brook, and in the resounding sea; in the whispering leaves, and in the rejoicing grain; in the low-voiced winds, and in the reverberating storm; in hum of insect, and in song of bird;—all Nature is vocal with the Infinite Intelligence and the Infinite Love. It is God our Father, who made the world, and who wrought out its endless variety of ingenuities and adaptations; it is our Father who sustains it with constant presence; every spring is a new creation, as wonderful as when, at the beginning, "God spake, and it was done." He hears His voice also in daily providences, and in all the events of life; and he hears it, with distinctest utterance, in the "still, small voice" of the Spirit, which warns and reproves, and strives and inspires; speaking direct to the heart of man in tones of unmistakable authority. And it is this living belief in the Personality and Providence of God, which not only gives distinctive form to his preaching, but is Parent to the reliance, the quiet and the cheerfulness of his character.

MR. BEECHER'S VIEWS OF CHRIST.

To be rightly understood on this point, we must first say somewhat concerning his way of looking at the New Testament; premising, that all these statements are necessarily imperfect, because of their briefness compared with the subject-matter, and because they are an attempt to reproduce to the view of another the impression made on the mind by Mr. Beecher's sermons, without quotation from him except when specified.

He regards many of the terms of Paul and Peter and John, describing Christ, and the illustrations used, as addressed, not to the intellect, through the narrow and precise forms which the intellect requires, but as addressed to the *affections,* through the *imagination,* in the more large and undefined forms which the imagination demands: that Paul did not speak in the sharply-outlined terminology of science or systematic theology, but from the heart to the heart, with all the richness and exuberance and unlimited sweep and swell which such language demands; and that any attempt to reduce his language within the strict and narrow limits of scientific statements, is derogatory and false; that it strips his words of their life and beauty, and presents them sapless and dead to the human soul. And hence he cries: "Away with these theological systems, these abstract formulas, which destroy the kernel, and leave me nothing but the shell; which press out the life-blood, and leave me nothing but the stock. They are the chill of Christian life. They stand between us and our God like a thick cloud. Sweep it hence! Let us see Jesus as Paul and John saw Him, with the eye of love and not of the intellect. He is our Saviour, our Sanctifier, our Redeemer, our Forerunner, Intercessor, and Mediator; our great High Priest. He is the way, the truth, and the life. He is the Son of God, one with the Father; the power of God and the wisdom of God; the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person. He is the Captain of our salvation, the Bishop of our souls, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, and which was, and which is to come; the Almighty. He is the Root and Offspring of David, and the

bright and morning Star; the Anointed One; the Faithful Witness; the Word; the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. With such multiplied terms, how can I, how dare I, attempt to compress into one strict formula the mighty concourse of appellations which fill the New Testament to overflowing? Let us add some, if need be, to represent our conception, but not take less. If any one can by any term of endearment or ascription, present Christ to himself more distinctly than Paul does, let him do it; not insisting upon that term as scientific truth, accurately defined and imperative on all, but as addressed to his own affections. The mother multiplies terms of endearment for her child, and so did Paul multiply expressions to set forth Christ; but neither language should be reduced to logical precision. Theological systems are good in their place. They have their place as all sciences have, but that place is not the pulpit. What people need from the pulpit is religious food—the bread of life. There is no science in nature; God makes nature, and then Man makes the science. There are the flowers and the fruits, and Man makes the science of botany. There are the stars and the sun, and out of their regular motions Man makes the science of astronomy. All these sciences are well in their place. But when I want a bunch of flowers, I do not thank a man who brings me calyxes and petals, and pistils and stamens, all scientifically analyzed and divided and labelled. When I want something to eat, I do not thank one for bringing me the component parts of bread and butter and coffee, chemically analyzed and scientifically arranged: the starch in one paper, and the saccharine matter in another, and the caffein in another. No. I want them mixed as Nature mixes them; and so I want the Gospel given to me as Christ gave it, naturally, from His great heart, with all the freshness and beauty of life and experience. The people are hungry for the bread of life, and they are fed on its scientific elements. Let us get rid of these lifeless abstractions. Let us take the Gospel as it is; in which I challenge any one to find the first approach to a theological system. It is fact, real life, living experiences; and that is what we need in this day. Away with "plans of salvation" and "philosophies of the plan of salvation." We have nothing to do with God's

philosophies or plans. And any system which exalts His government above Himself, which makes Him subservient to His laws, is false. God wills, and that is enough. It is done. He is above all systems and all laws. He does what He wills in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and finite, earthly, temporal views of His government do those have who limit His liberty of pardon. 'He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy,' despite all the systems and plans of salvation from the Dark Ages to the present time."

Returning to our starting-point, that Mr. Beecher holds to the orthodox faith, and bearing in mind his intense assertion of the personality of the Deity, and that personality concentred in love; as well as his disrespect for theological systems; we can, with a good degree of accuracy, locate his views of the Saviour, and of the Atonement, without ever having heard a sermon from him on "the doctrine of the Trinity," indeed doubting whether he ever preached one.

It is evident that he would not state the doctrine in any other terms than those used in the Bible; and furthermore, that out of these manifold terms he would not construct a condensed formula, nor seek to coalesce the varied terms into one consistent and comprehensive statement, adapted to the intellect by its sharply defined precision; but he would leave them all as they stand, in their full, large, and natural expression, addressed to the affections through the imagination. Some chemist, by expensive fiery reduction, has made a diamond out of much charcoal, obtained by burning a regal tree. Mr. Beecher would prefer his view of Christ to remain in the tree shape, living, graceful, many-boughed, leaf-clothed, fruit-bearing, waving in the fresh breeze, rejoicing in the sunlight, vocal with singing birds, rather than to have it reduced by theological coalpits and crucibles to a pointed diamond, however sharply defined, lucid, or valuable. Moreover, he might say, that according to the laws of the human mind, the indefiniteness, if you please, of those large and varied terms which he prefers, nourishes a loftier and broader conception of Christ. Untrammelled by a precise formula, the mind soars upward, and embraces within its view a wider and grander reach, more in harmony with the mystery and the infiniteness of the God-

head. And indeed he does say, that "religious truth, dealing as it does mostly with the Unseen, and whose main element is faith, can only be properly presented to the mind through those suggestive types and figures which, addressed to the imagination, stimulate the mind to its self-realized and fuller apprehensions of the Unseen; and that those who attempt to present religious truth by defined statements, to the intellect, violate God's laws of mind and Christ's practical illustration of them; and that, consequently, all such terms as Intercessor, Mediator, and Forerunner, when by theological speculatists taken out of the sphere of figures provocative to the imagination, and forced into the sphere of scientific facts, become either barren or false." And we think he would condemn as presumptuous all efforts of poor finite Humanity to comprehend and state in its own poor language the incomprehensible mysteries of the united Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Shall the finite comprehend the Infinite? "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? As high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"

And, lastly, Mr. Beecher's apprehension of the nature of Christ would centre with peculiar attraction around His distinguishing attribute, as manifesting God in the flesh. Through Christ are we enabled to realize the personality of God, possessed of all human susceptibilities—"tempted like as we are, yet without sin;" and also in Christ, would the prominence which Mr. Beecher gives to God's love, find its most impressive and beautiful manifestation. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." If any one text could be singled out as embracing his theology it would be this, in which are grouped his favorite truths —God, a person; Christ, his Son; love, their essence; Humanity, perishing; its salvation, worth the gift of Divinity; everlasting life, possible; and believing on Christ, the way. And all views of Christ's death on the cross, which represent it as necessary to satisfy the claims of offended justice, or as a payment for the sins of the world, or as a justification in the sight of an intelligent universe of God's pardon of the sinner—all "commercial" views of Christ's

death, he ignores. We do not say he disbelieves them; but he says that "we have nothing to do with that side of the subject. That is God's side, which He will take care of. It is enough for us to know that God deemed the death on the cross necessary, as we know from the fact that it took place; but so soon as we attempt to show *why* it was necessary, we are out of our sphere. The whole drift of the Gospel in regard to Christ's death is man-ward, not God-ward. It seeks the reconciliation of man to God, not God to man. And Christ himself never, and the apostles very rarely, and then only incidentally, speak of His mission and death on the Divine side, but always on the human side. God loves—He will pardon; that is enough for us to know."

In a sermon on "Man's need of Christ," from Hebrews x. 17–22, in connection with the first chapter, he said "it was manifest that all the powers and attributes of Divinity were ascribed to Christ by the Bible; and that if any of the relations of man to God, either of love or of worship, would be idolatry if attached to Christ, then the New Testament is the most ingeniously false and dangerous book in existence. So far as it is essential for us to know, Christ is God; but when one attempts to take the circle of Christ's being, and lay it over upon that of the Father's, to see if the two are exactly equal, he aspires to grasp what is beyond his reach, and necessarily becomes bewildered in endless confusions and inconsistencies." And he added, "I disapprove of all attempts to compare God and Christ, because I believe emphatically that Christ is God. Neither do I regard Christ's life as an episode in His existence, but as an essential part of it, naturally proceeding, as the blossoming time is part of the tree's growth. God had leaved in the world already, but when Christ came, He blossomed, and we took the fragrance. Indeed all we know, consciously and practically of God, is what we get through Christ. All else is vague and unrealized. The Unitarian says, 'I worship the Father.' He worships the same existence that I do when I worship Christ; and all the conception he has of the Father, he has gotten from Christ. And when I go to heaven, I expect God will meet me just as Christ met His disciples. He will take me by the hand, He will speak tenderly, He will talk

with me sympathizingly, inquiringly, lovingly. I cannot separate Christ from God in my conceptions, and all difficulties and discussions about His human and divine nature, and how related to one another and the Godhead, arise from absurd attempts to bring God to the measuring standard of men and animals."

And we are free to say, that we have never heard so impressive, so touching, and so exalted a presentation of Christ as was contained in this sermon,—Christ, as a living Saviour, ever present, and ever loving, to whom the soul in its ecstasy of redemption cries out, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee!"

MR. BEECHER'S VIEWS OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

Persons are admitted to Plymouth Church, as to all orthodox Congregational churches, by assent to an orthodox creed, and by a covenant. Yet dissent from the creed would not preclude admission, on satisfactory evidence of Christian character. Mr. Beecher thinks that persons may be intellectually wrong, and yet right at heart. Christian love he makes the test of Christian fellowship, and love is expressed in action rather than in opinion. He judges from character rather than from creed, and from the life rather than the belief. He notes that the lives of some are better than their creed, and of others not so good. He would hold fellowship with all in whom he found communion of Christian feeling and sympathy in Christian work. Hence his invitation preceding the Sacrament is peculiarly comprehensive. It was on one occasion expressed as follows:

"Christ has bid us do this in remembrance of Him; and He has said, 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' So let us approach this table as if He were here, as He was at that supper of old. And if there be in this congregation any strangers who would gladly join us, let them come. I will not ask for their creeds; I will not inquire if they are church members, 'in good and regular standing;' but I will say, if there is any one here who

through penitence for sin, and longing for a pure life, has apprehended Christ, and found Him precious to his soul—it is not we, it is Christ who invites him to sit at *His* table, and to partake with us of this feast of love." And it should be understood that we use the terms "creed" and "belief" above, not in their broadest sense, so as to represent Mr. Beecher as holding the opinion that it matters not what a man believes, for this is as far from the truth as possible; but rather that certain beliefs he esteems less essential than some others do, while entertaining them himself.

MR. BEECHER'S VIEWS OF REVELATION AND INSPIRATION.*

On these subjects we have heard him preach two sermons. They were thoroughly studied and compacted, so that any omission, by so much, mars the completeness of the presentation; yet some notes taken at the time may serve as valuable hints to those interested in such topics. Mr. Beecher stated at the outset, that no man can form a correct idea of the Scriptures till he gets rid of all notions which make it merely a *book*, prepared like other books. It is not so much written as *lived*, and lived continuously through thousands of years. It is the record of the education of the human race by God, and running parallel with it. The great law of its composition was, that Truth should be given with relation simply to that which drew it out.

You must imagine a race in the beginning born in ignorance. The idea that Adam and Eve had stores of knowledge, from the use of which the race has fallen away, is fabulous. Till the deluge, the earth was filled with overgrown creatures, ill-developed in their social and moral natures. When man came upon the earth, he was without knowledge. The stars spake not to him. He knew no foreign lands. It was centuries before the arts were discovered. He lay down to die upon herbs which had healing in them, and he knew it not. The metals were known only in their simplest uses. He had no laws, no sciences, no books, till thousands of years had

* Abstract of two sermons.

rolled away. And though it is preposterous to discuss God's designs, yet it is not, to say, that what God did, He meant to do. Had He meant to bring man on the world in full stature, man would not have walked through five thousand years in a state of mental somnambulism.

If the race were to step on the earth as our children do into a school, the Bible would have been made for them, and the first man would have had it as well as the last. *We* find it already written and waiting for us, but the first generations found not a line. They found only the world into which they were born. The race has evolved the Bible, not the Bible the race, except in later days. God educated men, that through them He might write the Bible for later days. He evolved the mind of man in the process of education, and then He told what He had done, and that is the Bible.

You will see the importance of this statement, and that by it a mass of rubbish is cleared away. There can be a superstitious worship of the Book, as of any thing else. If the Bible is the expression of God, then we must interpret it in one way. If it is an account of what was done for man by God, and through man, then we must look at it in another way.

Revelation was not an act performed upon the writers of the Bible. It was an event in the life of man. The Bible has always followed the race until the time of Christ. Revelation was an historical fact outside of the Bible, before it was a recorded fact in the Bible. We should suppose, then, that its truths would be simple, and stated with reference to the ripeness of the times. We should expect it to look like a book written in the infancy of the race. And you will find that it is so; that it is fragmentary, and obnoxious to criticism, if you subject it to the canons of criticism by which books now are judged; that the earlier books would contain a large mass of matter useful and vital in the first years, but no longer so, except as history. God would not reveal any thing which would not be just as true now as then, but the methods would be transitory. There is not one great truth in the Old Testament that is not just as true now as when it was written; nay, rather, those truths rose like stars, and now they shine like suns.

We understand so much, that Faith to us is as much more than theirs, as an oak is more than an acorn. But we should expect that the methods by which God taught men would be different then from now; and so it is. We should expect that men would be permitted to do things which now they would not. The truths stand, but the methods change. You cannot take a man forty-five years old and make him look at the same picture-books, and play with the same toys, as in his childhood. So Christ says that many things were permitted because of "the hardness of their hearts." God allowed certain developments in the family, in the Church, in the nation, till He could do better. And this attempt to go back to the old world, and to those things which belong to its infancy—to polygamy and to slavery—is an attempt to make man apostatize from his manhood. Then they were children, now they are men. Yet not one jot or tittle of the great truths which are fundamental and humanitary have disappeared. They all stand, and are truer to us than to them. The customs, the rites, the ceremonies, are gone. We have other methods of obtaining truth, and the old ones have been left behind, as Christ's grave-clothes after He had risen.

The distinction between Revelation and Inspiration is this: Revelation is the making known of things which were unknown to those who receive them. Inspiration is a divine action upon the human soul, which leads a man to make known things or to do things which otherwise he would not say or do. No one needed a revelation to disclose to the Israelites the burning mountain, because they were there and saw it; but if one were to record the facts, he might need inspiration to enable him to collect the salient points and show rightly the whole transaction. Revelation is imparting some new idea. Inspiration is imparting an influence by which he can know what is correct. If I tell my child about seas and countries which he has never seen, I reveal it to him. If I find him telling it to his brother in a dull, sleepy way, and I quicken up his mind by the action of my own, I act upon him very much like an inspiration. I do not give this analogy as declaring the way in which the Old Testament was given to man, but simply to show the difference between revelation and inspiration.

I understand the Scripture doctrine of inspiration to be, that God rules not only by influencing the senses of men in the ordinary way, but that He influences them by the direct action of His mind upon theirs. How this is done, what is the nature of this influence, we do not know. We may suggest that it takes place in this way or that, but the suggestion is no better than a guess, for it is one of those things that is beyond the sphere of Nature or Sense; and as He has not disclosed it to us, we shall not soon find it out.

The inspiration of the writers of the Scriptures was not a separate thing, standing out apart from all analogies. It was not distinguished by the fact that God's Spirit rested upon them, for his Spirit rests upon other men. Their inspiration was a high and enduring state, existing in the mind of one man for years, or of a series of men, so that it often takes scores of men to make the events which bring out the truth. It is not like the inspiration of the author, who, thinking intensely on his subject, becomes filled and permeated, till the thought bursts forth in glowing imagery and living words. It was complex and laborious.

God had reference to the original adaptedness of the men to the work. For example, Moses was prudent, kind, good, fertile in invention and judicious in administration; and this he was by nature. He had the germs of these qualities in him, and they were developed by God's Spirit. Without learning, a man is elementary all his life; and therefore Moses was educated. He was brought up in Pharaoh's court, in all the learning of the Egyptians. There he was tested in actual life, was foiled, was exiled, and went into banishment; till all mental passion was consumed; and at eighty years of age he began life; and he spent forty years more going with this people through *their* education. As part of that work, he reduced to writing their history; he laid down a code of laws; he established a ritual of worship; and his inspiration covered all his administrative life, as well as the time spent in recording its history.

Take David as another example. David had a loving nature, a heart of profound sensibility. He was in love all his life long. But this natural endowment was not enough. He must be broken by sorrows, and he was. He was tried by filial ingratitude; he

was driven out of his kingdom; he was made to feel that only God stood between him and destruction. His Psalms are inspirations, but the inspiration rested upon him not merely while his pen was moving, but during all his experimental, actual life.

After this came the era of the apostasy. The nation was stripped and spoiled, and went into foreign lands, and the ten tribes sank, and no man can tell where they went down. Now it was needful that beacon-lights should be set up, to tell men where they should walk; and God brought forward for that purpose the Prophets, who would have been eminent men in any age, by natural faculties; and these men increased by God's influence. The future was unveiled to them; and thus inspired, they wrote their prophecies, which are not like the voice of man, but of God, and come down to us sounding through the ages, like the coming on of storms in mountain regions.

At length came the fulness of time. Now, all other teachers were merged in Christ. He spoke those great moral truths which underlie Humanity. It has been said that He did not teach much that was new: there is more new truth and deeper truth in John's Gospel, than will serve the world for centuries; and it is truth which is not to be gotten by reading; a man must grow up to it in his moral nature.

I think those who doubt the influence of the divine mind upon men, cannot have a case more insoluble than the proceedings of the disciples before and after Pentecost. Before, it was as much as they could do to carry themselves alone. They did not understand Christ's words. They could not translate His parables. They were scattered hither and thither by His death. After His resurrection they rallied somewhat, and gathered in a prayer-meeting. Then came that sound as of a rushing, mighty wind, and the tongues of cloven fire, and instantly they are filled with new life. They are stronger than the whole world beside. No persecution can stay them. They go forth over the world, and wherever they come, they take the city, they take the town, they move great masses of men, and over all nations they work gigantic influences. God's inspiration is in them.

I see no reason why the account of this change should not be taken literally. The most obvious is the most philosophical solution: God gave them this power by the action of His own mind.

Their writings after this are the life of Christ, the history of their own preaching, and the letters which they wrote to various churches. Their judgments were made unerring; they recorded rightly what they observed truly; and they taught with authority. They were mostly from the lower ranks of society, but not of the lower ranks of men. They were eminently fitted by nature for their work. And all through the Bible, God employed men, as inspired men, who had a natural fitness for the special work. I do not know of a case in which a man was called to a work which was so different from his nature as to excite remark. When the work required wisdom, God called a wise man; when learning, an educated man; when bravery, a daring man; when exalted poetry, an imaginative man; and so throughout. Each was inspired so as to act with increased power in the line of his faculties. When human faculties were sufficient, they were used. With things so low as to come within the reach of natural powers, these were employed, unassisted by inspiration; but when insufficient, God added His influence. At times He raised them up so that they saw future events; but all in strict analogy.

Thus we see, that in all times, from Moses and Job to John, men have been employed and kept and guided so that they should do, without error, what God wanted them to do; so as to work in one age for other ages.

The question arises, Has this inspiration stopped? I have said that it was under an universal law that God was accustomed to influence the minds of men. I think that God does really inspire men now; but not officially, so to speak—rather, personally. It has not the authority of David's and John's inspiration; but I believe that all exalted states of mind are inspired. I do not say that the baser moods are not also, but they are not inspired of God.

A man is made to act, from the influence of organic objects; from hunger and cold; from animal passions; from a thousand spheres

of influence we draw motives. But these are the lower influences, compared with the influence of God upon the soul. God has never cast us out of His arms. He does not leave us to ourselves. The strongest, best actions of men are the work of God. I think that I am inspired, not like a prophet, so that I can say to you, "Thus saith the Lord;" but I believe that when I prepare a sermon, I have the mind of the Lord resting upon mine. Compared with the inspiration of the Prophets, it is lower, subordinate, personal; but it is real, and just as truly from God as that which rested on David. I think God inspires men for the right, for duty, for liberty, for defence of the truth; and I think divine inspiration is also given to those who teach men the Beautiful.

As a flower comes to the use of itself under the influence of the sun, so does a man under the influence of God. There are inspirations of God for public ends. Those laborers that are raised up to lead men according to His plans, have *authoritative* inspiration which enables them to do for their times what they could not do without it. I look upon all the Chiefs of men as walking in a sort of inspired dream, doing what God gives them to do; and the religious teachers as acting under the influence of God's mind; and so far as they are true, they are true by reason of God's influence. But such inspiration lacks official authority. It is given to the man that he may do his work. The men who were required to have an authoritative inspiration have passed away. The word now spoken is true to us, not because it has a "Thus saith the Lord," but because it meets the soul's want. Their work will not be repeated again. Whatever remains can be found out and proclaimed, without any other binding rule than the authority of its own nature. But the difference between inspiration now and then, is not a difference in kind, but only in degree. Inspiration now is more diffused, and it is for the circle in which the man is to be the teacher; but it is not so exalted, for we have no Bible to write, and we have no times such as those in which the prophets and apostles lived. Our work is to take the truth and the principles which we have, and to educate men by them; and in this work, just in proportion as we keep our

hearts pure and clear, we shall be under the influence of God's teaching and guidance.

I know of nothing which would so disenchant the world as to take away this doctrine of the inspiration of God. I should not thank a man who, when I was looking at a picture and yielding myself to the influence of its beauty, should come and talk to me of oils and pigments, what mixtures produced this effect and imparted that light. So when a man works back to the elements in nature, to the cells which are the foundations of organization, in order to teach me that the world grows of itself, I do not thank him. I don't care for cells: I care not for the voice of storms, or the breath of flowers, if that is all they are; but when I can hear and see in them that which tells me that God is in the world, and that His soul is the life-blood of the universe, then the outer world becomes a different thing, and every flower and leaf and bird and breeze has a voice. If it is so in the outer, how much more in the inner! As I look over the human life collected here, I do not know *how* God is dealing with this one or with that; but if I should cease to believe that He is dealing with you, not only now, but at your homes, in the street, at the store, in the shop—if you were to take away from me the thought that God's Spirit is brooding upon men, you would take away almost all my interest in life. For man, taken by himself, apart from God's connection with him, is the meanest thing on earth, the most beggarly and contemptible: there is nothing that a man can get along with so ill as himself. But when I think of all men as under God's influence, watched by His providence, tended by His love, constrained by His Spirit, then there is something of God's majesty in the meanest, and dignity suffuses life.

When I have that state of mind in which God sinks out of sight and His presence is lost to me, then life loses its interest to me, and the circumstances and duties of life are like an old herbarium dried and faded out. But when I come back to a better thought, when once more I believe that God is with me, and I hear the voice of Christ saying "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," then the heart-throbs fly again, and living or dying I am the Lord's!

My brother, you may not be inspired to write a Bible, for that

work is done. But you have something to do. You are not born by chance, not washed up on the shore of time like the shell of a dead shell-fish. God sends every man into the world on some errand, and the needful skill and strength to perform yours, you are to gain by the divine influence. Cleanse, then, your minds, so that the inspiration of God, resting upon you day by day, may lead you rightly to accomplish that to which you were sent; and when, after a few years, the body is dropped and the soul is in the presence of God, we shall no more need this inspiration, for we shall take our life from His looks; and when the ransomed of Zion come with songs, be thou amongst them, oh my soul! And thou too be there, my brother and my sister; let us dwell together in Heaven!"

MR. BEECHER'S VIEWS OF PRAYER.

All questionings as to how the prayers of mortals can change the preordained plan of one who sees the end from the beginning, and is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," Mr. Beecher sweeps away by saying, that "with the *how* we mortals have nothing to do. God will take care of His decrees without our assistance, and we need not be anxious about His immutability. It is enough for us to know that prayer is required—no, not so, but that prayer is granted, a blessed privilege from God to man. 'While they are yet speaking I will hear,' 'Ask and it shall be given you,' are assurances from God too precious and too direct to be lost amidst metaphysical entanglements about God's sovereignty. And not only is prayer revealed through the Bible as a mighty power for good in human affairs, but also through the blessed experiences of thousands of Christians. Prayer should be not only an expression, but a state. It should be the prevailing posture of our souls. Prayer in words has its advantages over silent supplication, because it is a law of the mind that expression develops and increases the feeling, yet the essential of prayer is its truth to the life of one's heart. God looks at the heart. The spontaneous aspiration, the unspoken supplication may reach Him far quicker than the well-worded petition." Form-

ality in prayer, or the use of phrases which have lost their meaning to the speaker, and are used because others do, is offensive to him. Neither does he encourage a liturgy for public worship, as do some of his denomination. The criticism by the Ritualists, that extempore prayer shuts off the people from all share in public worship, he meets by insisting on Congregational Singing. To promote this he has been engaged for several years in preparing a hymn-book, which is just published. It contains 1374 hymns, accompanied by 367 tunes. It has been a work of great labor, manifestly executed with fidelity and enthusiasm. It is exciting interest and discussion. Whether it will be generally adopted remains to be seen. But so far as this is certain, that by its assistance his church will present an illustration of Congregational Singing more impressive than ever before realized.

MR. BEECHER'S SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.*

His proposition is, that suffering is not an accident, but that it enters into the constitution of this world, and forms a part of the Divine idea. This view is denied by those who think that suffering arises from the violation of the laws of the body; that God made man only to enjoy, and that suffering is not the result of Providence. So far as this view leads to better obedience to the laws of health, Mr. Beecher sympathizes with it; yet he contends that when all men shall have, each in his own measure, obeyed law, yet suffering will not disappear; for although, in the majority of cases, it comes from violation of law, yet it also adheres in the constitution of the soul. In most cases it is not the suffering which is the most painful, but the sense which it brings with it that there is something wrong —a misadjustment somehow—and that a man loses somewhat of hope and confidence in God.

The facts of this world are, first, that all our faculties have a double constitution. They are susceptible equally to pain and to pleasure. Every man, as created by God, has this double nature.

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* Abstract of a Sermon.

Secondly, destruction is as plainly written on the outward world as life is. The world is full of dangerous things. Death is in every step we take. The most astounding fact in the globe is that arrangement by which the life of one race depends upon the destruction of the race below it, all the way up from animalculæ to Man. Pain is continually on the larboard or starboard, and life consists in steering between. These facts are notorious, and we must either adopt the old doctrine of two Gods, one of good and another of evil, or else allow that both pain and pleasure are of Divine origin.

The third fact is, that pleasure and pain are invariable concomitants, and that the more an animal enjoys, the more it suffers. The two elements are measures of each other. And the higher in the scale of being one advances, the greater the suffering, as well as the greater the enjoyment. And when we reach man, we find that the lower he is in the spiritual scale, the less he suffers and the less he enjoys; and the greater his development, the greater are both enjoyment and suffering. Hence, when Christ's disciples asked Him if they might sit at His right hand and left in His kingdom, He recognized this fact by replying: "Can you drink of the cup which I drink of?" As much as to say, that such a lofty position can only be attained through corresponding suffering.

From these facts it is rational to infer that happiness is not the object of our life, but that the whole creation is arranged for the education or the highest development of the human race, through the twofold arrangement of pleasure and pain. And he who attempts to rise with happiness and without pain, is trying to fly with one wing.

Secondly, that the highest attainments are only reached through the greatest suffering; and hence that a person should not feel that God is angry with him because he suffers—because he is bereaved, or poor, or persecuted; but rather that God is fitting him for some higher post, that He is giving him superior advantages; or, as the Bible says, "whom He loveth He chasteneth." With this view, suffering becomes a part of happiness. We can fulfil the apostle's injunction, to "rejoice always; and again I say, rejoice." Trials cease to be opaque, and become luminous.

Thirdly, we may be sure that God will administer suffering in that

way, and to that amount, which will serve the highest good of the race. Men say: "I do not deserve to suffer more than that other one; and why is it that my troubles come so thick, and my heart is so wrung?" Just as if God were a Justice and he a criminal, and every blow was for some sin. Not so. The problem of how much a man ought to suffer involves an amount of elements which no human being can grasp. All his various faculties, his mission in life, his future position in heaven; all his relations to others and to humanity, are to be taken into the account, and one must trust the whole matter with God.

And, fourthly, it must be borne in mind that all this immensely intensified elaboration of this life is to fit us for another existence. In that there is to be no pain: "All tears shall be wiped away."

Hence we should keep in mind that character, not happiness, is the end of life. That a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, but in what he is. That we should not flinch from pain, nor murmur, but bear it bravely. That life here is not the highest good. And that when one's friends die, we should go to the grave, not singing mournful psalms, but scattering flowers. Death was wrecked long ago. Christ has taken the crown from the tyrant. And when Christians walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears, then is the very time when they should *illuminate*; and as the disciples found the angels in Christ's grave, so in the grave where any of His loved disciples have lain are there angelic messengers of consolation, if we would only see them. Then let us thank God that in this world of suffering there is also death, since death brings us to God and immortality. Yes, death is the medicine of life: Hereafter, the explanation of Here."

MR. BEECHER'S PHILOSOPHY.

There are certain elements of Mr. Beecher's philosophy which have an important bearing on his preaching. We have had no means of ascertaining these more advantageous than his public discourses; but it is not difficult to discern a man's philosophy from his ser-

mons, because religious belief, not less than intellectual, is typed by it.

Mr. Beecher does not adopt the "selfish system" of Paley, which bases the distinction between right and wrong on the principle of self-interest, which assumes that an act is right because it accords with one's advantage, and not according to eternal principles of right, inwrought with the constitution of the universe. Neither does he subscribe to the philosophy of Locke, which, in making no distinction between the Reason and the Understanding, and in allowing to Man no innate ideas of right and wrong, makes no distinction between Man and an intelligent brute, except that of degree or a higher development; and leads to the logical deduction that Man, being destitute of a fixed guide of morals within himself, cannot be held responsible for moral conduct. But Mr. Beecher holds to that philosophy which, in opposition to those two, both in respect to the absolute idea of right, in distinction from the impulse of self-interest, and in regard to the supremacy of the pure Reason and the innate moral nature, sets forth man as a being responsible for his acts, because possessed of a natural conscience.

This indwelling conscience receives aid from other sources, as from the revealed will of God, in the Bible, in His providence, and in His created works or Nature; but it existed as the guide before the Bible was made, and before man had learnt the mind of the Creator from His providential dealings, or had evolved His attributes from the encompassing universe. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say, that the judgment is aided from external sources, and that the conscience stands in all as the infallible authority, the "image of God" in which man was created.

In this philosophy consists much of the force and pungency of his preaching; because he appeals directly to conscience, ignoring all motives of prudence or self-interest to repentance and love, and bringing powerfully to bear, as immutable facts, man's free agency and individual responsibility.

From this Mr. Beecher advances to the position, which is fundamental in morals as in ethics, that our decisions—not only in regard to the right and wrong of actions, but also in regard to questions of

judgment and discernments in Art and Taste, and indeed in regard to all the positions which the human soul takes in its wide-sweeping dòmain of moral, intellectual, æsthetical, and spiritual concerns, (not embracing facts addressed to the physical understanding, like those of mathematics)—that our decisions originate in, and are made, not by the Head (in popular phrase), not by the Understanding, operated on by argument, not by the reasoning faculty, not logically deduced from premises; but that our decisions are made by the *Heart* (in popular phrase)—by that part of the spiritual nature which includes feeling, emotion, and conscience. Hence, if the heart is only right, if it is pure and true, our decisions will be right. That men use the head to hunt up reasons for decisions already made by the heart, and heap around with defensive argument positions already taken; that God, through the influence of His Spirit, exerts a direct illuminating power on the heart (or the conscience), thus assisting the efforts of man towards holiness; that Regeneration is the initiative in this new course of purity, and light, and truth, and life; and that when Christ said, "The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness," he meant to illustrate this fundamental spiritual truth of the "*luminousness of the heart*," which, when true, radiates before a man, upon his path through life, infallible light, which, in the heart's perfection, shines full-orbed and glorious, impelled in transcendent clearness by the indwelling Spirit; and that "if the light that is in thee be darkness," if the heart be corrupt and unfit for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, verily may Christ say, "How great is that darkness!"

It cannot fail to be seen that this position is fundamental. And the term "radical," sometimes applied to Mr. Beecher's views loosely and falsely, may properly attach to this; because it lies at the root of philosophical and moral systems, and is calculated to unsettle established notions, which have come to be regarded as permanent institutions. And yet he should by no means be misapprehended, as extending the doctrine of the direct influence of God's Spirit, so far as to paralyze judgment and reason by supposed direct revelations;

or depreciate the value of the Bible before pretended inspirations. Neither does he detract from the value of laws and rules; "they are leading-strings to bring us along the path of life to God; they are the chart of the navigator; they are the experiences of those of more generous endowment, set up as guides for the rest to follow. There are many to whom they are necessary. In their moral infirmity some need help, and rules are their crutches, which, if they throw down, they fall themselves. But when a man attains to luminousness of feeling, he does not need laws to guide him. He will not despise or break right laws; but he will go precisely as they direct, not because of them, but because he cannot help it; and Love is the source of this luminousness. The feeling of love is a better guide than any law. You cannot make any law so good for the heart which loves, that it will not rise above and overflow it. So long as a man needs a law, he must have it; but the moment he says, 'The law requires me to do so much, and I want to do more than that,' then he can do without law. He is a law unto himself, better than external rules. And the highest type of character is that which is made up of feelings so luminous, that a man takes a higher path than he can ever take, if he is bound by rules and precedents. And hence it is that Christ said—'LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.'"

As was said of the connection between Mr. Beecher's faith in the personality and providence of God, and his cheerful, quiet, and reliant character; so do we esteem this philosophy to lie at the bottom of the spontaneity, vigor, and reliance of his Extempore. Indeed, the two beliefs stand so close, as interchangeably to control action and speech. He trusts God's care in life, and is serene; he trusts God's inspiration in the pulpit, and is brave. Every one is impressed with the genuineness and frankness of what he says. It is manifest that the man has faith in his impulses. Prudence has given the helm to conviction. The fear of man has recoiled before the voice of God. He not only says what he thinks, but what he feels. He not only says nothing disbelieved, but nothing unbelieved. He preaches and prays no further than he has lived. His utterances are experiences, and this is a secret of his power. It disarms criti-

cism. We all love the genuine, and hate Cant. What care we if the man does offend taste, or violate hoary rules of pulpit rhetoric, or discard sacred ruts of long-travelled Exposition? "At any rate, he says what he means, and I can understand what he means," outspeaks the blunt hearer. "Whether he's orthodox or not, I can't say; but he's a noble man, and I believe in him."

A friend once wrote us his impressions in the following words: "I have been to hear H. W. B. for the first time, and I never shall forget the sermon. The rain was pouring in torrents, but his church was crowded. His text was, 'For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.' He commenced with the statement, that 'every man has a conscience,' and proceeded to expound the truth, showing that each one, with this innate idea of right and wrong, was constantly striving to justify himself, according to his standard of right—'going about to establish his own righteousness.' He then presented a number of ways resorted to in this eagerness to justify one's self—the devices to keep on good terms with conscience, dispersing 'refuges of lies' without mercy, and identifying and parcelling characters, with a nicety and fidelity which left those who were not actually located, in a very small minority. He appealed directly to self-consciousness and the moral nature; and it was useless to evade. The sermon was one hour and a quarter long, yet weariness never occurred to me; and I lost not a word. It was extempore, and yet evidently the result of severe study. The heads, which were many, were written out, and showed, by their close and accurate wording, the analysis they had undergone. Therefore, when by his logic he had convinced the understanding, by his lucid presentation of truth bowed the reason and roused the conscience, then the feelings of all were in his power, and he made the nerves to thrill, and the tears to start, as I never experienced in a religious assembly. A lady behind me had shown some emotion; but when, in portraying the relation between Christ and the sinner, he said, 'Christ stands like a father to his prodigal son, and he says, My son, my son, let the past all be *sunk* between us, and we will be to each other as in days gone

by—you shall love me, and I will love you, and we will live together as we used to do,' her feelings broke over control, and she wept aloud. A young Englishman sat by me, who had been prevailed upon to attend church instead of a social circle. His lip quivered in effort to restrain emotion; but it would not do; the tears started from his eyes, he was overcome. And it seemed to me that a person who had never seen a Bible could from that sermon have apprehended the essential truths of Christianity."

MR. BEECHER'S "PULPIT HUMOR."

The union of humor with seriousness is by some esteemed rare; by some, impossible; and by others, inconsistent; yet a careful analysis and observation will show all these notions to be incorrect. The universal fact will appear, that in those strong religious characters, whose moral power controls the circle in which they move, whether compressed within a neighborhood, or embracing a continent, the appreciation of humor always exists, and usually the genius for it. Indeed, a foundation of earnestness seems essential to the development of the highest form of humor, as the delicatest carving must be wrought out of the solidest wood; and mirthfulness of character is evidence of genuineness, as fruit-bearing trees alone produce gay blossoms.

Hence, in humor Mr. Beecher is gifted. He exhales it as a flower does perfume. In days of summer recreation in the country, it is beyond compare: like a mountain stream, it flows limpid, sparkling, incessant, and roaring. It is up before the sun; it droops not beneath meridian heat; and birds and flowers have closed their eyes long ere it goes to sleep.

But humor with Mr. Beecher is not alone a recreation. It is a power. He brings it designedly and effectively to bear upon errors or conceits undeserving the more ponderous artillery of serious argument. He would not exclude humor from the pulpit. Yet his indulgence in it has been misrepresented and exaggerated by loose gossips. What is called his "pulpit humor" consists mostly in *apt*

illustration. Those sensations which more than once in a discourse run electrically through his audience—a murmur and a thrill, which is a shadow of applause—are the consequence, not of a funny speech, nor of an indecorous speech, but of a good illustration, which, by its originality and aptness, pictures to the mind the abstract truth in such living light, that the heart inevitably throbs quicker.

Trained minds are fed and stimulated by abstract truth; but most minds, as people average, can see truth but dimly, except when made concrete in illustrations. They must have word-pictures. But it is not the picture which charms them; it is the truth which the picture reveals. They see, at last, with clear vision, that which, for years beneath other pulpits, they have been in vain straining eyes to discern, and they rejoice. Would that every preacher might apprehend this fact of the human mind!

This power of illustration is wonderful with him. He presses every thing into his service; nay, rather, creation comes, as it were, and lays her treasures at his feet. And to a mind like his, illustrations are as vivid as if portrayed on canvas, and so abounding, that he uses but a fraction of those which come to him. It is manifest that earth, and air, and sea are to him full of symbols, and every object illustrates spiritual truths. We do not say that every preacher can have this affluence of illustration; yet any one who has soul enough to preach at all, can, by the right looking at Nature and things, acquire a facility for tracing analogies between the external and the spiritual, which will illuminate both heart and sermon.

To judge justly of a man's style, we must take into account the purpose he seeks to gain. One writes differently for a daily paper and a Quarterly. It is manifest that Mr. Beecher seeks to reach the heart of the people. He does not aim too high. He would not fire too low, but would send into the thickest of the ranks the arrows of conviction. Neither does he fire at random, nor at a theological mark, nor at some old dismantled fort of error, which the enemy long ago deserted. He does not belong to the regular army, who, trained at seminaries, are only effective when in the way of prescribed evolutions; but corresponds to that select body of riflemen at the battle of Saratoga, who, each on his own hook, un-

erringly picked out epauletted officers. And justice can be done to good taste by those whose refined sensibilities are offended by Mr. Beecher's illustrations; and yet even those persons conclude that they would not have Mr. Beecher do otherwise. He was once illustrating the difference between established character and occasional impulse by a supposed dialogue, as follows:—"A friend says to me, 'What a selfish, hard, miserly man Mr. So and So is! He never does a generous act.' I reply, 'Are not you mistaken? Certainly you are, for I heard the other day of his giving a barrel of flour to a poor widow with six children.' 'Yes, yes (with skeptical inflection), that may be so, but I reckon it's the first spark seen out of that man's chimney for twenty years.'" This, perhaps, is as humorous as any thing in a sermon of his. It certainly pleased his audience as much. Or take another bolder illustration. "A rich man ought to be like a fire-engine, which sucks in at one end and spouts out at the other (with accompanying upward gesture, dramatizing the operation), putting out the fires of hell which the devil is always kindling."

In his famous speech at the Metropolitan meeting, to celebrate the passage of the Maine Law, he said, "They tell us there will be a reaction against the Maine Law. A reaction! We can't go back! You might as well try to crowd a full-grown chicken back into its shell."

He was once illustrating (in a week-day lecture, the connection between freedom and religious institutions in Kansas) what he styled "the moral power of a Sharp's rifle," and said: "I am a peace man. I believe in moral suasion. I want to see Kansas covered with churches, and tracts, and Bibles; but just now I know of nothing so likely to keep the peace as a good supply of Sharp's rifles. It's wonderful the amount of moral suasion they have over those Missourians. 'Send the Bible,' do you say, to those Border Ruffians? Why, the Bible is addressed to the conscience, and they haven't any. You might as well read the Bible to a herd of buffaloes!"

This idea he afterwards enlarged into an article (replying to attacks made upon him by two religious newspapers), from which we make extracts.

"Is the doctrine of personal physical self-defence wrong? Is it wrong for a community to defend itself by force against force? Or, if physical resistance to physical violence is right, does it mean that the people of Kansas had no just occasion of alarm, and no reason for arms? Or, is the offence only this, that a *clergyman* should encourage and praise those wise men for doing their duty courageously when wickedly attacked? Or, is it only the comparison made between the efficiency of Sharp's rifles and the Bible when employed to beat off drunken vagabonds?

"The facts were simply these: A peaceful town was for many days threatened with assault and destruction by a lawless band of marauders, who, in morals, character, and purpose, were plainly nothing different from so many pirates on the sea, or bandits upon the land. To attempt to restrain such men *only* by an appeal to their justice, to their respect for human rights, to their conscience—men raked together from the purlieus of a frontier slave State, drugged with whisky, and hounded on by broken-down and desperate politicians—to neglect proper means of defence, to refuse arms and intrenchments, and to trust goods, dwellings, and life to such a frenzied crew of unmitigated scoundrels, would have been little short of absolute madness.

"But these very men *do* understand the force of courage; of firmness; of the spectacle of armed citizens, who will calmly defend their rights with such force as may be necessary for their preservation.

"We praised them for their wisdom and their courage. We praise them again. Their stand was noble, and salutary to the country. And we said, that in the circumstances in which the men of Lawrence were placed, the knowledge that they had of Sharp's rifles, and were determined to use them, would produce a more salutary impression upon vagabond politicians, and work more efficiently for peace, than all the moral suasion in the world. Since the world began, moral suasion has always been the better for a little something to stand on. Honesty is a very good thing, but laws, courts, and officers help men very much in the exercise of that moral grace.

"The Bible is a book of moral truths. In that sphere where moral truths are proper, it stands before all other instruments. But moral influences are not designed nor adapted to every work which needs to be done. In engineering, in husbandry, in navigation, there are powers which are mightier in these spheres than a Bible. Where timber is to be felled and hewn, an axe is better than a Bible. Nor is it detracting from the merit of the Book to say so. If a child is learning its figures, an Arithmetic is better than a Bible. If thieves and burglars are to be morally reformed, the Bible is the fountain of right influence. But while a thief is picking your pocket, or a burglar is prying open your door, would you treat him to a Bible or a police officer?

"It is the merest captiousness of a fault-finding disposition to make it an offence for a man to say that there are cases in which physical forces produce moral effects more certainly than the highest moral truths. And if there ever was a case it was this very one in hand. The drunken rabble had been taught that courage was the height of manhood, and that cowardice was the most despicable vice. They had been taught that a Yankee was a coward to his heart's core, that the smell of powder was more potent upon his fear than even money upon his avarice.

"When, then, these ignorant fellows saw courage added to thrift; a calm, unboastful, but immovable determination to defend their rights, and to die rather than to yield one hair's breadth of principle, it inspired both respect and fear; and there can be no question, in the minds of any who know what such sort of men are made of, that this armed courage of the Kansas emigrants did more to produce a recognition of their rights, than a hundred sermons or a thousand Bibles. And we say again, and with more emphasis than ever before, that when men have been left ignorant and uneducated, when Northern moral imbecility has left them without the least respect for the rights of Northern men, when drunk with whisky, and urged on by brawling leaders, it is no time to deal with them by Bibles. That work should have been done before. That being neglected, and the crew of infuriate wretches being on the eve of a murderous assault, the sword and the rifle are now in order."

He once said of those who try to interpret John's Book of Revelation, by accurate calculation, as follows: "Those who with a pair of compasses and measuring-line seek to get at the truth of these glowing pictures of John's Revelation, who add and subtract and divide, who try to find a Cæsar in some lion, and a Bonaparte in some he-goat; who would reduce to mathematical precision these large, resplendent, glowing illustrations of universal truths—the great truth that God rules, that justice will triumph at last, that oppression will not always reign—those inspired images by which the Christian heart may be strong and quiet, during all the long days of discouragement and persecution, when the wicked taunt and say, 'Where is your God—where is your higher law?'—when wealth and high civil station testify on the side of wrong—those precise, unimaginative, barren minds, who overlook all this, and study Revelation as they would a mathematical problem—why, they might as well measure one of Michael Angelo's pictures by the square inch, and say it was better than Raphael's, because two feet larger; they might as well weigh their mother's love with a pair of steelyards!" Now what says the cultivated hearer to this? "I do not like it?" Very well, you do not like it for yourself—you would have been altogether satisfied if he had stopped with the illustration of Raphael's picture, for that filled your mind. But remember, that besides you, in that house, were a thousand people who had never been inspired by Art, but who did know a mother's love; who had never seen a picture by Raphael, but had seen a pair of steelyards. Was it not best to clinch the truth in their minds, as well as yours, even though the kitchen must be visited as well as the Picture Gallery?

Mr. Beecher is peculiar in his habit of remarks when giving out notices. He sometimes talks for a half hour before the sermon, at which times he brings the Secular and Religious into juxtaposition, discussing week-day affairs from the Sabbath stand-point. His sayings at this time are marked by irresistible good sense, happy insight, boldness, bluntness often, and not a little entertainment. And in a discussion of his pulpit humor, it is just to him to note, that most of those sayings which circulate the country as specimens of

his pulpit oratory, were not said in sermons, but in this preliminary interlude. Moreover, the temperament of such a man must be considered. We doubt not he is sometimes humorous by feature or tone, when he is entirely unaware of it. And yet, with all allowance, it is fair to recognize the fact, that he lessens the effect of his solemn appeals, in the hearts of some, by his "hits," and leads very excellent people to wish that he had "left out that one sharp sentence."

We have dwelt at length upon the two topics of theological systems and pulpit humor, because Mr. Beecher's views on these are more warmly approved or more severely criticised than all his other views; and because upon these, opinions split; and while one Christian enthusiastically maintains that he is "the Paul of the nineteenth century," a brother Christian denounces him as "rearing up a generation of scoffers," and forbids the household to hear him preach. But to form a fair estimate, the length of our discussion on the subject of theologies must not be made the measure of the comparative space Mr. Beecher devotes to them. It is at infrequent intervals that he fully discusses them, although he often makes a side thrust; for he doubtless esteems the reverence for old theological systems as a prominent error of the Church of To-day. Yet it is not that he objects to systems (but only to what he esteems wrong systems), as must be manifest from the illustrations we have given of his own thoroughly systematized views; nor that he objects to Theologies, if only they keep what he esteems their proper place, the Study and Seminary; and do not invade the pulpit.

To conclude this division, we present one article of Mr. Beecher's, which has already appeared in print, in reply to an article in "The Puritan Recorder," entitled, "Preaching to the Times."

"The pulpit seeks the education of man's moral nature by the power of Divine truth. The pulpit begins where all other lectureships end. It aims at the conversion of the soul from worldliness and selfishness to a spiritual and truly godly state. This result is to be sought chiefly by the power of the thoughts and the facts which God has revealed concerning himself, and then by the power of the truths in like manner revealed concerning man's nature and

character, his immortality and destiny. There is an intrinsic fitness in these highest possible truths of the Divine Being and Government to work upon the soul, and develop its spiritual nature. And when, by God's Holy Spirit, the heart is aroused and excited to that degree which makes it susceptible of feeling and understanding such spiritual truths, and it yields itself to be imbued by them, and controlled by them, it has been born again. It has become the new child of the Spirit of the Word.

"Now all preaching is to be judged by its relation to this end. That discourse which discloses to the human soul the real character of God, and the essential relations which He sustains to men, so that the thoughts do not rest upon the vehicle, but upon the thing itself—the very truth—is *preaching*.

"That discourse which leaves the thoughts upon the sermon itself, not upon the truth which it seeks to convey, is a secular lecture, no matter whether it be on the subject of the Trinity, of Sovereignty, of Heaven, or any other sacred theme. An elaborate sermon, stuffed full of scholastic learning, tied and bound by nice qualifications and balancings, or split up and fringed with subtle definitions and fine distinctions, whether it be upon the Decrees, upon Human Agency and Responsibility, or upon any other solemn topic, is a mere philosophical lecture, unfit for the pulpit or the Sabbath.

"A sermon that is dry, cold, dull, soporific, is a pulpit monster, and is just as great a violation of the sanctity of the pulpit, as the other absurd extreme of profane levity. Men may hide or forsake God's living truth by the way of stupid dulness, just as much as by pert imagination. A *solemn nothing* is just as wicked as a *witty nothing*. Men confound earnestness with solemnity. A man may be eagerly earnest, and not be very solemn. They may also be awfully solemn, without a particle of earnestness. But solemnity has a reputation. A man may be a repeater of endless distinctions, a lecturer in the pulpit of mere philosophical niceties, or he may be a repeater of stale truisms; he may smother living truths by conventional forms and phrases, and if he put on a very solemn face, use a very solemn tone, employ very solemn gestures, and roll along his vamped-up sermon with professional solemnity above an audience of sound men;

men, at least, soundly asleep,—that will pass for decorous handling of God's truth. The old pharisaism is not dead yet. The difference between Christ and His contemporary teachers was, that He spake life-truth in life-forms, with the power of His own life in their utterance. The rabbis spake old orthodoxy, dead as a mummy, but they spake it very reverendly. They might not do any good, but they never violated professional propriety. Nobody lived, everybody died about them. But, then, their faces were sober, their robes exact, their manner mostly of the Temple and the Altar. They never forgot how to look, nor how to speak guttural solemnities, nor how to maintain professional dignity. They forgot nothing except living truths and living souls. And fifty years of ministration without any fruit in true godliness, gave them no pain. It was charged to the account of Divine Sovereignty.

"Whoever hides the truth by embellishment of words; by a vain exhibition of wit or fancy; by opaque learning; by the impenetrable thickets of nice distinctions; by stupidity and lifelessness; by inane solemnity and sanctimonious conventionalism, is a desecrator of the pulpit and a breaker of the Sabbath-day. Stupidity hides the truth just as fatally as levity. Consecrated dulness is no better than flippant folly. If a window fails to let the light through, it makes little difference whether the obscuration comes from the web of a big, lazy spider, or from the nimble weavings of a hundred pert little spiders.

"God's truth really, earnestly, pungently spoken, for a direct and practical purpose, with distinct results constantly following, that is preaching, no matter what are the particular methods of speech. Doubtless some are better than others. But every sincere and truthful man must use that way by which God has enabled him to achieve success; some by solid statements, some by inexorable reasonings, some by illustration and fancy, some by facts and stories—just as God has given power to each one. But the test is the same in the highest and the lowest. *Fruit must follow.* The truth of God must shine through the human instrument and evince its divinity by signs following—the awakening of the conscience, conviction of sin, conversion to God, and a life redeemed from selfishness and set a-glow with Christian goodness and benevolence.

"Nothing can more sharply exhibit the miserable imbecility which has come upon us, than the inability of men to perceive the difference between preaching 'politics,' 'social reform,' &c., and preaching God's truth in such a way that it shall sit in judgment upon these things, and every other deed of men, to try them, to explore and analyze them, and to set them forth, as upon the background of eternity, in their moral character, and in their relation to man's duty and God's requirements.

"Shall the whole army of human deeds go roaring along the public thoroughfares, and Christian men be whelmed in the general rush, and no man be found to speak the real moral nature of human conduct? Is the pulpit too holy, and the Sabbath too sacred, to bring individual courses and developments of society to the bar of God's Word for trial? Those who think so, and are crying out about the desecration of the pulpit with secular themes, are the lineal descendants of those Jews who thought the Sabbath so sacred that our Saviour desecrated it by healing the withered hand. Would to God that the Saviour would visit His Church and heal withered hearts!"

It has been our purpose to show why it is that in the case of Mr. Beecher "all the people are very attentive to hear him." There is no doubt that the remarkable range of his faculties attracts a corresponding variety of people. Some see the peculiar charm in his poetry, some in his pathos, some in his word-painting, some in his dissections of character, some in his illustrations from nature, some in his sharp sayings, some in his disrespect for forms and theological systems, some in his heroism, some in his views of God and Christ, and some in his delivery; but all, all who like Mr. Beecher, are drawn to him by the universal recognition of his *humanity* and his *honesty*. He loves his fellow-man, and he preaches himself. As Emerson truly says, "He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public. We see it advertised that Mr. Grand will deliver an oration on the Fourth of July, and Mr. Hand before the Mechanics' Association, and we do not go thither, because we know that these gentlemen will not communicate their own character and experience to

the company. If we had reason to expect such a confidence, we should go through all inconvenience and opposition. The sick would be carried on litters. But a public oration is an escapade, a non-committal, an apology, a gag, and not a communication, not a speech, not a man." But Mr. Beecher does confide his own character and experience, and this confidence is the confidence of love. It is this which gives the peculiar charm of encouragement to his preaching. One hears him, and grows stronger and happier. It is good for all of us to have life interpreted. It is good to have heart-experiences, however deep, sounded with as profound appreciation. The poor come discouraged, and go away invigorated; the tempted come reckless, and go away penitent; the bereaved come weeping, and go away hoping; the darkened are illuminated; and the stranded float off into abundant waters. It is the truth which he preaches, the truth as it is in Jesus. Most ministers preach the truth, but with some is it not truth once full of juice and fresh with beauty, but now sere in its fulfilled mission, and only held trembling to the bud of a new growth, by the dried adhesion of last year's sap? With others is it not desert truth of drifting sands, with only here and there an oasis? or is it not unproductive truth, like lands exhausted by unrighteous cultivation? Does it meet the vital necessities of the living, acting men and women of this living, present nineteenth century? Is it truth which Paul would have preached if born eighteen hundred years later? It is *living* truth, which, we confidently believe, men yearn for; some only fitfully, some unceasingly. There are but few, stupidly quiescent in past attainment. Some grope after it, with blind outstretchings, amidst tame revelations and fantastic table-movings; some among the writings of the Fathers and the rubbish of the past; some seek it by self-imposed penances or tedious mummeries; some, skeptically trampling on all the past, search for it in nature, from "star dust," and primary cells; some think it embraced in telegraphs and steam, or whatever promotes the Physical and accumulates wealth; but all the world ask Pilate's old question, "What is truth?" ignorant that He stands ever before them who is "the way, the *truth*, and the life." That preacher collects the people, who preaches the truth of to-day

applied to the wants of to-day, to the temptations of to-day, to the errors of to-day, and to the individual necessities and environments and duties of those who, at this present, are working out the Problem of Life; and who preaches it simply and naturally, not swathed in formulas, not inwoven with technicalities, but presented in the garb of every-day life, illustrated by familiar experiences, unstilted and unassuming, so that our eyes see it and our hands handle it. That Mr. Beecher's attraction consists much in discernment, in mental elasticity, soul-strength, acute observation, apt illustration, and power of diction, we do not propose to deny; but it is because he uses these gifts in presenting simple Christian truth that he holds his unequalled sway and is the People's Preacher.*

SELECTIONS.

We append some sentences reported from Mr. Beecher's Extempore. No one can fail to be impressed with the genius which can profusely scatter, Sunday after Sunday, such felicitous expressions.

From a Prayer.

Our Father! all other relationships are swallowed up in Thee. Thou art all that are distributed, and more. Thou art the exhaustless fountain of love.

Our Father! Thou knowest that through the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Grant that our Sabbaths may be hills of light and joy in Thy presence; and so, as Time rolls by, may we go on from mountain-top to mountain-top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in, to go no more out forever.

What cares the child, when the mother rocks it, though all storms beat without? So we, if Thou dost shield and tend us, shall be mindless of the tempests and blasts of life, blow they never so rudely.

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* In the preceding presentation of Mr. Beecher's various views, it should be understood, in justice to him, that all quotations of his language are specified by quotation marks, or by foot-notes pointing out Abstracts of Sermons, in which the wording is Mr. Beecher's, to the extent which an Abstract will allow.

From a Sermon.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.

In our own strength we can do nothing. Who is there that is not tired of climbing up the black face of the cliff of Resolution, to fall back again, day after day, upon the shore?

There are multitudes of men like the summer vines, that never grow even ligneous, but stretch out a thousand little hands to grasp the stronger shrubs; and if they cannot reach them, lie there dishevelled in the grass, hoof-trodden and beaten of every storm.

Humor is a golden bounty of atmosphere in us, which we are not to use for our own warming, but for the wide cheer and uplifting of all.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and ruin, and smooth, onrolling prosperity.

Do the best you can where you are, and when that is exhausted, God will open a door for you, and a voice will call, "Come up hither into a higher sphere."

When Christ went away, it was to larger capabilities and loves for us, even as a bud bursts its cerements and expands into the full blossom of beauty and perfume.

As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem, so one who is bowed down with affliction longs for a friend to lift him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon violet roots.

God does not send graces as he sends light and rain. They are wrought in us through long days of discipline and growth.

When God means to make a man strong and useful in his day and generation, He generally puts him into the forge and on to the anvil.

From a Prayer.

There is no soil on earth deep enough for the heart's roots—there is no earthly air in which it can blossom with all its heavenly fragrance.

To be weighed down with a sense of our own incompleteness—to long for that which we have not, and cannot gain—this it is to be on earth. Do Thou grant that these very yearnings may be winds which shall fill the sails that waft us homeward to Thee.

We are glad that there is a bosom of God to which we can go and find refuge. As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the Heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

From a Sermon.

No man can go down into the dungeon of his own experience, and hold the torch of God's word to all its dark chambers, and hidden cavities, and slimy recesses, and not come up with a shudder and a chill, and an earnest cry to God for divine mercy and cleansing.

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night, can have friends all around him walking safely by the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded. So he who has the God-given light of Hope in his breast, can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to his precious gain.

Would that I could break this Gospel as a bread of life to all of you! My best presentations of it to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of God and the truths of His word, that I think if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking forth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew, that reflect every hue of the rainbow. "Oh!" he cries, "I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother," and eagerly shakes them off into his little palm. But the charm is gone—they are no more water-pearls.

From a Sermon.

The change from a burning desert, treeless, springless, and drear, to green fields and blooming orchards in June, is slight in comparison with that from the desert of this world's affection to the garden of God, where there is perpetual, tropical luxuriance of blessed Love.

A man's conscience should go ever with him like an atmosphere of life. Many men carry their consciences like a drawn sword, cutting this way and that in the world, but sheathe it and keep it very soft and quiet when it is turned within.

The golden light of conscience should shine in every chamber of the soul.

Go to God whenever you have done wrong. God never says, with a scowl, "Here comes that limping sinner again." The path of the sinner back to God is brighter and brighter every step he takes, up to the smile of the face and the touch of the hand, and that—is salvation.

The life of Christ should be before us as an example, and in us as a fruit.

From Remarks.

You never can have congregational singing, if that is all you have. Unless you have singing in the family—singing in the house, and singing in the shop, and singing in the street—singing everywhere, until it becomes a habit, you never can have congregational singing. It will be like the cold drops, half water, half ice, which drip in March from some cleft of a rock, one drop here, and one drop there; whereas it should be like the August shower, which comes, ten million drops at once, and roars upon the roof.

From a Prayer.

And when we come to that golden gate which men have made black, but which Thou hast set with all glowing stones which are precious in heaven; do Thou, who art our salvation, stretch forth Thine hands to receive us, and lead us up the unknown way to the land where we shall dwell evermore with Thee.

O Lord! be thou with us when we go over into the promised land of our own hearts. Thou knowest that the enemy are encamped there, and that it is through much tribulation that we can vanquish them and take possession.

Grant that we may learn, in whatever station we are, therewith to be content. Not that we may not have aspirations, but that we may be content to brood upon our nests, until the time for flying shall come.

From a Sermon.

Slavery is a state of suppressed war.

The test of a good institution is, that it digs its own grave.

To see the meanest creature abused, who is made in the image of God, makes my heart volcanic.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

The firm skull must conform to the growth of the brain, the softest mass in the whole body. So laws and institutions, however hard they may seem, must yield and fashion themselves according to the expansion and growth of the national character.

From a Sermon on Col. iii. 24.

The Bible rarely pronounces either for or against such relations (as in the previous verses). It gives us the principles on which we should act in them. It simply instructs us what our *spirit* should be as long as we are in them.

The real and everlasting sources of motives are from God himself.

He that only acts from the apparent reasons of rectitude, acts from very slender ones.

Because one man throws an ugly shadow across your path, you have no right to distort yourself, and throw one across his.

When Christianity is fruitful of speculation and barren of good conduct, infidels always abound.

We must carry such a fervor into our affairs, that our souls shall make all things beautiful.

God tells us to do our duties for His sake. The duties are not much, but the "For my sake," makes them great as mountains.

The worse the place, if a man meets it with Christian heroism, the more glorious is it.

The strokes of duty ring in heaven.

What you lack in outward circumstance, make up in inward excellence, and thus equalize it.

Though the Bible teaches what Christian graces are, it is the world which produces them. A book of tactics is good to teach the soldier evolutions, but it is the parade-ground and the battle-field which makes veterans.

God does not put us to school here to ministers, nor to the Bible, but life itself is God's teacher. You will go to your stores and your business to-morrow, and some event, some experience, will preach to you of some Christian grace. You may not understand it, but it is the voice of God speaking to you, and if you do not understand it, I am sorry for you.

A grindstone that had no grit in it, how long would it take it to make an axe sharp? And affairs that had no pinch in them, how long would they take to make a man?

How can men have faith, unless they are compelled to go where they cannot see?

When God makes saints, He makes them out of something else than sentimental aspirations.

The saints who are most eminent in this life, I think are saints who are not heard from.

There are many persons who are martyrs that never were burnt at the stake.

Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just sprouting forth with buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glorious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

Daily duties are a part of a man's religious life, as much as his devotions are.

The world was made such as it is, that you might be made what you ought to be.

Oh! how sacred is life when every act is an altar from which the heart sends up its incense unto God.

May every thing which calls you to do and to bear, though it is called by the ugly name of trial, so stand, that, by your faith touching it, you shall see Christ standing there, and saying, "Do it for my sake—Bear it for my sake."

From a Sermon on Mat. xiii. 18–23.

There is nothing which excites more interest among men, than to find general truths made to meet the scope of a particular case.

There is not a single fundamental religious controversy up now-a-days. They are all controversies of details—of jointings.

The great denominations now stand apart from each other on grounds which, by their own general confession, do not touch the individual Christian character.

God works by the Church just as far as He can. But the stream of His workings overflows, and runs in a hundred ducts besides.

This great truth of the importance of man, which God is driving through our time as with a chariot of fire—when this truth comes up to the Church, does the Church welcome it? No. The Church is

busy dusting the flitches of old truth, that have hung for years in the smoke-house of theology.

We are standing on the eve of a great day—a day multitudinous with truths and struggles.

Doubt is as bad as unbelief; for a fog is as bad as midnight darkness.

The way to cure infidelity in another is to be a Christian one's self.

From a Sermon on Mat. xiii. 23.

Infidelity is to religion just what all the diseases of famine are to health. And real religion cures infidelity without arguments, just as food cures famine—weakness without medicine.

It is said that it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is only *sincere*. But it does make a great difference. If a man mounts a wild steed, and makes full speed for a precipice, and means to slip off before he gets to it, his very insincerity will save him. But if he says, "I don't believe there is any chasm there," his sincerity will bring him to the bottom.

There is no presumptive evil in holding truths in a distinct form of ideas, or in systematizing them. I suspect that every man who thinks at all, arranges his conclusions; and when a man has settled what his beliefs are, he has a creed. It is not systematizing truth that makes the mischief; it is false systematizing.

The ground to be taken in respect to truth is, that it does make all the difference between life and death, between destruction and salvation, what a man believes.

I might almost say that the power of truth to change the life, is an unfailing criterion of it; and that those things which smooth and soften, carry in their very imbecility the proof of their falsity; and those truths which, though they are rugged, yet have grip in them, have in themselves presumptive evidence of their truth.

God is served not by single denominations, but by all Christians of all ages.

You are not to have any toleration which is founded on indifference. That truth I would build as high as heaven.

When a man gives proof that his heart is sound, that his life is sound, then no divergence of opinion should keep us from fellowship with him.

I, too, feel sensitive in behalf of theologies; but when theology puts its hoof upon the living, palpitating heart, my heart cries out against it.

The most powerful way of teaching the truth, is to show to men what it does in you.

From a Prayer.

We thank Thee for all those budding promises which are yet to burst into flower.

How long shall those blessed promises stand as sentinels upon the borders, and not march as armies of the living God?

We grieve that our days are so inharmonious. Our hearts are continually going in and out of eclipses. Yesterday jostles to-day, and to-morrow will carry them both away captive.

And as when, in summer, we go forth in the pastures, and there is nothing that we may not pluck of flowers, or of fruit, or of beauty; so, in all the richness of Thy royal nature, there is nothing that we may not take: all is ours, and we are God's.

We rejoice to think that, being heirs of God, we can afford to walk without this world's outward estate.

Since the Forgiver hath come revealed, may we not be unwilling to know our sin.

Bless all those whom we love. Gather them into the charmed circle of Thine own heart, and love them into joy and purity.

From an Evening Lecture, on Mat. v. 10–12.

Such a string of pearls, I think, were never put around the neck of any favorite, as Christ put around the neck of His disciples, when He pronounced the Beatitudes.

Men like to sun themselves in the faces of their fellow-men; and the best of purposes are sometimes thawed out by the mere sight.

We are not born merely for the purpose of success. We have a much nobler end than merely to scramble up a certain height on the golden hill.

The Bible nowhere, I think, provides for the want of common sense. That is taken for granted.

Because our impressions are right, we have not the right to flash them, unpreparedly and unadvisedly, in the faces of men.

The command to "live peaceably with all men," is not a command to the fist only: It is a command to the head—to the heart—to the knuckles of the understanding.

We are never to propel our good purpose by a malign impulsion.

There are those who think that it is the part of truth to make men angry; and the more men get angry and the more they hiss, the more such a man thinks he is doing his work thoroughly, and he rather rejoices in it.

A man who is in the right, knows that he is in the majority; for God is on his side, and God is multitudinous above all populations of the earth.

The wife who, with broken health, and untoward circumstances, and overwhelming cares, still struggles on—she is imperfect—take the measure of a symmetrical character, and there is not a word to be said. But she tries to do right, "faint, yet pursuing," and says, "I shall not go back—I will persevere, and that to the end." Now all her struggles are because she will not turn and go down stream. All those troubles that beat upon the bows of her boat as she stems the tide are blessings from God, if she only knew it, as they murmur against the bows.

To have one spark of courage in the face of a million dangers, is to have more than to have all courage where there is no danger. And so those who are put under troubles and have a patient spirit, do they not try harder to do right than they ever did before? And though they often fail, yet can they say, "Is not my soul armed for the right, although I am borne back by the spears of mine adversaries?"

Sometimes a man is brought to a place where on the one side is right, and apparent ruin, and on the other prosperity with wrong-doing. A

man should pray that he may be delivered from the fork of the road where such temptations are.

Half our troubles come from our morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings lie till they get mouldy, and then we call them curses.

Religion should be to the life like rain, which descends in a million little drops, and is not ashamed to sink into the ground, where the roots are. The way that the drop of water comes to swing in the leaf, as it flaunts in the sun and wind all summer long, is by going down into the ground.

There are days when my blood flows like wine; when all is ease and prosperity; when the sky is blue, and the birds sing, and flowers blossom, and every thing speaks to me; and my life is an anthem, walking in time and tune; and then this world's joy and affection suffice. But when a change comes—when I am weary and disappointed—when the skies lower into the sombre night—when there is no song of bird, and the perfume of flowers is but their dying breath breathed away—when all is sunsetting and autumn, then I yearn for Him who sits with the summer of love in His soul, and know that all earthly affection is but a glow-worm light compared to that which blazes with such effulgence in the heart of God.

Religion—it is the bread of life. I wish that we appreciated more livingly the force of such expressions. Why! I remember, when I was a boy, I could not wait till I was dressed in the morning, but ran and cut a slice from the loaf, and all round the loaf, too, in order to keep me till breakfast—and at breakfast—if diligence earned wages, I should have been well paid—and then I could not wait till dinner, but had to eat again, and again before tea, and then at tea, and lucky if I did not eat again after that. It was bread, bread, all the time, which I ate, and lived on, and got strength from. And so religion is the bread of life. You make it the cake. You put it away in your cupboards, and you never have it but when you have company, and then you cut it up into little pieces and pass it round on your best plates, instead of treating it as bread, to be used every day and every hour.

From a Sermon on Rom. v. 15, and Eph. ii. 8.

Love without conscience is always weak.

When we say that all ranks and conditions of men are dear to God, we say just what every parent's heart knows, without being able to explain. When danger comes, the mother's heart would not seek for the strongest. The one whom she would seize first to rush out with would be the weakest. And how came we to feel so? That nature is put into us that it may be a perpetual testimony to us of God's love for us.

How little men know how to travel towards heaven! It is as if God should send us a carriage well hung on springs, well lined with soft cushions, and should tell us to get in and ride, and we should take all our baggage on our backs and walk along just behind it. So men live. There is the carriage of God's providence right before them, and there they go—trudge—trudge—trudge—to heaven. Poor miserable blind slaves that they are!

It is time that we were done talking of Death as "the great tyrant," "the enemy," &c. Death!—it is nothing but the permission to the child to come home—it is joy broke out—it is the heart budding and blossoming for eternity; and it is time that we saw through it, and ceased to talk of it by its outside.

I think that in the life to come my heart will have feelings like God's. The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers may strike the same note as the great bell of Moscow. Its note may be soft as a bird's whisper, and yet it is the same. And so God may have a feeling, and I, standing by Him, shall have the same feeling. Where He loves, I shall love. All the processes of the Divine mind will be reflected in mine. And there will be this companionship with him to eternity. What else can be the meaning of those expressions that all that we have is Christ's, and God is ours, and we are heirs of God? To inherit God—who can conceive of it? It is the growing marvel, and will be the growing wonder of eternity.

From a Sermon.

Man was made to be a centre of forces, and his life is to consist in acquiring power, and then using it outwardly upon others. And it is

one of the worst effects of prosperity, when it makes man a vortex instead of a fountain, so that, instead of throwing out, he only draws in.

I think it is a sad sight to look at one of the receiving hulks at the Navy Yard. To think that that was the ship which once went so fearlessly across the ocean! It has come back to be anchored in the quiet bay, and to roll this way and that with the tide. Yet that is what many men set before them as the end of life—that they may come to that pass where they may be able to cast out an anchor this way and an anchor that way, and never move again, but to rock lazily with the tide—without a sail—without a voyage—waiting simply for decay to take their timbers apart. And this is what men call "retiring from business"—to become simply an empty old hulk.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes the man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has heaped up about him.

Never forget what any man has said to you when he was angry. Anger is a bow that will send an arrow sometimes where another feeling will not; and if an angry man has charged you with any thing, you had better look it up.

If you want to know whether you are a Christian, don't look to see whether you ever fail. Ask yourself what is your purpose—which way is your face—which way is your heart. The helmsman of a ship never keeps his helm in one place, because as the ship comes up to the true line of her direction, she always goes a little beyond it, and must be brought back. The straight line of her course is made up of a thousand zigzags. And that is the difference between you as a wicked man and as a Christian. The wicked man switches off and goes on another road; but the Christian goes zigzagging to Heaven.

Every one must come to Christ and say, "If you will not take me with all my failings, I cannot be saved!" And why does God forgive us? For the same reason that the mother forgives her child—because she loves it. Just as the sun shines on decaying flowers and shrivelled fruit, because it is his nature—the sun, which never asks a question, but says, "If any thing wants to be shined on, let it hold itself up." And so God says, "I will forgive you, for your repeated transgressions." Do you ask what becomes of them? What becomes

of the hasty words you spoke yesterday to her you love? "I don't know where they are," says the wife. "I am sure I do not," says the husband. They are gone. They are sunk to the bottom of her heart. No! not to the bottom, for there she keeps her love. There is only one thing that can be annihilated, and that is wrong-doing to one who loves you.

From a Sermon on Ps. cxvi. 7.

The face of man is a disturbed face. Rest is not with men even at home. It is not with them in the broodings of the night—it comes not with the morning's flush.

As men live, the gratification of one part of the mind is at the expense of another. Our hours are forever quarrelling with each other. The resolutions and desires of to-day—poor things!—to-morrow will hunt them out of your shops and stores.

That narrow and intense moment of the pressure of temptation.

Men are like birds that build their nests in trees that hang over rivers. And the bird sings in the tree-top, and the river sings underneath, undermining and undermining, and in the moment when the bird thinks not, it comes crashing down, and the nest is scattered, and all goes floating down the flood.

If we build to ambition, we are like men who build as before the track of a volcano's eruption, sure to be overtaken and burnt up by its hot lava.

If we build to wealth, we are as those who build upon the ice. The spring will melt our foundations from under us.

Shall we build to earthly affections? If we cannot transfigure those whom we love—if we cannot behold the eternal world shining through the faces of father and mother, of husband and wife—if we cannot behold them all irradiated with the glory of the supernal sphere, it were not best to build for love. Death erects his batteries right over against our homes, and in the hour when we think not, the missile flies and explodes, carrying destruction all around.

Of all impotent creatures, man is the weakest when he tries to conquer and put down himself. It is as when old ocean tries to put down waves with waves; there are no storms such as those which rise when man attempts to conquer his passions.

All men know that they are to live again. But it is another thing to have that blessed truth wafted from heaven, so that it is to us a new truth which no man has ever known before.

There are those in this congregation, I know, who see Heaven more plainly than they do earth, if by plainly, we mean effectively.

We are beleaguered by Time, and parallel after parallel is drawn around us, and then a charge is made, and we see the enemy's flag waving on some outwork. And as the sense of hearing, and touch, and sight fails, and a man finds all these marks of time upon him, oh woe! if he has no Hereafter, as a final Citadel into which to retreat.

Over against every trial I see Christ standing, and I hear Him saying ever with the same voice, which is deep as eternity, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

A select church is a dead church. A church's power consists in its cutting the loaf of society from the top to the bottom.

I think the human heart is like an artist's studio. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, for these are mostly scattered at once, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on his wall. And so you can tell the course of a man's life, not so much by his well-defined purposes, as by the half-formed plans—the faint day-dreams, which are hung in all the chambers of his heart.

CHARACTER AND EXPERIENCES.

This presentation of Mr. Beecher's views and style not only sheds light upon the sources of his attraction as a preacher, but illustrates his originality, independence, and mission, the three things which individualize him. His mind pre-eminently works from its own starting-point, and in its own way. It is essentially creative, and it is singularly free. Before grappling a subject, it strips it from all the accumulated surroundings of past discussion. It builds on no other man's foundation. It inherits the characteristics of Dr. Lyman Beecher's mind; and very descriptive is the Boston division of the human race into the "Good, the Bad, and the Beechers."

Of a man's mission it is as well not to speak till the work is done. Every man has one, though in only a few are the world interested. It is not unlikely that the next generation may speak of Mr. Beecher with more of profound and universal interest; and the Church may, perhaps, regard him with ever-living gratitude. That he is doing a great work of some kind, no one doubts; that he is influencing Humanity more than any other living preacher, no one need to doubt; that both his influence and his actual strength are constantly growing, is manifest. Look for a moment at the facts. Consider first his regular congregation, the largest in the country, so eager in attendance that the annual sale of pews yields $12,000, and probably twice as many might be rented. See, secondly, his audience of from two to three thousand, ever attentive, and even absorbed. Note, thirdly, the church, consisting of nearly eight hundred members, to which additions are made at every communion,—a vigorous, effective, and devoted church, giving practical expression to his views. Mark, fourthly, the boat-loads every Sunday morning and evening from New York, made up of occasional hearers from other congregations, and from the country; for most visitants to New York from east, north, and west, hear him. A New York merchant, whose trade covers the West, states, that a majority of his customers speak at his store of attending Mr. Beecher's church as a part of the trip East. "To hear Beecher" is down on the memorandum. Note, fifthly, that he publishes a weekly "Star" article in the "Inde-

pendent," with its hundred thousand readers, ninety thousand of whom turn to his illumination first; and now and then some publisher issues a book of his, which advertises its —th edition before some journals are awake to its first appearance.

Besides this, sixthly, he speaks at the public dinner, and from the platform, and is reported in the papers. Everybody knows of him. One from New York cannot go to any part of the North or West, even among remote villages and quiet farm-houses, without being catechised about Henry Ward Beecher. There is no good public man whose name is so often in men's mouths, and but few wicked ones.

A resident of the South tells us that New Orleans discusses him equally with New York; and there also rally defenders, as well as assailers. It is manifest that the more he is known the stronger is his hold on the public heart; and prejudices melt before his actual presence and living voice. As illustrative, we knew a party of four Southern gentlemen stopping last year at the St. Nicholas, New York, one of whom was induced to hear him preach. He went with Southern abhorrence, and returned with Northern enthusiasm. He persuaded his three friends to go on the next Sabbath, and the effect was such that they altered their plan of travel, stayed over another week, and, finally, would not leave without an introduction, at which Southern frankness vied in expression with Southern heartiness.

We know of a clergyman who lately came to hear him for the first time. He was for many years a pastor in Eastern Connecticut, is now over seventy years of age, and has always been a zealous advocate for revivals. Indeed, he was associated with Nettleton, and has labored much and effectively in Connecticut as an evangelist at protracted meetings. He is one of those whose faith in the progress of Christianity centres in revivals, and who regards revivals as the definite and sole end of all religious effort. He had been much exercised about Mr. Beecher, lest his preaching was below the Gospel standard, and his influence not conducive to evangelical doctrines.

In his solicitude he came to hear him. Entering the church, not before the usual hour, he found it filled to overflowing, and with difficulty secured a place in the aisle. As the discourse proceeded

he became intensely interested, and finally gave manifest expression to his emotions. After service he met one of the members of the church, a friend of former days, and said in the deliberative style of age, "I came to hear your minister." "Well, how do you like him?" With distinctive emphasis he replied, "He is a *godly man.* Don't you have a *revival* here *all the time?*"

He lectures, also, about eighty times a year in various parts of the country. Then the region round about awakes, and every road pours in its tribute to the overflowing audience. All associations want him. He is overborne by lecture-invitations. Last winter he received five hundred letters on this point alone, and had to employ an assistant to read and answer. As there are few preachers who exchange so seldom, and who so rarely fail to give the weekly religious lecture, it follows that most of these must be declined. When he began to lecture it was not in harmony with his feelings to fix a price; and it was only after two years of argument by his friends, and when a fixed price, and that a high one, was necessary for personal protection, that he consented to it.

He said, "I do not wish to charge fifty or a hundred dollars for speaking one evening: it is not worth it." Indeed, so burdensome had come to be this matter of making arrangements to satisfy Lecture Committees, that last spring the proposal was made by three prominent men of his congregation to take upon themselves the labor and responsibility of arranging where and when he should speak, and of making all the bargains with Associations. His much lecturing is criticised, and there is reason to question whether it is best for a pastor to employ time and thought in this way. But if any one ought, Mr. Beecher is the one, because his resources enable him to do the work of lecturing and preaching, and to do both well. But to those who object on the ground that a minister ought not to earn money, we are free to say that we, on the contrary, like to see good men earn and have money,—they make such good use of it—they scatter it so among the aspiring and the homeless and the outcast of this world. Take Mr. Beecher for an example. His benevolences are without stint. A few Sabbaths ago, for a struggling church in Williamsburg, he preached a sermon which cost his congrega-

tion $2000 and himself $100, and the church was saved. The only difference between paying such a man one hundred or two hundred dollars a night is, that in one case the poor have twice as much as they otherwise would.

Lastly, Mr. Beecher, besides his preaching, lecturing, and writing, has come prominently before the people on three occasions: in his famous extinguishment of John Mitchel; in his publication and defence of "the Plymouth Collection of Hymns," which has stirred the religious community; and in his anti-slavery speech of 1855, which commanded the respect of the best minds of the country, for its fair, sound, and thorough discussion of the prevailing controversy between the North and the South. We heard a distinguished citizen of New England speak of it with surprise, as evidencing such depth and breadth of thought. "It is not only original and keen as we should expect, but it is truly philosophical. It has the profound analysis of Carlyle, with far greater felicity of expression."

Most people concede that he has lively perceptions of truth, picturesqueness of language, heroism of utterance, and brilliancy of imagination; but, with this single exception, he has not demonstrated, outside of his pulpit, his power of broad generalizations and philosophical insight. We hope he will yet do it, and in the form which outlives speech.

But though a profound thinker, he is not technically a profound scholar. He is little versed in the lore of the schools. He is not conversant with other men's thoughts. He is guileless of Hebrew, and in exposition of Scripture rarely deviates from King James's translation. He deals little in exegesis, and little in the comparison and grouping of texts, though this remark would have been more true a year ago, and will be less true a year hence.

Not only in Mr. Beecher's public discourse, is his growing power shown, but in sundry efforts to "put him down," prompted either by misapprehension of his views, by denominational rivalry, or by political persecution. It is superfluous now to particularize these, as they have all ended in the after-regret of some, and the discomfiture of all engaged; while to his friends they have proved a source of exhilaration. It is generally conceded by his opponents that it is

unwise to rouse him. Yet a letter from a distinguished gentleman at the East expresses the sentiment of many: "You have doubtless read Beecher's annihilation of —— ———. Is it not capital? I like the way he has when he gets into a row. He pitches in so lustily. But, after all, he seems to me to have rather an Irishman's love of the shillaleh. And though he always comes out 'first-best,' yet as I see him now, with hat jammed down over his eyes, red and dusty, I must confess he does not look to me altogether clerical."

With such power and such experiences it is not strange that Mr. Beecher knows his strength, as every strong man does; but he also knows his weaknesses, as every strong man does not. Those judge unjustly who call him conceited. Conceit lies either in thinking too highly of self, or in giving undue thought to self. Mr. Beecher does neither. He has the two accompaniments of greatness—self-respect, with self-abnegation. It is beautiful to note how much consideration he has of himself, and how little for himself: Self is not his life-aim, but the Gospel of truth. To this he is consecrated. The greatness of the work has absorbed all the minutiæ of self-promotion. In this he lives, for this he is ready to die. The idea of his saying, after one of his sermons, "Did I not speak well?" is absurd, but rather—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." And this ignoring of self grows as the years go by. "Mortality" is more and more "swallowed up of life."

The American Phrenological Journal has published the following, which is authentic:

"Dr. Lyman Beecher was born at New Haven, Connecticut, October 12th, 1775. All his ancestors were devout and professedly religious men. His great-great-grandfather, John Beecher, was born in Kent county, England, and came to New Haven. His great-grandmother was the daughter of a full-blooded Welsh woman, a Roberts. Thus the blood of the Beechers received a happy mixture of Welsh blood, with its poetry and music, and its insatiable and intolerable love of genealogy; for no Welshman ever lived who had not a clear genealogical turnpike opened up to Adam's very front door-yard. The Beecher blood was dashed with hypochondria. Dr. Beecher himself, his father, and his grandfather, were, in

early life, great sufferers from that cause; but in each case it wore out with years, leaving a serene and cheerful old age. Dr. Beecher's own mother was a Lyman, whose blood was made of champagne, joyous, sparkling, hopeful, and against all rebuff and disappointment hoping still. * * * Henry Ward Beecher is remarkable for the soundness and vigor of his physical constitution. Every bodily organ is strong, and exceedingly active. His vital organs are large, and peculiarly healthy. Only his stomach is in the least degree affected, and that only partially, and occasionally. His lungs are very large, and very fine. He measures under the arms more than one in thousands; and his muscles are uncommonly dense, sprightly, and vigorous. All his motions are quick and elastic, yet peculiarly firm and strong, tossing his body about as if it were as light as a foot-ball—a condition characteristic of distinguished men. He fosters this condition by taking a great amount of physical exercise, and also of rest and recreation. When he does work, he works with his whole might, until his energies are nearly expended, and then gives himself up to sleep, relaxation, and cheerful conversation, perhaps for days together, until, having again filled up the reservoir of life-power, he becomes capable of putting forth another vigorous effort. Mention is made of this fact to call attention to the importance of keeping up a full supply of animal energy. Many men fail just as they are becoming distinguished because of premature exhaustion; whereas, a little husbanding of their strength would have saved them. One of Beecher's cardinal doctrines and practices is to keep his body in *first-rate working order*, just as a good workman keeps his tools well sharpened. The second cardinal point in his character is the unwonted size of his BENEVOLENCE. It is the great phrenological centre of his brain, and towers above every other organ in his head. While most heads rise higher at Firmness than at Benevolence, his rises higher at Benevolence. It is really enormous. Acquisitiveness is almost entirely wanting. He never thinks whether this or that sermon or doctrine will increase or diminish his salary, but simply asks whether it is true. In his first sermon to his present congregation, he told them that they might expect to hear the truth, and the whole truth; that if he thereby curtailed his

salary, curtailed it must be; that he had lived on bread and water, and could do so again; and that all he needed was a bare living, and that he could procure without temporizing. His FIRMNESS is extraordinary. Veneration, though inferior to Benevolence and Firmness, is large, and considerably larger than it was two years ago, while Marvellousness is comparatively wanting. HOPE is unbounded. COMPARISON is the master-element of his mind. LANGUAGE is the second largest intellectual organ. His elocution is peculiarly free and flowing. No one can be at a loss to know exactly what he means, as he has the rare faculty of transferring the full power of his thoughts and feelings into the minds of his hearers and readers. His descriptive powers are rarely equalled, and greatly aided by Imitation and large Ideality, as he is a great mimic. If any living man may properly be called a *child of nature*, and pre-eminently true to that nature, it is H. W. Beecher. Few men are less perverted, or more true to their instincts. In this, more than in any thing else, resides his Samson strength. It gives him simplicity, and, at the same time, strength unequalled by those whose capabilities are much greater."

Mr. Beecher was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1813. He was graduated at Amherst College in 1834. He studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, which was under the direction of his father. He was first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, Indiana, in 1837, where he remained two years. From thence he removed to Indianapolis, the capital of the State. There he remained till accepting the unanimous call of a new Congregational society in Brooklyn, New York. He was installed pastor of the church in October, 1847. His salary at first was $1,500, pledged by three persons, when the church enterprise was an experiment. It is now $4,000, having been gradually advanced without his request. He is now forty-two years of age, and possessed of great physical energy and vitality. He is of medium height, muscular physique, and florid complexion, quick in his movements, and vigorous in his habits. The original formation of his face is sensuous. He would have been, if not spiritually developed, a hearty, yeomanly-looking man. His face now is indicative

of developed soul-power. Humor plays about the mouth; expression flows from the large, full, and swimming blue eye, and intellect is stamped upon the expansive face, and swelling brow and temples. His manners are cordial, frank, unstudied and youthful, which impel people, though strangers, to shake hands with him. His voice is compact, of not wide range, only fair in gentle inflections, but gifted in strength of tone. It never fails to be heard throughout the largest house, and yet is not usually loud, and seldom makes the hearer unpleasantly conscious of its power. He reads well, remarkably well; but not so much from superiority of voice, as from exquisite appreciation and rare naturalness. Hence his reading is free from tone, and his touch of inflection and emphasis is of the nicest. Both voice and face have at times a loving and beautiful expression.

Mr. Beecher is one of a family of thirteen children, ten of whom are living. His mother, Roxana Foote, of Guilford, Connecticut, who died when he was three years old, was one of those endowed women, who, not favored with what some esteem the essential advantages of town culture and range of libraries, was gifted, direct from the abundant bounty of Nature, with the refined tastes, exquisite appreciations, acute intellect, and lofty aspirings which finished education in Literature and Art claims as its exclusive prerogative. She was a natural painter, and not unsuccessful in the practice of the art. Nature was ever an open book, from which she read with irrepressible delight, and flowers were among her beautiful loves. She was a woman of superior expression of face and of commanding presence, and of a manner uniting gentleness with dignity, which invested her with a serene attractiveness; and she inspired an affection which drew nigh to adoration. Her piety was a profound experience, and her spiritual capacities were of that receptive fulness which characterize persons like Madame Guyon, giving intensity to her appreciation of all spiritual truths. Mr. Beecher inherits from his father his ruggedness of strength, but to his mother is he indebted for the poetry, taste, perception of the Beautiful, and sympathetic tenderness which are his gifts.

The other members of the family are, Miss Catharine E. Beecher,

distinguished as an authoress; Rev. William H. Beecher, of Redding, Massachusetts; Edward Beecher, D. D., now settled at Galesburgh, Illinois, author of the "Conflict of Ages;" Mrs. Mary F. Perkins, wife of Thomas C. Perkins, of Hartford, one of the first lawyers of Connecticut; Rev. George Beecher, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1840; Mrs. Harriet E. Stowe, wife of Professor Stowe, of Andover Theological Seminary, and authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Henry Ward, and Rev. Charles Beecher.

Dr. Beecher has had four children by his second wife, Harriet Porter, of Portland, Maine; three of whom are living—Thomas R., a clergyman; Isabella, wife of John Hooker, of Hartford; and James C., a student of theology.

Mr. Beecher was married, in 1837, to Miss Bullard, sister of the late Rev. Dr. Bullard, of St. Louis, who was killed in the railroad accident at Gasconade Bridge, of Rev. Asa Bullard, of Boston, and Rev. E. Bullard, of Royalton, Vermont. He has had nine children, four of whom are living.

He takes his given name from two brothers of his mother, who died young, and were named after their father, Henry Ward; who, it is worthy of note, showed a characteristic independence and principle in declining to receive the rum-rations when an officer in the French and Indian war, at the capture of Louisbourg; and the money, which he received instead, he had made into spoons and marked "Louisbourg," which are still preserved in the family. So that Henry Ward Beecher "comes rightfully" by his temperance principles.

He has made one brief trip to Europe in 1852, and the impression he produced is described in the following spirited paragraph, published in the British Banner, and written, we understand, by Dr. Campbell, an admirable judge of men and of preaching:

"Mr. Henry Ward Beecher is by far the most amusing and fascinating American it has ever been our lot to meet. He is a mass of flaming fire—restless, fearless, brilliant—a mixture of the poet, the orator, and the philosopher, such as we have seldom, if ever,

found in any other man to the same extent. He is vivacious beyond even the temperature of Paris, and mirthful even to wildness, seeming not to know that there is such a thing as care or sorrow in the world!"

With allusion to some happy qualities, and we are done.

1. The summary of Mr. Beecher is health—health of body, of mind, and of heart, with the consequent elasticity, vigor, freshness, and vitality; with firm will and robust affections. His blood flows free and strong, through brain and muscle. He never looks at subjects morbidly; never takes a dyspeptic view of life; is never more solemn than the case demands.

2. Mr. Beecher has what Coleridge speaks of as "the moral accompaniment and actuating principle of genius," which, in the following suggestive sentence, he defines to be "the carrying on of the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood."

3. His sympathy with nature. No note of bird, no sound of water, no sweep of tree, nor wave of grain, nor wild-flower efflorescence, escapes his sense or fails to utter its spiritual meaning. Old ocean's voice, also, and the advancing storm, the distilling dew, and the silent snow, are vocal to his ear of truth, of love, and of all pervading Divinity. This is noticeable somewhat in the "Star Papers," but far more in his sermons.

4. His acute observation of men. He manages to see all classes, to apprehend all varieties of notions and prejudices, to know multiplied experiences, to appropriate manifold expressions, and to get at the core of society and the heart of humanity.

5. He has the characteristic of genius, to see things just as they are and describe just as he sees. Hence his remarkable analyses of character, which strike home to everybody—those life-pictures in which, to most, his fascination lies, and which are probably his forte. Quite as much to an honest scanning of his own mind and heart-workings is this power attributable.

6. His affluence. One can only realize the creative vigor of his genius by repeated hearing. He preaches three sermons a week, two of which are from an hour to an hour and a half long, and yet

he never repeats and never says what is not fresh. It seems impossible to exhaust his resources. Only the wealth of his genius seems greater than the lavishness of its expenditure. In this we know not his equal, in Church or State. He never preaches a sermon that is not remarkable. They have differences of degree and striking contrasts of feature, but are never commonplace, and are usually great.

7. Mr. Beecher is noteworthy for common sense, a gift rare as talent. He never does violence to the universal sense of mankind. He takes along with him the convictions of most, and the sympathies of all. With his manifold Extempore, talking week after week, without notes and without fetters, in pulpit and on platform, of all matters—religious, social, and political, the most exciting and the most familiar—it is a little remarkable that he has said so few indiscreet things, and so few tame things, and that he has rarely distressed an audience by pounding his own fingers instead of the nail-head.

8. His familiar greatness. Most men are greater abroad than at nome. Their best efforts are on special occasions. The opposite is singularly true of Mr. Beecher. His popular lectures and published writings are but the exuberant offshoots of unusual vitality, compared with the depth and reach of his sermons. They are like the escape-steam from a resting locomotive—a necessity, and a beauty too—as, now earthward over meadow and through trees, now heavenward, it rolls and floats away in free, unstudied, buoyant, and fantastic forms. His many-sidedness prevents any comprehension of him by a single lecture. Only on his own platform can he be justly known. There let us regard him. Mark the substantial building up of truth from the rock-foundation; as we follow the progress of the work, note the precise and ramified definitions; observe the constant good sense evincing "that just balance of the faculties which is to the judgment what health is to the body;" enjoy the illustrations, simple, multiplied, and apt; see the life-pictures, artistic and beautiful in their fidelity to nature; hear the denunciation of oppressions and of shams, in contrast with the yearning pathos of loving appeal; prepare for the climax—it is reached; to the platform's end he walks preparingly; muscles harden, and forehead-veins are full—

now it comes, that outburst of impassioned eloquence when "speech is all heart, and heart all speech," when words are interchangeably the manna of the desert, the thunder of the mount, and the meadow's dew; when the Unseen is revealed, and Utterance is the servant of Inspiration; when the hush of Attention is surprised into Emotion, and starting tear responds to quivering lip. We are at the pinnacle, and we see Henry Ward Beecher, as he is. May God keep "his soul from death, his eyes from tears, and his feet from falling!"

In conclusion, we present a phonographic report of one of his extempore prayers, which gives a fair representation of his usual Sabbath ministrations.

"Our souls rejoice, O Thou Blessed One, that we feel ourselves drawn towards Thee, for it is not in *us* to rise; and when our thoughts are all tending with sweet affection towards Heaven, we know that there have been solicitations, and that God hath yearned for us, and sent forth ministering influences to waken love, and lift our souls towards Him. And as the sun doth draw up all vapors, and wreathe the earth round about the mountain-tops therewith, so in Thy high and holy place—yea, up towards Mount Zion above, Thou, with sweet and blessed looking, dost draw forth our affections; and our hearts to-day exhale towards Thee. For though we have not seen Thee, we *know* Thee, Thou Mighty One! Though we have never beheld Thee in outward form and guise, our hearts have taken hold upon Thee. That hand that was pierced for us hath never been laid upon us in our path, nor have those sacred wounded feet crossed our threshold; but that heart, that mind of Thine, the *soul of God*, hath crossed the threshold of our dwellings; and with our hearts, full often, we have had communion with Thee, as friend with friend!

"And in the times of darkness and of temptation, we have wrestled with Thee, even as the Patriarch of old, and Thou hast given us victories, which the tongue may not mention, and which the heart cannot but think of with joy, and everlasting gratitude. In times when affliction seemed to dissolve us,—when our heart was as fruit about to drop from the bough, and there was no more

strength by which to lay hold upon life, Thou hast come, Thou Blessed One! and given strength again to lay hold on life, and to be happy in life, and to rise up above the darkness of personal distress, and the struggle and the conflict of immingled evils.

"Thou hast made us, at times, fearful of dangers; but afterwards Thou hast made us to laugh, as children laugh, when alarmed, and then look back to see that it was but the shaking of a leaf. And when things have seemed to settle around us in darkness, and troubles have come thick upon us, Thou hast lifted us up, and put our feet upon a rock, where there was no tide that could reach, and no wave that could dash, and no flood that could sweep with destroying eddies about us to unsettle our peace, or do us harm in thought or feeling.

"And we have been made masters, that before had been servants to our circumstances. We have been able to stand undaunted, and to beat back troubles that came upon us. Thou hast lifted us up from sorrows, from violence, from unexpected evil. When periods of dismay have come—drifting in upon us like diffused mists, cold and chill,—those days of doubt, when we could see nothing—when the pall of silence lay upon every thing, then Thou hast likewise manifested Thyself unto us. Thou hast given us, at last, a sweet patience to stand still, *and to wait;* and we have found that waiting by Thy side is better than running alone; and that to be empty and weak, *for Christ's sake*, is better than to be full for our own sake.

"We rejoice that Thou hast, in a thousand ways, manifested Thyself to us,—in all the variations and moods of sorrow, of suffering, of discouragement; of grief that rent our hearts; of troubles foreboded, but which did not come.

"We thank Thee that Thou hast manifested Thyself to us in all the *desires* and *yearnings* of our hearts. We have looked out upon life with feelings sometimes of joy, and then with a sweet sadness, because, after all, there was so little in it, that brightness grew dim, almost before it had flashed its brightness forth; and we have been glad of it.

"We thank Thee that Thou hast addressed Thyself to us by our nobler thoughts, and redeemed the world itself from emptiness, and

given it back to us crowned and glorified. Thou hast made the things that are round about us—the very flowers that perish, the leaves that wither and drop away, the changes of the season—all are made to be Thy teachers and preachers to our souls.

"But these things alone do not content us; for they are the things of the lower life, and we have yearned for that which we have not. We have had divine incitements; we have had blessed inspirations; when all that we knew seemed so fragmentary, and all that we were so exceedingly little and less than fragmentary; when we have felt that our affections were so cold and ignoble; when especially, from a thought of our own ungratefulness and selfishness and pride, we have turned to the bright vision of Thy love—so sweet, so lasting, so deep, so gentle, so delicate beyond all expression from human tongue; when we have seemed to ourselves to be so coarse, so low, so ignoble, that we scarcely could lift up our eyes unto Thee! But Thou, O Blessed One! hast been pleased to look upon us—out of the brightness and radiance of Thine own perfections. Out of the depth and purity and sweetness of Thine own love, Thou hast looked forgivingly upon our rudeness and our hollowness, our pride, our selfishness, our jealousy, and hast uttered to our soul promises that we should not always be thus,—that *if we would have faith, Thou wouldst have patience;* and that Thou wouldst bring us onward and upward, step by step, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day!

"Lord Jesus, Thou wilt not forsake one word which Thou hast ever uttered. Thou wilt not betray one single hope or expectation in our hearts which Thou hast ever suggested; and all which Thou hast promised Thou wilt not only do, but exceeding abundantly more. Thou wilt outrun our most fruitful conceptions; Thou wilt be more gentle than our heart has felt in its most raptured moments; Thou wilt be more patient than our utmost conception of patience; Thou wilt be more full of love and goodness than our loftiest aspirations.

"We rejoice that there is in Thee such infinite goodness, and such height, and length, and breadth, and depth of mercy. Still, we are not *willing* to be sinful, or low, or ignorant, or poor, because of Thy goodness; though we have a strange wonder of gladness that we

are weak, because it sets forth to us such glories in Thee, Thou nourishing God! patient with us, as a nurse is patient with her children! Yea, Thou hast Thyself declared, that the mother shall forget her nursing child sooner than Thou wilt forget those whom Thou dost love! We take the promise which is in Thy declaration, and we set it against the darkness of time and trouble, and weighing down of heart with sadness, and we lift ourselves, by this divine help, above them all. When we stand under the darkest cloud, we see the bow of promise; and we know that God will not suffer the soul to be overwhelmed by any deluge.

"And now, may we have these bright days more frequently, so that their shining may cast a twilight into the dark days that intervene. As they that watch in the night shall behold the growing light of morning reaching up the hill-sides, mounting the highest cliffs, and coming down upon the valleys beyond, so mayest Thou who watchest for us see that the light of hope, and the glory of God, is more and more perfectly enwrapping our whole experience. For it is Thy work, blessed Saviour: we are being fashioned by Thy hand, and for Thy sake, as well as for our own. Thou art yet to present us before the throne of Thy Father spotless; and heaven is to resound with acclamations of gladness for our sake, and for Thy sake.

"Thou, Lord Jesus! Thou who art mighty over all things, and with whom we are fellow-heirs, we rejoice that in all the things which we ask for ourselves there is also Thine own interest, and Thine own joy and glory, enwrapped!

"Now we beseech of Thee that Thou wilt speak peaceably unto every heart in Thy presence this morning, according to our various necessity. If there be those here that do not know their own trouble, but only know that they are troubled,—*Thou knowest*, and Thou canst enter in, and make the darkest chamber of their heart serene with light and peace!

"We beseech of Thee that Thou wilt sustain those who are bearing the pressure of affliction. Thou Thyself didst bear affliction for them. Thou wert *acquainted* with grief. And may they look up, while their tears flow, into the face of Him who wept, who lived, who suffered, who died for them and for their consolation.

"Grant Thy blessing to those who are suffering the bafflings and trials of poverty, in straitened circumstances. Lord, are they poorer than Thou wert, who hadst not where to lay Thy head? Yet so far as is consistent with their good, alleviate their trouble. Raise them up friends, and comforts of life.

"Bless all those that are tried in their worldly affairs; who, in whatever way they turn, find fears prevailing. Will the Lord be gracious unto them, that they may not think their life consisteth in the abundance of the things which they possess. May they feel that the things of this life, and all the troubles that harass it, quickly pass away; and may they also feel that they are not in any wise ruined or overturned. May they lay up their treasure where no misfortune may ever assail. May they believe in Him who is rich beyond all bankruptcy!

"We beseech of Thee that Thou wilt be very near to all that are in doubt of mind, and are perplexed in their thoughts and belief of things religious. Do Thou teach them the greatest of all truth—how to *love God*, and how to diffuse it upon men. And may they at last find encouragement in this, that Thou art their God.

"We beseech of Thee that to all those who are in the trust of this life's prosperities, who are surrounded with friends and comforts, and who have been blest abundantly, Thou wilt grant humility, that they may not become proud, or hard and unfeeling towards those who are less successful and skilful than they; and by so much as they are above them, may they see to it, not only that they use their goods for the benefit of the world, but hearts and minds for the benefit of their fellow-men.

"Be near to strangers in our midst, whose hearts yearn for those who have been wont to worship with them. Will the Lord bring them by faith very near. And as they meet at the foot of the Cross, may they consciously be united to all who love the Lord Jesus, and whom they love.

"Diffuse the blessings of the Gospel over all the earth. May slavery cease; may war cease; may intemperance cease; may *justice* reign, and *love* upon justice; and may the whole earth be filled with the glory of God! We ask it for Christ's sake. AMEN."

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS,

THE BAPTIST PREACHER.

"There is one body, and one Spirit, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all."

*More than twenty years ago, we remember reading, in the American Baptist Magazine, a biographical sketch of Rev. John Williams, who had removed to this country from Wales, and was for many years pastor of the Baptist Church in Oliver-street, New York. The article arrested our attention by the purity and grace of its style, and the brilliancy of its tone, and we felt that we were in contact with a mind on which God had set the unmistakable impress of genius. It was written, we learned, by Mr. William R. Williams, then a lawyer, recently admitted to the New York bar, and was a tribute of filial piety to the virtues of a beloved and justly honored parent. We hope that this memoir may yet grace some future edition of the Miscellanies. Not far from this time, at the call of his brethren, and under the irresistible convictions of his own soul, Mr. Williams exchanged his profession of law for the ministry of the Gospel, and entered upon that work in connection with the same Church that has ever since enjoyed the privilege of his ministrations. From that time, by the singular purity and excellence of his personal character, by the depth and fervor of his piety, by the rich exuberance of his varied talents, by the wide range of his reading and erudition, he has steadily advanced to an eminent

* For this valuable sketch of the character and style of Dr. Williams, we are indebted to Professor A. C. Kendrick, D. D., of Rochester.

and honored place in the religious body to which he is attached, and has taken an undisputed rank among the first preachers and religious writers of the age. He has attained a reputation in which every Baptist may feel a just pride, as an additional evidence that Baptist principles are not, as some have supposed, necessarily connected, either in their origin or tendency, with ignorance and dulness.

Indeed, the literary fortunes of the Baptist denomination have been not a little remarkable. Its eminently scriptural and simple church polity, its unswerving adherence to the New Testament ordinances, its uniform assertion of the doctrine of religious freedom, have often coexisted with a degree of humbleness and illiterateness on the part of its members, which naturally excited the contempt of those influential sects that filled the places of worldly power, and presided over the institutions and means of education. Yet, while the great mass of its adherents have been plain and unlearned, it has produced a few names of the very first distinction, and sufficient of themselves to redeem it from the reproach of intellectual barrenness. We pass over the name of Milton, who, though a Baptist in the peculiar doctrines which separate Baptists from other evangelical communions, dissented from them all in some important tenets of scriptural faith. We pass over, too, a multitude of lesser, but highly respected names in the literary annals of our denomination. We point now only to the names of Bunyan, Fuller, Hall, Foster, Wayland, and Williams, as a constellation of genius, learning, and piety, which sheds a brilliant lustre on our denominational history. To distinguish and characterize the separate stars in this constellation—to portray at length the features of these eminent men—is a task beyond our powers, as it is aside from our present purpose. Bunyan, unfurnished with the lore of the schools, but profoundly taught in the mysteries of faith; homely in style, but pouring forth from a warm heart and a fervid imagination a torrent of pure, racy, masculine English; and by the suffrage, not only of the greatest literary critic of our day, but of the whole commonwealth of letters, taking his place alongside of the author of Paradise Lost, as one of the "two great creative" minds of the

latter half of the seventeenth century:—Fuller, as great in the development of doctrinal, as Bunyan was of experimental Christianity; wholly unambitious of rhetorical embellishment, almost insensible to the mere pleasures of taste, but master of a style simple, perspicuous, and dignified, and perfectly adapted to the weighty and profound truths of which it was always the vehicle:—Hall, splendid, graceful, and majestic, with a large and various erudition, and a thorough intellectual training; master alike of the sternest weapons of logic, and "the dazzling fence of rhetoric;" in style, combining the sweetness of Addison with the sublimity of Burke; moving with easy and colossal tread through the highest regions of thought, and only prevented by a taste, delicate even to fastidiousness, from rising continually to the very loftiest heights of imaginative eloquence:—Foster, rugged, gloomy, and original; always "putting a new face upon things;" always diving down to the depths, and laying bare the inmost anatomy of man's moral nature; utterly regardless of the mere melodies of style, but expressing himself with the most admirable precision, and clothing his thoughts in words and images of such picturesqueness and beauty, and in sentences of such clumsy construction, that Hall happily characterized them as "lumbering wagons, loaded with gold:"—Wayland, the expounder of the principles of Moral Obligation, and of the Science of Christianity; clear, exact, and searching in analysis; penetrating to the very heart of his subject, and enunciating its ultimate principles in a style of transparent clearness and classical purity and elegance, and not unfrequently rising to strains of eloquence, which show us

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost;"

how splendid an imagination has been reined in, and controlled by a severely chastised taste, and a predominating habit of metaphysical analysis:—and finally, Williams, sweeping along in a strain, of which we scarcely know which most to admire, the fertility and vigor of the thought, or the wealth of the illustration and beauty of the imagery. These are names which represent a treasure, intellectually and morally, of extraordinary value; a contribution to

the literature of our denomination and our language which we cannot contemplate without pleasure and pride.

The works of these men should be on the shelves of every intelligent Baptist. He will find them a library in themselves, guiding him into almost every department and domain of religious thought. We are aware that, in the case of Hall and Foster, the benefit of the perusal, owing to their peculiar mental constitution and circumstances, is not without some drawbacks to ordinary minds. Neither was eminent as a theologian. Hall, conscious of splendid abilities, only came gradually into a full recognition, and under the complete sway of the doctrines of grace, and on the subject of communion his works advocate views at variance with the prevailing Baptist usages in this country. Foster was, in temperament, saturnine and gloomy; remote in his habitual subjects of thought from the ordinary range of Christian experience, and on that of future punishment, allowing himself, tremblingly, indeed, in a latitude of speculation, which, consistently carried out, would go far to sap the foundations of evangelical faith. Still, these views by no means pervade his writings; and after making all allowance for whatever was peculiar in the talents and temperament of these extraordinary men, we repeat the expression of our wish, that the writings, so far as accessible, of all these lights of the Church, may be found on the shelves, and often in the hands, of every one who owns the Baptist name. They are at present, we believe, read more extensively without the pale of our denomination than within it. We would not narrow the circle of their influence; we would rather enlarge it, by bringing them into closer familiarity with those who are the more immediate heirs of their treasures of pious thought and consecrated eloquence.

Of the noble list above enumerated, four sleep with the sainted and honored dead. Bunyan finished his testimony amidst the stormy times of the English Revolution. Fuller died in 1815, after a life of surpassing activity and usefulness. Hall, just twenty years ago, exchanged a life of almost perpetual agony for the rest of heaven; and only very recently his friend, Foster, has gone down to the tomb full of honors and of years. Wayland and Williams are

among us in the vigor and maturity of their powers, ornaments and pillars of our American Zion. We shall incur no charge of exaggeration in placing their names alongside of those of the illustrious dead. Their writings, comparatively limited in quantity, are of a value which stamps them as classics in the language. They are living—they are among us—they are our own; and we must be permitted for a few moments longer to hold their names in juxtaposition. In the cast and structure of their minds they are, indeed, widely different. Dr. Wayland, although an accomplished scholar, makes, we presume, no pretention to the almost unlimited range of erudition which characterizes his younger contemporary. Dr. Williams, although a vigorous and original thinker, would readily yield the palm to Dr. Wayland in respect to the power and habits of close logical reasoning and analysis. Dr. Wayland is a sound scholar, and a distinguished thinker; Dr. Williams is a sound thinker, and a distinguished scholar. Dr. Wayland illustrates but sparingly from history, but always with great propriety and effect; Dr. Williams almost overwhelms us with the affluence of his historical illustrations. In Dr. Wayland, the metaphysical element predominates over the rhetorical; in Dr. Williams, the rhetorical and imaginative are more conspicuous than the metaphysical. Dr. Wayland seeks to present truth in its most abstract and general expression; Dr. Williams to embody it in some striking incident or image. The style of the two is as widely diverse as their modes of thinking. That of Dr. Wayland has the advantage in perspicuity, simplicity, and classical finish and elegance; that of Dr. Williams excels in the abundance with which it pours fourth beautiful thought and imagery, careless of graces, and yet perpetually snatching graces beyond the reach of art. A page of Dr. Wayland is an English landscape, chastened by tasteful cultivation into severe beauty and regulated fertility; a page of Dr. Williams is an American forest—a wilderness of untamed magnificence and beauty. Dr. Wayland reminds us of a Grecian temple, wrought of the most precious materials into the most perfect symmetry and proportion; Dr. Williams, of a Gothic cathedral, gorgeous in its manifold decorations, resounding with organ melodies, and clustering with the solemn associations of the Middle Ages.

Both are far from being mere men of the closet. Both are "men of thought and men of action;" men of ready practical, as well as of profound theoretical wisdom. Both have not only plenty of bullion dug out from the mines of thought, and stored up in the capacious chambers of their intellects, but (what many great men have not) plenty of change for the ordinary currency of life. Both have a constant and keen eye upon the great moral and political changes which are going forward in society; and while, on the whole, decidedly conservative in their principles, have a warm and deep sympathy with every movement which tends to the world's disenthralment and elevation. Both exert a powerful influence in our religious organizations and deliberative assemblies. The noble and majestic form of Dr. Wayland enforces the sentiments of wisdom which he so eloquently utters; the slender frame and shrinking modesty of Dr. Williams lend an indescribable charm to the rich melodies of thought and speech that tremble from his tongue, and seem to gush in a resistless torrent from his soul.

From the pens of both, the American Church has yet much to hope and to expect. We should regard it as a great calamity to the cause of letters and religion, should either lay aside his pen before giving us many more of the fruits of his large experience and matured powers. Dr. Williams is understood to be accumulating materials for a work, to which the wishes of his brethren have long destined him—the preparation of a history of the Church, in special connection with that of his own denomination. May God spare his life to bring the work to a happy completion! Dr. Wayland has published the biography of that apostle of Modern Missions, the late Dr. Judson. No more appropriate designation could have been made. It was fitting that such a Christian scholar should commemorate the deeds of such a Christian hero; that he whose sermon on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise, thrilled and fired, in the infancy of that enterprise, the heart of the Church universal, and did more than any other single cause to enthrone it in the respect and admiration of the civilized world, should record the achievements, and delineate the character, of him in whom, of all modern men, the sublimity of the missionary principle has been the most perfectly embodied.

But it is time to turn to the more immediate subject of our present paper. It is matter of just congratulation to the public, that Dr. Williams has at length come forward with a more formal claim upon its attention, than in the occasional single discourses which he had previously published. We rejoice that he has taken his place distinctly in the field of religious authorship. Such as have had the privilege of sharing his private intercourse, and of listening to him in meetings of business and debate, have known that the productions of his pen, the noble discourses which he has laid before the public, were little more than specimens of the habitual products of his mind. We have heard him on topics that sprung up casually in the turn of a debate, where all previous preparation was precluded, give utterance, on the spur of the moment, to an argument as complete and compact, couched in language as finished and graceful, and at once adorned and enforced by as ample a fund of illustration, as are, perhaps, to be met even in his more elaborate discourses.

Indeed, nothing in Dr. Williams is more striking than his uniform and complete command of his powers; the promptness and dexterity with which he marshals, and, with the speed of light, concentrates his intellectual resources. It seems as if that capacious memory had gathered every fact in the wide domain of art and science, and more especially of sacred, civil, and literary history, and held them all in perfect subordination, ready in an instant to accumulate their whole force on the point to be defended or assailed. Dr. Williams's mind has no every-day and Sunday dress. He is not, like Goldsmith, common-place in conversation, but brilliant with the pen. He is rather like Goldsmith's celebrated and gigantic contemporary, Johnson, whose ordinary conversation conveyed lessons of not inferior wisdom, and couched in language of purer and more nervous eloquence, than his writings. In Johnson, and probably in Robert Hall, the advantage in sententious energy was on the side of their extemporaneous efforts. The mind of neither was sufficiently simple and self-oblivious to be entirely natural, when consciously approaching the great tribunal of the public. Williams is Williams everywhere. His intellect is too active and rapid not to do itself justice on the most ordinary occasions; while he is too thoroughly absorbed

in his subject to let the fear of criticism influence his more elaborate performances. We have no great respect for Boswell. Macaulay tells us that it was not merely in spite, but because of his being one of the most despicable men that ever lived, that he produced one of the best biographies that were ever written. But we almost wish Dr. Williams could be *Boswellized*. There are few men, we think, the every-day effusions of whose intellect would yield so rich a banquet of wisdom.

Were we to attempt an analysis of Dr. Williams's characteristics as a writer, we should assign the first place to the eminent spirituality and devotion evinced in his works; not merely to their uniform recognition of, but their thorough baptism in, the great truths of evangelical religion. The Gospel, as a scheme for man's redemption and a code of human duty, reigns supreme in his affections, and he bows to the sway of its truths his whole intellectual and moral nature. Few writers bring out in greater richness, the glorious doctrines of the Gospel; and fewer still unfold so fully their bearing on all the duties, relations, and interests of men. Dr. Williams is a theologian; but we think not strictly a metaphysical theologian. He holds, we doubt not, a clearly-defined and well-adjusted system of Scripture doctrines, and is well read in the theology of our own and of former times. But the form under which he loves to contemplate divine truth, is not that of a system of abstract dogmas, bound together by logical affinities, but of practical principles, pervading the affairs, and controlling the destinies of men; the pivots around which human society revolves; the grand nervous network distributed through the entire social body, and bringing it into vital contact with the Supreme and Infinite Mind. In the light of religious truth, he contemplates all the facts of human history and human life; and with great freedom and justness brings religious principles to bear on every department of human action. In all the changes of society, he sees but the evidences of a God honored or disobeyed; of moral principle heeded or trampled under foot.

Another feature of Dr. Williams's writings is the extensive reading and erudition which they display. His varied and universal knowledge, like the gold of California, crops out at every point, and forces

itself forth in an unfailing opulence of illustration and imagery. There is, indeed, no parade of learning. Although a scholar from the cradle, and thoroughly versed both in the original languages of Scripture and in the languages and literature of Modern Europe, yet he rarely puts himself before the public in the attitude, or with the pretensions, of a scholar. Yet every page teems with the evidences of a richly-stored mind; of a mind that has gathered its treasures not merely in the ordinary and beaten walks of knowledge, but in regions which only few minds enter, and still fewer thoroughly explore. Dr. Williams's acquaintance with history—a study of which he seems peculiarly fond—is equally comprehensive and profound. To adopt his own striking figure, he is equally ready to do battle with the enemy at the gates, and to shift his ground to the graves of the Fathers and the monuments of the old past. We know of no religious writer of our times, unless it be Isaac Taylor, nor of any secular writer except Macaulay, who revels in so rich a store of knowledge respecting all the great movements and aspects of the church and the world, both in our own and former times. The most obscure and recondite epochs and sections of church history, he seems thoroughly to have explored. The whole cycle of changes through which infidel philosophy has passed, its scoffing, its speculative, its scientific, its transcendental, and its socialist aspects—with all he seems equally familiar, and against all he levels his powerful artillery.

This affluence of illustration, especially of historical illustration, imparts to the pages of Dr. Williams a very marked character. Names which rarely appear in pulpit discourses, the names of philosophers, statesmen, poets, infidels, as well as of Patriarchs, Apostles, and Fathers of the Church, are of constant recurrence in his writings. In this, we think, he judges wisely. There is, we believe, a prevailing prejudice in our churches against the introduction, to any considerable extent, of names and incidents from secular history; and some clergymen systematically confine all their historical references within the limits of the Sacred Narratives. Whatever may be the origin of this prejudice, we are convinced that it is a prejudice, and that our educated preachers would add to the freshness and interest

of their discourses by bringing them into contact at a larger number of points with human life, and especially by widening their range of historical illustration. We grant that no uninspired narrative can rival, in importance and interest, those of the Sacred record. We grant that there is probably no principle of truth and duty of which they do not somewhere furnish an illustration. But so does the Lord's Prayer surpass in weight and fulness of meaning, any supplication ever breathed from human lips, and enfolds in some one of its clauses the substance of every aspiration which the human heart can utter to its God. With just as much propriety, therefore, might we cast all our supplications into the mould furnished by the great Author of prayer, as circumscribe our lessons of instruction from the Divine Government, whether in or out of the pulpit, by that narrow, though pregnant section of it comprised within the Sacred Narratives. Take the periods from which Dr. Williams draws some of his most impressive illustrations: The Epoch of the Protestant Reformation; the period of English history which witnessed the conflict between the stern piety of the Puritan, and the brilliant profligacy of the Cavalier; the age of riotous infidelity, which found its culminating point and fitting climax in the horrors of the French Revolution. These periods approach near to our own day. They fostered principles and originated states of society, of which we yet feel the influence. And shall not the teacher of religion be permitted to single out from these and other periods, such striking examples as may, either by conformity or contrast, enforce the great truths which he delivers? Studying the Lord's Prayer, teaches us how to pray. Studying the history of the Bible, teaches us how to read all history; furnishes the key with which we are to unlock its secrets; the light in which we are to decipher and interpret the otherwise inexplicable hieroglyphics—the Menes and Tekels—the words of fate and doom which the finger of God's providence inscribes on the palace-walls of empires.

We are aware of the necessary conditions of our recommendation. He who would illustrate from history, must *know* history, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. If ministers made themselves at home in any branch or section of history, they could not refrain

from allusions to it on befitting occasions. Here is one of the strong points of Dr. Williams: he has studied the chronicles of former times, until he lives in the past, as other men live in the present. He has but to start an idea, and names and facts come clustering round it to bring it within the recognized sphere of human experience, to give it at once life and confirmation. He has read history, not only deeply, but in the devout spirit of a Christian. With him, practically as well as theoretically, the God of Nature, of Providence, and of Revelation, is one God; and wherever he sees the footprints of that Glorious Being—wherever he sees a blessing following obedience to Him, and disobedience linked to its inevitable curse, he does not hesitate to seize and hold up the lesson.

But wide as has been Dr. Williams's reading, large as is his stock of erudition, it has not overlaid and smothered his powers of original and independent thinking. His writings display everywhere an intellect equally active and vigorous; a mind that makes its own observations, that draws its own conclusions, and uses its large stores of information, not as substitutes, but materials for thought. His mind never rests upon the surface of his facts, but pierces below to the principle which they embody; and it is in illustration of that principle that they marshal themselves on his page. We will not say that his historical facts do not sometimes mislead him; that an illustration does not sometimes impose itself upon him as an argument; and that sometimes his mind does not seem to be overburdened by his multifarious acquisitions. It would be strange, indeed, if such were not the case. Yet rarely, we think, is learning so various accompanied by original powers of so high an order. Rarely are large treasures of intellectual wealth so little oppressive to their possessor. Rarely is an intellectual armor so heavy and complete, adjusted so perfectly to its wearer, and borne and wielded with so much ease.

But along with a large fund of knowledge and powers of thinking of a high order, Dr. Williams's writings evince an uncommonly brilliant and fervid imagination. This fuses and blends into harmony all his powers and acquisitions, imparts to his pages, ever, fresh life and interest, and causes them to teem with the most strik-

ing and beautiful imagery. Indeed, Dr. Williams thinks in metaphor; his figures are not after-thoughts, superinduced upon his style of illustration or embellishment; they are wrought into the very texture of his thought; they are the form, the body, which it naturally and almost necessarily assumes. We must be permitted to string together a few of those pearls of imagery with which his writings abound. We take them almost at random. In the Miscellanies (p. 6), he says of Literature, that "it is the Nilometer on whose graded scale we read not merely the height to which the rushing stream of the nation's intellect has risen, or the degree to which it has sunk, but also the character and extent of the harvests yet to be reaped in coming months along the whole course of these waters."

The following, from Religious Progress (p. 48), is a beautiful specimen at once of historical illustration and bold metaphor. The "roll-call of the dead" is a conception which belongs to the noblest class of imagery:

"Those who have attained, are honored, and presented as patterns and incentives for the emulation of those who come after. 'Being dead, they yet speak.' It was a touching memorial to their comrade, the warrior of Breton birth, La Tour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, as he was called, when after his death, his comrades insisted that, though dead, his name should not be removed from the rolls: it was still regularly called, and one of the survivors as regularly answered for the departed soldier: 'Dead on the field.' The eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is such roll-call of the dead. It is the register of a regiment, which will not allow death to blot names from its page, but records the soldiers who have, in its ranks, won honorable graves and long-abiding victories."—P. 48.

"As Geology scratches the rind of our globe, some are hoping to dig up and fling out before the nations a contradiction to the oracles of the earth's Creator; and to find a birth-mark on the creature that shall impeach the truth of its Maker's registers as to its age and history."—P. 21.

"Faith does not assume to dissect away the Divine Justice from

the Divine Mercy. It was a fraudulent claimant to the sacred title of mother, who at the throne of Solomon, asked the division of the living child. And it is but a spurious faith, and a forged Christianity, that would hew apart, at the foot of the Mercy-seat, the living Christ, and taking His grace, leave His holiness."—P. 47.

"Man has capacities and aspirations that the earthly, the perishable, the finite, and the sinful can never satisfy. In tenderness to our race, God commands them to seek in Himself, in the knowledge of His nature and will, and in communion with Him, those enjoyments that naught lower and less than Himself can furnish. We can easily conceive, in the lower orders of creation, how unhappy it were that a being of higher endowments and long duration, should be decreed to mate with, and hang upon one of much inferior nature and of shorter date than itself. If, for instance, the aloe, the plant of centuries, were fated to be the appendage and parasite of the ephemeron, the insect of a day, it would be doomed virtually to early and lonely widowhood by the untimely decay of its idol, and the perfect inadequacy and early rottenness of its appointed prop. The soul, with its unrenounceable immortality, and its infinite aspirations, is such plant of the long centuries, an aloe of the eternities beyond this world. Did God permit man to accept as supreme standard, and object, and end, aught finite, mortal, and imperfect, it would be mating this, His creature, to inevitable disappointment and boundless misery."—P. 51.

The style of Dr. Williams is in harmony with the above characteristics; it is always racy, vigorous, and eloquent, with a certain quaintness and tinge of the antique, in which we discern the writer's familiarity with the authors of the seventeenth century. Not that it bears any marks of formal imitation; its beauties, and they are great, and its faults, which are not wanting, are all his own. There is nothing stereotyped, nothing common-place; his mind shakes itself free from all conventional superficialities, strikes into the heart of the subject, and as it pursues its unbeaten way, turns up perpetually new and striking beauties of diction and imagery. Of our author it may be emphatically said, "*nil quod tetigit non ornavit*,"—

he adorns whatever he teaches. The most common-place theme opens into richness beneath his handling; the most common-place thought starts into beauty beneath the magic of his pen. His style has great breadth, variety, and power. In the richness and warmth of its coloring—in the fulness and loftiness of its march—in its occasional irregularities and negligence of the minor graces of expression, it reminds us of Chalmers, between whose mind and that of Dr. Williams there are some strong points of analogy. His words are felicitously chosen, or rather, they hardly seem to be chosen at all, but gush spontaneously forth as the natural and appropriate embodiment of the thought. They have great freedom and freshness, and in their imaginative and picturesque character, they remind us of the quality which Macaulay ascribes to Milton, and which is also eminently characteristic of Foster. They are *charmed* words. They suggest to the imagination more than they convey directly to the intellect. They open far-reaching vistas, through which the mind looks out on either side of that luminous track along which the author is conducting it.

The faults of Dr. Williams's style are closely allied to his excellences. It would probably be objected to as too ornate, too prolific of imagery. His mind is a tropical region, in which fruits and flowers of extraordinary beauty are poured forth even in rank luxuriance. The mind of the reader sometimes asks the repose of a diction more simple and severe. Such, however, is the constitution of Dr. Williams's mind: he could not change it if he would; and we neither expect nor wish that he should make the attempt. Had Burke or Chalmers been asked to rein in, and bring down to a somewhat juster level, their sweeping and majestic march of diction, and to chasten into perfect taste their exuberant and gorgeous imagery, they would probably have disregarded the requirement; or, in attempting compliance, would have sacrificed far higher excellences than they would have gained. Many spots that dim their lustre would have been removed, but the lustre itself would have gone with them. We should have had abundance of correctness, but we should not have had Burke and Chalmers. Style is inseparably allied to thought—it is the image and expression of the writer's mind;

and to ask any radical change in it, is to ask a radical revolution in his modes of thinking.

What we would ask from Dr. Williams is, a more frequent "turning of the style," a greater severity in the work of revision. Let him "write with fury," but correct with somewhat more of "phlegm." Subjects so important as those which he discusses, thoughts so weighty as those which he utters, are worthy of being put forth in the very best form which he can bestow upon them. Some of his productions bear the marks of haste; the structure of the sentences is not unfrequently negligent and ungraceful—sometimes obscure—and sometimes clogged by repetitions. A sentence is not unfrequently drawn out by the addition of clauses, which would much better form a new and independent construction. We might give many examples of these blemishes, especially from the Discourses on Religious Progress, but we think it unnecessary. We will merely cite one or two from his works indiscriminately. On the first page of the Miscellanies we have the sentence: "You know how the physical condition of a people may remain unchanged, whilst the moral condition of a people is deteriorating rapidly and fatally." The repetition of "of a people," here strikes us as ungraceful. So in the sentence but one immediately preceding: "Acting on the homes of a land—it must send out its waters—over the length and breadth of our goodly land;" the construction is certainly wanting in unity and compactness. On page 38 of "Religious Progress," the sentence commencing, "Nay, in your own hearts," furnishes an instance of hasty and even inaccurate construction. Constructions, like the following, occasionally occurring, we cannot approve: "Till the Sabbath was stript of its legitimate honors, of its sanctities not only, but of its decencies even." The phrase, "far as," for "as far as," appears frequently in these pages. It is admissible in poetry, but in prose is inelegant, except in the sense of "however far," which is not our author's mode of using it. Our author is also unmerciful in his use of the conjunction "and," in an enumeration of particulars, as A, and B, and C. We need hardly say, that in respect to this there are three classes of constructions: first, the *asyndeton*, or entire omission of the connecting particle; second, its omission between all

the terms of the series, except the two last; and, finally, its insertion between them all. The second of these is the ordinary construction. The first is favorable to condensed energy, and is in frequent use with Demosthenes. The last is occasionally proper for rhetorical amplification, or for detaining the members of the series under the mind of the reader. Dr. Williams's use of it is sometimes very striking; but he employs it, on the whole, so constantly and indiscriminately, as frequently to encumber his sentences, and deprive the figure of nearly all its legitimate effect.

One more, of these little matters, and we dismiss them. The style of Dr. Williams is highly figurative, and often has a tinge of the poetic. To this we make no objection; it is the secret, doubtless, of much of its fascination. We might, indeed, express our surprise that a mind so poetically constituted, so fertile in poetic diction and imagery, should so rarely give to its thoughts the garb of poetical quotation. We scarcely remember to have met half a dozen citations from the poets in the whole range of his works, hardly more than are to be found in the single discourse on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise. How much poetical taste and feeling Dr. Williams may have smothered beneath the heavy tomes of patristic and Jesuitical lore, we do not know; but we rather think that Burns and Shakspeare are more frequently in the hands of the metaphysical President than of the imaginative Divine. We merely glance at the fact as a little curious; as showing how qualities, apparently uncongenial, are often found united; how the flowers of poesy (whose presiding genius is imagination) may sometimes leave a soil teeming with the luxuriance of a fervid fancy, to shed their sweets and blossoms over the colder regions of metaphysics. But this was not the point of our present remark. We were going merely to object to his frequent use of certain words, which we believe are ordinarily interdicted to the writer of prose, and claimed as the peculiar heritage of the poets. Among these are "oft," for "often;" "ere," for "before;" and, in most cases, "aught" and "naught," for "any thing" and "nothing." Dr. Williams would not use the poetic "morn" and "eve," for "morning" and "evening;" and, to us, the words above cited seem but little better. We think the substitution of the cus-

tomary prose forms, in these and kindred cases, would give to his style more manliness and dignity.

But we will have done with this minute criticism. We are sure Dr. Williams will not regard it as unkindly meant. The faults which we speak of here, spring partly from haste, partly from too great an indifference to mere matters of language, and partly, we think, from the character of the author's studies, which have often led him into regions remote from the walks of elegant literature, fields on which the dews of Castaly have never been distilled. These blemishes affect mainly the embroidery, not the substance of his style. They are such as, with his nice ear and delicate appreciation of the beautiful, a little attention would easily remove, leaving his works the gainer far more than in proportion to the labor expended. Were his writings of less intrinsic excellence, we should feel less solicitude on this point; but they are destined to become, or rather already have taken their place among our religious classics, and will convey their lessons of theoretical and practical godliness to increasing thousands in coming generations. In proportion, then, to their intrinsic value, and the extent and elevation of the sphere which they are destined to fill, is our desire that they should be freed from every thing that may impair their beauty, or hinder their usefulness. According to the preciousness of the substance, we would have the perfection of the form. The finish of the work should correspond with the richness of the material. Our appeal in this matter is not merely to Dr. Williams's regard for his literary reputation: it rests on higher considerations. Thousands are affected by beauties or faults of composition, who never analyze their mental processes, and are totally unable to explain the cause of their emotions. A perspicuous, transparent style, like a pure atmosphere, revealing every object in its true form and color, has a powerful effect alike on the most cultivated and the most illiterate—the latter will be moved, they know not why; the former will enjoy, with added zest, those beauties of thought and sentiment, which are enhanced by the graces of appropriate and finished diction.

The principal work published by Dr. Williams is entitled "Religious Progress," discourses on the development of the Christian

character; and consists of a series of discourses founded on that striking passage of II. Peter, "And besides all this, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

We learn from the Dedication that the sermons were prepared and published at the suggestion of Rev. Elisha Tucker, of Chicago; and in this, Dr. Tucker has added another to the many obligations of gratitude under which the Church has been laid by a long, laborious, and useful ministry. The series is introduced by a sermon founded on the word "add," which discusses religion as a principle of growth; and this is followed by a discourse upon each of the graces named in the text. We have thus a beautiful development of the subjects of faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity, or love. The nature of each grace is explained; its relation to its sister graces as their complement or natural antecedent, is skilfully unfolded; and then the importance and claims of each, urged with great fervency and power. The work, as a whole, is a noble tribute to the truth, efficacy, and glory of the great principles of the Gospel. No Christian can read it without feeling the foundations of his religious faith strengthened, and fresh springs of religious joy and consolation opened; and no unbeliever can read it without a secret conviction, that here is a philosophy infinitely transcending the highest wisdom of earth; a philosophy that goes to the deepest springs of human character, and furnishes the true key to human destiny. It is a timely work. It proceeds from a mind which is penetrated with the glorious truths of the Gospel, and reflects, like an immense mirror, the manifold aspects of the age, notes the various phases of religious error and unbelief, and shows how they all "lose discountenanced, and like folly show," by the side of the divine wisdom of the Bible.

We wish we had time for an analysis of some of these discourses, and a discussion of their separate peculiarities. We have been struck by the great freedom and variety of structure which they exhibit. There is no stereotype form into which they are all cast, but each has its own outline and analysis, according to the exigen-

cies of its particular theme. The first discourse treats of "Religion as a Principle of Growth." The author here first discusses those religious and secular features of the age, which require that the progressive energy of Christianity be now especially heeded; and then alike from the general provisions of the Gospel for human sanctification, and from the peculiar phraseology of the text, he illustrates and enforces his position. Under the first general head he considers the age in its religious aspects: 1. As an age of Missions; 2. As an age of Revivals; 3. As an age of Historical Research; and again, in its secular aspects, as an age, 1. Of rapid and eager discovery in the Physical Sciences; 2. Of Political Revolutions; 3. Of Social Reform. In this catalogue of the leading features of the age, the reflecting reader will be struck with the justness, and, we may add, the completeness of the inventory. The treatment of all these topics is able; and of some, strikingly so. We cannot forbear to enrich our article with the following, on the present as a Missionary age:

"The Church, we said, needs in this age to be kept in mind of the great truth, that there remains yet much land to be possessed; not only as the common heritage of the faithful, but as the personal allotment and homestead, so to speak, of each one of the faithful. The churches, rediscovering a long neglected duty, are now attempting to evangelize the heathen. It is an *age of missions.* The islands of the Pacific have heard the cry, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, that our earth has been honored and blessed by the coming of a Divine Redeemer. China has shuddered to see the long dominion of her Confucius and her Boodh invaded by the Gospel of Jesus the Nazarene. The Shasters of Brahminism find their sacred Sanscrit tongue employed, by the diligence and fidelity of missionary translators, to utter the oracles of that One True God, who will banish from under the heavens which they have not made, and which He has made, all the hundred thousand gods of the Hindoo Pantheon, with all the other idols of the nations, however ancient and however popular. The tinglings of a new life from on high seem, along the coasts of Asia and of Africa, shooting into nations that Paganism held for ages senseless and palsied. Is not Ethiopia

soon to be, as the prophetic eye of the Psalmist long ages ago saw her, stretching out her hands unto God? But whilst each Christian church, each band of spiritual disciples, in lands long evangelized, is thus lengthening the cords of her tent to take in the Gentiles under its broad canopy, she must in consequence, and as it were in counterpoise, of the extension, strengthen her stakes at home, to bear the increased tension and the extended shelter. Her supports must be proportionately augmented at home, by a deepening piety and a sturdier vigor of principle in her discipleship, or the work will soon come to a stand abroad. A sickly and bedwarfed Christianity here will not furnish the requisite laborers, or the needful funds. Expansion without solidity will bring upon our Zion the ruin of the arch unduly elongated and heavily overloaded. Christendom itself must be more thoroughly Christianized, before Heathendom will relinquish its old character and worship, and learn our creed and love our Saviour. Already the zeal and heroic sacrifices of some of our recent converts shame, and should stimulate, the comparative worldliness and lukewarmness of the churches that had first sent to them the missionary and the Bible."—P. 16.

We also add the paragraph on the scientific aspects of the age:

"The world, falsely or with justice, is shouting its own progress, and promising, in the advancement of the masses, the moral development of the individual. It is an age of eager and rapid discovery in the *Physical Sciences.* The laws and uses of matter receive profound investigation, and each day are practically applied with some new success. But some of the philosophers thus busied about the material world, seem to think that the world of mind is virtually a nonentity. As Geology scratches the rind of our globe, some are hoping to dig up and fling out before the nations a contradiction to the oracles of the earth's Creator, and to find a birth-mark on the creature that shall impeach the truth of its Maker's registers as to its age and history. Others, in the strides of Astronomy, along her star-paved way, hope to see her travel beyond the eye of the Hebrew Jehovah, and bringing back from her far journey a denial of the word that His lips have uttered. Yet Physical Science can certainly neither

create nor replace Moral Truth. The crucible of the chemist cannot disintegrate the human soul, or evaporate the Moral Law. The Decalogue, and the Sermon on the Mount, Conscience and Sin, the superhuman majesty and purity of Christ, the Holy Ghost and the Mercy-seat, would remain, even if a new Cuvier and another Newton should arise, to carry far higher, and to sink far deeper, than it has ever yet done, the line of human research; and even if these new masters of physical lore should blaspheme where the older teachers may have adored. Some claim that Revelation must be recast, to meet the advances in Natural Science. They overlook the true limitations as to the power and prerogatives of mere Material Knowledge. And what are the new and loftier views of man's origin and destiny which these reformers propose to substitute for those views which they would abolish? On the basis of a few hardy generalizations upon imaginary or distorted facts, and by the aid of some ingenious assumptions, a system is excogitated that is to strip the race of immortality, conscience, and accountability, and that represents us as but a development of the ape, to be one day superseded by some being of yet nobler developments than our own, and who will have the right to rule and kill us, as we now rule and kill the beasts of the forest. And is it thus that Philosophy reforms upon the Bible? No—in the endeavor to outgrow Revelation, it has but succeeded in outgrowing reason, and brutifying humanity. No—let Science perfect yet more her telescopes, and make taller her observatories, and deeper her mines, and more searching her crucibles; all will not undermine Jehovah's throne, or sweep out of the moral heavens the great star-like truths of Revelation, and least of all the Son of Righteousness. God's omniscience is never to be ultimately brought down to, and schooled by, man's nescience, as its last standard and test. The last and greatest of the world's scholars will, we doubt not, be among the lowliest worshippers, and the loudest heralds of the crucified Nazarene. The Gospel is true—true intensely, entirely, and eternally; and all other and inferior truth, as it shall be more patiently and thoroughly evolved, will assume its due place and proportion, as buttressing and exalting the great, pervading, controlling, incarnate Truth—Christ

the Maker, the Sovereign, the Upholder, and the Judge, no less than the Redeemer of the world."

But we pass to the next discourse, which is entitled, "Faith, the Root of the Christian Life." After a characteristic and appropriate introduction, the author inquires: I. "What is Faith; II. Why it has assigned (to) it this priority in the Christian system; and III. How, from the necessity of its nature, it becomes a root of spiritual growth and practical development." Under the first head, he shows that faith "is not the mere hereditary and passive acquiescence in Christianity, as the religion of our country and of our forefathers. Nor is it a reception into the intellect merely, apart from the heart, of any creed, however orthodox. Nor is it a mere enthusiastic persuasion, without Scriptural evidence, and unsustained by the warrant and witness of the Holy Ghost, that God loves us personally. Nor is it, as the enemies of religion would persuade you, a blind, bigoted credulity, the creature and retainer of Priestcraft." He goes on to show that the whole framework and action of human society are based upon faith; and adds, "The faith of the Gospel is something more than these, only as being trust in God. It is trust, as to matters of higher concernment, and upon better warrant, and in a Greater and Better Being. It is a reliance on his true testimony." "As the great theme of this divine testimony is Christ Jesus, the Incarnation of God for the redemption of man, Faith cannot truly receive that testimony without believing on Christ."

Of the correctness of the statements made above, as to faith, there can, we presume, be no doubt. Still, we must be permitted to question, whether the author has put the subject in its happiest light; whether he has not subordinated faith in Christ to trust in God, in a manner not strictly accordant with the general tenor of the New Testament. The statement of Dr. Williams, if we understand it, is, that faith is trust in God; and because the great theme of his testimony is Jesus Christ, therefore faith accepts or believes on Christ. Would it not be stating the faith of the Gospel more exactly to say, that it believes on Christ, accepts his testimony, and believes in God, because it cannot receive the testimony of Christ without receiving and confiding in Him, whose messenger and witness He was? The

difference is, perhaps, mainly or nearly verbal; yet not, we think, wholly devoid of practical importance. Christ, we think, should be presented distinctly as the centre and prime object of gospel faith; and we believe that the same remark holds substantially of the faith of Old Testament believers.

We have a remark or two to make on Dr. Williams's treatment of the second head. He assigns four reasons why the priority should be given to faith in the Christian system: one derived from *man's past history*, inasmuch as sin originated in unbelief; the second, from *the nature respectively of God and man*, faith being essential to our receiving the teachings of the Infinite mind on subjects which our finite reason cannot grasp; a third, drawn from *the goodness of God*, which assigns as the initiatory element of the Christian life, not talents, not profound learning, but an exercise to which the child is as competent as the sage; and a fourth, from *man's besetting sin*, the pride, which clings to him since the fall, and makes it "fitting that the mode of his acceptance before God should be one that allowed no occasion for boasting." These reasons are all ingenious, striking, and, so far as they go, just; but, after all, are they the *real reason* why faith is made to "keep the gate of everlasting life?" Has not Dr. Williams passed over the *one* true reason growing out of the nature and necessity of the case? If we understand him, we suppose him to intimate that there is something in a degree arbitrary in the assignment of this post to faith. It was a matter of expediency, and some other grace might have been selected thus to lead the choir of Christian virtues, and initiate us into the Christian life. It strikes us differently; and we will, as briefly as possible, state our view. Man is a ruined sinner, entirely unable to redeem himself from the captivity of sin, or to pay the penalty of the law which he has broken. Under these circumstances a Substitute presents himself. Jesus Christ appears, and pays the debt which the sinner has incurred; submits to the penalty, and satisfies the demands of the law. What further is necessary? Why, that a relation be established between the Substitute and him on whose behalf he appears. How is that relation effected? We answer, by the sinner's *acceptance* of Christ as his ransom and deliverer. He must *believe* on Him;

must trust in Him; must first confide in His ability and willingness to perform the work required, and then must formally commit, confide his case into His hands. We grant that every Christian grace is in exercise in the performance of this duty; that *love* must be in action as well as faith. But the specific *form* which this great initiatory step in the Christian life assumes, seems to us to be necessarily that of faith; and therefore the true reason why God assigns the post of honor and priority to faith, is because the circumstances of the case require it. We can scarcely doubt that this is substantially the view held by Dr. Williams, and that it is through mere inadvertence that he has failed to include it in his representation.

Henceforward we go on in entire harmony with our author. From the discourse on Faith we must present one extract, on the character of the Scriptures, as tending to expand and nourish this grace.

"The growth set before our faith appears, again, from the *character and structure of Scripture*, the volume on whose testimonies faith fastens, and in whose rich pastures she must ever feed. God might have made it a book to be exhausted at one reading; or a record of the Past, unavailing to the men of the Present; or a mysterious outline of the Future, of little clearness or usefulness till the times of its fulfilment had come. Instead of this, it is a book of all times, full of the ancient Past, and the busy Present, and the dread or gorgeous Future. It has the simplest teachings interwoven inextricably with its most fathomless mysteries; and precept, and promise, and threatening, and history, and parable, and psalm, so grouped that every taste may be gratified, and none sated and cloyed. A Newton, sitting down to its perusal, finds it still opening new depths of wonder and glory, the more prolonged and devout are his meditations upon it. The new convert, dazzled over its pages with the ecstasy of his new-found hope, yet cannot as deeply and ardently love and value it as he will do when, a gray-headed patriarch, years after, he turns afresh its wondrous leaves, to adore the ever-full freshness of its lessons, and to remember all the lights it has cast upon his weary pathway. It is the book, not of an academic lustrum

only, nor of a lifetime, but of generations. As centuries have rolled on, this august volume has notched on their calendar new fulfilments of its prophecies, new illustrations of its truthfulness, and new evidences that its authorship could come from none other than the Former of the worlds, and the Ruler of all centuries. Now, when Faith is presented with such a manual, not to be mastered in weeks or years, but still evolving new lights to the latest studies of the longest lifetime, does not the character and structure of the book proclaim the intent of God, that Faith should not sit down content with present attainments, and its as yet immature strength?"

The next discourse is on virtue. "Add to your faith *virtue*." The author here justly and beautifully defines the character of virtue, which he calls "the human and terrestrial side of true piety." He distinguishes it from holiness, which includes virtue, as a part includes the whole. Virtue, on the contrary, does not include holiness, although in its higher and genuine sense it presupposes it, and is inseparable from it.

But it is time for us to bring our article to a close. We have only given our readers a glimpse or two of the riches of this book. It is full of important lessons in practical godliness. It is rich in its illustration of the relations of piety to all the great problems and movements of society, to the manifold relations and duties of practical life. We believe it will be eminently useful in banishing the skepticism and the worldliness, which are too prevalent in the Church, in instructing Christians in the great duties and glorious prerogatives of their profession, and stimulating them to higher attainments in godliness. The style may be less finished, and there may be greater marks of haste, than in the author's previous occasional productions; but it is such a work as only genius, learning, and piety, combined in an eminent degree, could produce. We earnestly commend it to the careful reading and study of every devout mind.

To the preceding article by Professor Kendrick we add such biographical items as Dr. Williams's life, unusually barren of external incident, affords.

He was born in New York city, October 14th, 1804. Here he attended school; here he passed the four years of college-life, having been graduated at Columbia College, when he was eighteen years of age; here he studied law three years, in the office of Mr. Jay; here he spent one year in the practice of law in the same office; and here he has spent his ministerial life, having been installed pastor of the Amity-street Church, at the time of its formation, in 1831.

His prospects in law were unusually flattering, and the profession was relinquished from a devout consecration to a nobler work. The discriminating and distinguished John Jay once replied to a friend who casually remarked, "I understand that you have in your office a rather smart son of a Baptist minister:"—"My friend, there is not now, in the city of New York, a lawyer of profounder talent than this young Williams." His intellect is peculiarly fitted for success in law. It lays hold of strong subjects, and subdues, manages, handles them, however ungovernable they may have been when approached by other men. His mind penetrates into the abstruse recesses of dark, sombre, mystic lore, and drags forth into daylight the treasure buried there. He has the power, also, of straightening entangled questions. He finds the right end of the thread, loosens and unties the knots, and lays it out to the view of humbler intellects, with a clearness which charms and an ease which astonishes. We recall the main points of an incident which occurred in New York some years ago, strikingly illustrative of this. Between one of the insurance companies and some private individuals there was a certain matter of litigation of peculiar difficulty, and involving, we understand, about thirty thousand dollars. One of the judges of the Supreme Court, on being informed of the facts in the case, advised that it be decided by arbitration, saying that it was one of peculiar complexity, and would require much research and continued application to solve it. The advice was adopted, and three of the best men of the city selected. One of the three happened to know Dr. Williams, and of his felicity in the solution of difficult problems. He went to him, stated the conviction of his own incompetence to discover the right of the case, laid before him the

documents, and requested, as a personal favor, that Dr. Williams would examine them. He declined, in his usually quiet but decisive manner, on the ground that he was no longer a lawyer, that he had forgotten what he once knew of law, and that his courses of thought were in totally different directions. But the arbitrator pressed his suit, and finally, in a state of desperation, left the papers, in the faint hope of an ultimate relenting on the part of the divine. After he was gone, Dr. Williams commenced the examination of the papers as a matter of curiosity, and very naturally made certain minutes as he read them. In a day or two the friend called again to renew the request. It was already granted. Those memoranda revealed to the delighted man the truth of the case clear as sunlight, and those very notes of Dr. Williams formed the sole basis of the decision.

His habits have been remarkably studious and retiring from very infancy. When his schoolmates were at play, he would be found, crouched in some hidden corner, absorbed in a book. His manners have the quiet delicacy which are in harmony with such a life; and yet his conversation, when unconstrained, abounds in anecdote, humor, illustration, quotation, description, and, indeed, in all the variety of gifts which go to produce the fascination of fireside-talk. In sarcasm, also, he has unusual power, but holds it under stern restraint.

Dr. Williams has published less than he ought. Besides the work entitled "Religious Progress," already discussed, he has published "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer," of great value for its unction, religious power, and adaptation to the wants of the Christian heart; a volume of "Miscellanies," consisting of discourses and essays.

From the Preface to "Lectures on the Lord's Prayer," we make a brief extract:

"How much of the stern virtue that shone serenely over the troubled strifes of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and over the shameless profligacy and general debasement of the restored Stuarts, came from the earnest study of that Prayer, only the Last Day can adequately show. We can see, from the space it occupies in

Hale's volume, what share the supplication had in his habitual and most sacred recollections. We seem to recognize,—in his earnest, importunate deprecation of the sins from which society held him singularly free, and in his urgent and minute supplications for all grace and for those especial excellences, in which his age and land pronounced him to have most eminently attained,—the secret of his immunity and his virtue. Is it fanciful or credulous to infer that, directly or indirectly,—in his own acquaintance personally with the work, or in his inherited admiration of the author's character,—our Washington derived his kindred excellences from Hale; and that healing virtue thus streamed from the robes of the Saviour on the Mount, as He enunciated this form of supplication—streamed across wide oceans, and intervening centuries, into the heart and character and influence of him whom our people delight to hail as the Father of his Country?

"No human analysis can disintegrate from the virtue and freedom and prosperity of modern Christendom, the proportion and amount of it, which is distinctly owing to the influence of this single supplication.

"With these views of the past and coming influence of this Divine composition, each Christian teacher may be allowed, again and again, to recall the attention of his flock to such a fountain, whose streams have this power from God of perpetual vitality, and roll forth through each tract of time, their all-healing and ever-freshening waters,—one source of that river which 'maketh glad the city of God.'"

His modesty has resisted most of the solicitations which have been made for a wider circulation of his sermons and essays. A little incident will illustrate this. At a certain meeting of an association of Baptist ministers, who gathered at intervals for mutual improvement and criticism, Dr. Williams was appointed to bring in an essay upon Theological Instruction, or the true method of Theological Seminaries. At the succeeding meeting the chairman alluded to the appointment, by remarking that upon such a difficult subject he presumed Dr. Williams had not as yet been able to prepare any thing, but he would like to know the pros-

pects of an essay at some future time. Dr. Williams replied by drawing out of his pocket some scraps of paper, saying, that having had a little leisure, more than he would have for some weeks, he had improved it by putting down a few imperfect thoughts, which, however, might be of some service as a nucleus for further discussion. He commenced reading, and read on. The interest of his audience, quickly awakened, grew to admiration; and when he had finished, words seemed inadequate to express their delight. Those scraps of paper he put into his pocket again, and never, to this day, have his brethren been able, by any argument, to persuade him to publish them to the world.

In delivery, Dr. Williams moves his body but little, and rarely gestures. When he does throw out his arm, it seems to have been an act of self forgetfulness, which he would gladly recall. This confinement of manner is doubtless, in some degree, consequent upon near-sightedness. He frequently bows his head closely to his notes while speaking.

His voice is low and gentle, with but little volume. His vocal organs are constrained, and feeble in their action. There is a certain peculiarity of pronunciation, united to a sad monotone of inflection, which strikes the stranger unpleasantly, as having the unfortunate appearance of affectation. That this manner is not based on the simplicity of naturalness is manifest, and hence it is in one sense affected. But that it is not affected in the sense in which the word is popularly employed—to imply vanity or conceit—we are confident, since any thing of the kind is so utterly at variance with his character. It may have been acquired in childhood, and chargeable to a careless teacher; but it is at the best a fault, and one so essentially interwoven with his delivery as to forbid all hope of its removal. It may be an affectation of manner induced by diffidence, for he is strangely diffident for one who has been throughout his life a public man. There is sometimes an excess of modesty which dwarfs influence, and an excess of sensitiveness which engenders groundless distrust. In this trait of character we detect the reason why the fame of Dr. Williams is not proportioned to his talents. He shuns promiscuous public gatherings, and is rarely, if ever, seen on the

platform at anniversaries. But while he never appears as the promi nent controller of public bodies of men, his influence is never unfelt, and his counsel never goes unsought. In cases of difficulty or of peril, he is demanded as the pilot. He must be placed on important committees, and he must draw up difficult reports. It is at times like these, when a quick apprehension, an intuitive judgment, and a dispatch in execution are demanded, that Dr. Williams is called upon to act. Then he evidences his power of concentration and of abstraction. His reports and his digests are unsurpassed.

Dr. Williams's interest in the education of the young is a happy characteristic. Ever since his entrance upon ministerial duties, he has met with a class of children on Saturday, for religious instruction. Thus has he had several generations under his special care, and his pupils, as they pass from beneath the influence of their loved pastor, ever retain the liveliest impressions of the truths he had made radiant to their view, and an abiding regard for one, the faithfulness of whose teachings was only surpassed by the winning gentleness of their presentation. The following extract manifests the earnestness with which he regards the young:

"Thus, too, will you bless your children, as your fathers have benefited many of you. I see around me some whose fathers and mothers, wont here to worship the God of Jacob, are gone to be now with the patriarch and with the patriarch's God. Perhaps, their prayers and tears for you through weary years seemed fruitless; and they went down to their graves ere you, their children, were converted. But within the veil they have heard it—they have heard it. It swept new melody from their harps; and to their vision, it threw new glories around the throne. So labor for your children; even if, like your parents, you leave those children at your death yet unrenewed, to muse on the heritage of a father's prayers, and the counsels and tears of a mother ascended to the God of her salvation. And if here there be, as I fear there are, the prayerless children of praying parents, who once besought God within these walls that you, their Ishmaels, might live, be persuaded, my friends, to take up the work of prayer, which a departed parent cannot continue. Joshua said of the stones reared on the margin of Jordan, which

had heard the vows of Israel, that those stones would witness against them, if they forsook God. And so say I to you: the very ground beneath your feet, where your Christian kindred so often remembered you, it shall witness against you if you persevere in neglecting Christ. The walls, bared and blackened with fire, that once stood here, and that were levelled in the dust, they are, methinks, yet standing before God; and all over they are covered with inscriptions which record how often you were warned, how often the secret tear here trickled for your impenitence, and the prayer went up—'God of mercy, have mercy on my unbelieving child.'"

He extemporizes to a great extent, and is never unable to extemporize. Such is his familiarity with language, that he does not fail to express readily and gracefully the thought within him. We may with safety say, that his best sermons have never been written. We may liken him to Dr. Tyng in the power of Extempore, of whose remarkable gift in this department of eloquence we have yet to speak. But in manner, he differs greatly from Dr. Tyng. The precision of pronunciation, the downright emphasis, the apparent consciousness of power characteristic of this distinguished platform orator, he has not. But there is more simplicity, more quiet ease, more unconscious grace, in the manner of Dr. Williams, while there is less effort, less prominence, less boldness. At his "Tuesday evening lectures" it is that his genius in extemporaneous speaking soars on the strongest pinion, and takes the highest flight. There, in the comparative seclusion of the lecture-room, surrounded by a small circle of disciples, he makes his most pungent appeals, and pours forth his freest eloquence with the freshness of a first enthusiasm. We knew an Episcopal clergyman of New York, one who sedulously and successfully employs the best means for improvement in public speaking, who, at one time, was regularly attending Dr. Williams's Tuesday evening lectures, as affording the best opportunity for his own cultivation.

Whoever has heard Dr. Williams in his pulpit ministrations has been impressed with the spirituality of his preaching. He seems thoroughly imbued with the truths he utters; and he proclaims his divine message, not as something he has read about or heard about,

but as something he has himself felt and loved. His words are the breathings of his own lips, the outpourings of his own heart. They are pervaded with a seriousness which arises from a rare appreciation of the infinite value of the glorious Gospel. Christ is the great theme of his preaching, and the glowing centre of his thoughts.

Dr. Williams has visited Europe three times: having spent about a year abroad before leaving the legal profession, at the close of the one year's practice in Mr. Jay's office; a few months, in addition, after he became a pastor; and the summer of 1853, for the restoration of health. He has not been graduated at a Theological Seminary.

Various efforts have been made to entice him from his beloved people, and place him at the head of some literary institution, or as professor in some department of theology; positions which his most judicious friends are anxious that he should occupy, as affording the freest scope and greatest efficiency to his talents. But, thus far, all such schemes have proved unavailing.

In this connection we quote a paragraph of a speech made by Dr. Bacon, at the Albany meeting of the American Board, in March:

"In the course of this discussion yesterday, the name of President Wayland was mentioned as a representative of one side of the question. Now President Wayland—for whom I have high respect, and who is one of the foremost men in our country—has a theory whose first application is in this country; and I really think that it can be applied in this country a great deal better than in India. His theory is, the theory of lay-preaching. Its object is to break down the division between the laity and the ministry. Are we not all brethren? the clergy and the laity, are they not all brethren? The theory we are considering is, that it is the duty of all churches, when they need a pastor, not to ask leave of Presbyteries or Associations whom they shall call, but to look to themselves,—to look at home, to look in their own church, and if they have a suitable man, to take him and make him their minister. I remember to have heard that there was a church in New York once in this condition, and which did this very thing. They looked among themselves, and they found there a young lawyer who possessed natural gifts and the gifts of grace; they found that he could pray, and that when he was cor-

nered he could exhort, and they took him and placed him as pastor over them; and that man is Dr. William R. Williams, one of the brightest ornaments of the Baptist churches. He, if I am rightly informed, never saw the inside of a Theological Seminary until after he was a pastor, when he may have gone to some seminary on a visiting committee or as a director. That is a good arrangement. It is a good system. That is my view of the case. But I say the system is a great deal better for this country than it is for India."

Thus stands the brief epitome of the life of William R. Williams, and such are the leading traits of his character. There may be some who, having heard less of Dr. Williams, may attribute to this sketch the fault of eulogy. To such we would quote a remark made by a distinguished divine of the Presbyterian Church of New York, in the presence of a number of clergymen, on being asked, by an individual from abroad, for his candid opinion as to who was the greatest man among the clergy of New York: "If undoubted piety, unexampled humility, comprehensive scholarship, wide acquaintanceship with history, unusual attainments in literature, together with a refined taste and rare genius as a writer, constitute a great man, then William R. Williams, of the Baptist Church, is *the* man for whom you inquired."

Dr. Williams is the son of Rev. John Williams, who was pastor of the Oliver-street Baptist Church for twenty-seven years, until his death, in 1825. He was a native of Wales, and came to this country in the year 1795, leaving home, kindred, and a flock of whose affections he was entirely possessed, that his countrymen, at that time emigrating to this country in large numbers, might not be scattered from the fold of the church as "sheep having no shepherd." He was a man of deep and fervent piety, and of uncommon native vigor of mind. He labored with great zeal among his people, not only dispensing the bread of life with an unremitted earnestness, but also distributing charities to the poor from his own limited store, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, consoling the desolate.

The following description of his character is given in his Memoir:

"Few men equalled John Williams in the consistency of his Christian character, as a whole. We frequently see some one indi-

vidual excellence carried out into glorious exercise at the expense and to the neglect of other virtues; but in his character all the traits of true Christianity seemed to unite their beauty, without giving to any one feature an unseemly prominence. His zeal was ardent, but united with the greatest prudence. That prudence, instead of degenerating into craftiness, was accompanied by the most perfect simplicity; simplicity was tempered by meekness, yet his meekness had for its basis strong decision of character and unbending firmness of principle. He never insulted charity by offering to sacrifice on her altar the truth 'as it is in Jesus,' and yet he never hoped to advance the cause of truth by bringing to her defence bigotry and intolerance. He loved the image of the Saviour wherever he found it, and it was not the barrier of his own sect, or the badge of another, that could prevent him from acknowledging his union in spirit with those whom the same Redeemer had purchased with the same blood."

Who will fail to recognize, in the portrait of the father, the likeness of the son? The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha.

Charles G. Sommers

CHARLES G. SOMMERS,

"And as Jesus passed forth from thence, He saw a man sitting at the receipt of custom; and He saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed Him."

In the midst of the newspaper offices, publishing houses, printing establishments, bookstores, magazine depots, and stationery shops, crowded into Nassau-street, once stood a plain and modest church. The merchant, in his chase for gain; the editor, evolving the public opinion of the coming day; the compositor, driven to his daily toil; the bookseller, intent on a new edition; the author, absorbed in a suggested illustration, would all readily pass this church, unconscious of its actuality. Yet there it stood, retiring and resigned, as if always looking down upon the rush for Fame and Gain, more in sorrow than in anger; never upbraiding, never reproaching; only reminding, by its silent presence, of higher gains, and of more enduring glories. As we passed it, it became to us the representative of the Christian faith, as, like that, it lived disregarded, almost unknown, in the midst of din and bustle, and the rushing, eddying tide of life; while around its overshadowing neighbors, personating worldliness, there ever crowded, excited, watchful, faithful devotees. And then, when the Sabbath came, and the doors were gently opened, a few gathered for worship;—how few compared with the great mass which, all the week, pressed around those loftier piles!

Thus repeatedly passing this quiet, acquiescent church, we felt impelled to turn aside, and visit it on its own day; when, perchance, it might relax the settled seriousness of its expression, and take a happier, hopefuller view of life. When we entered,

the organ was playing a familiar tune, with such a plaintive melody, that the music became another propelling wave to our reflections. Then, when the pastor rose for prayer, and all were hushed in silence, and the petition was uttered with so much fervency, we felt more than ever the peculiar inspiration which had gathered about the place. Another interlude of subdued music, and the preacher read his text. He spoke with deliberation and reverence, as if it were impossible to speak otherwise in a church which had borne its testimony, all through the week, in such calm and solemn quietness. Then he preached, with strong entreaties, to his flock, lest any one should fail of entrance into the fold of the Great Shepherd; but with less of high-wrought sentence, and glowing imagery, and thrilling illustration, and artistic groupings, than attaches to exalted oratory, as there was little of elegance or ornament or beauty in the surrounding architecture. Plain, unstudied, unpretending; yet compact, well-founded, and sound was the prevailing style of both church and sermon. After a while we learned that Rev. Mr. Sommers was the preacher, and this testimony-bearing building his church; that he had been preaching there, Sabbath after Sabbath, for twenty-seven years; that he was universally respected, and warmly regarded; that he was one of the long-tried laborers in the vineyard, who had borne the burden and heat of the day; and that, in youth, he had turned aside from business, and consecrated the remainder of his life to the teaching of religious truth. In time, we chanced to meet him; found that his life had been a varied and not uneventful one; and therefore noted, as was our wont, some experiences of the preacher, at the serious and overshadowed church. And when we came to select our representatives of the American Pulpit, Mr. Sommers seemed, with most distinctness, to set forth the class of preachers, more especially of the Baptist denomination, who have left counter or desk or work-bench at the call of Heaven, and entered the pulpit; and who are not properly included under the division of Pioneer Preachers, inasmuch as they became settled pastors, and not itinerant evangelists. But these incidents are not startling, though somewhat striking. They tell of integrity of purpose, warmth of sentiment, undiscouraged industry, and the

guidings of an overruling Providence. They help one to realize that there is in this world much of accomplishment, in the way of good-doing, which is not effected through distinguished oratory or remarkable learning or exalted genius; and that, as in the midst of all the business and excitement and wear and din of Nassau-street, stood that quiet church; so in this world's turmoil stand many unobtrusive men, who bear their testimony, through life, for righteousness and God.

But changes have come with the turn of years: the organ is silent; the pulpit is gone; the Church no longer utters its testimony against Gain and Fame; but now, we are compelled to say, ills of body instead of soul are its anxiety, and on its forehead the following sentence is written in gilded letters, at once the flaunt of its degradation and the epitaph of its lost life: "TEMPLE OF HEALTH—DR. S. P. TOWNSEND."

EARLY LIFE.

Charles G. Sommers was born in the city of London, in the year 1793. His father was a Norwegian, whose birthplace was Tronheim. His Christian name was "Ole," a favorite one in Norway. The early part of his life was spent in Denmark, where he received the usual school instruction allotted to boys.

It is an interesting fact that he was in Copenhagen when that city was bombarded by Nelson, on the eventful 2d of April, 1801. The day before, the English fleet, consisting of fifty-one sail of various descriptions, of which sixteen were ships of the line, came to an anchorage within two leagues of Copenhagen, off the N. W. end of the "Middle Ground," a shoal lying before the town, only three-fourths of a mile distant. In the King's Channel, between this shoal and the town, the Danes had arranged their line of defence, consisting of nineteen ships and floating batteries, flanked at one end by the Crown Batteries, works of a most formidable character, the largest one mounting eighty-three guns. Late in the afternoon the British fleet weighed anchor, doubled the farther end of the shoal,

and came to anchor within two miles of the Danish batteries. Here these mighty battle-ships lay all night, in a foreboding silence, broken only by the dash of waves against their huge black sides, or by sound of revelry, and low murmur of preparation, which ever and anon issued from the open port-holes. In the British fleet it was a night of wild joy, and hope, and glorious anticipation of the morrow's victory, with the thrilling excitement which nerves the arm and steels the heart of soldier and seaman, in the prospect of desolating contest. But the gloom of night which settled over the doomed city of Copenhagen was but a faint image of the forebodings shutting down so darkly on the hearts of all its desperate defenders. About ten o'clock on the following morning Lord Nelson's ships had taken their allotted places, and at the signal opened their tremendous fire on the Danish armament. It was returned by the shot of one thousand guns, which spoke in terms, not to be misunderstood, of the desperate bravery with which the Danes would defend their native land, and of the terrible destruction through which the British flag must pass ere it waved in triumph over the citadels of Copenhagen. For more than five hours did these two mighty combatants, the flower of the English navy, and the concentrated strength of Denmark, wage upon each other a warfare of magnificent bravery, but of awful carnage. At the end of that time the batteries of Denmark were silenced, most of her ships had struck, all of them were riddled, one, the Danebro, of eighty guns, had caught fire, and blown up, while six thousand of her brave sons had been taken from her. It was one of the hardest fought battles that Humanity has been called to mourn over. On one side a nation's honor, on another a nation's safety were the stakes. On both sides were marshalled men who knew no inspiration equal to that of their country's call, and paid no heed to personal safety when her safety was endangered.

Young Sommers was witness of it all, in its terribleness, its havoc, and its magnificence. He was then only nine years of age, but with the curiosity and enterprise of youth, he determined to see a sight which is rarely equalled. In the confusion which reigned in every household, he escaped from home, and making for the seaside,

came to one of those immense cranes, seen about docks, employed to raise heavy timbers. It consisted of an upright beam, perhaps twenty feet high, with a long arm standing out from its top at an obtuse angle, and reaching over the water. This crane the daring little fellow climbed, and slipping out to the end of the arm, quietly surveyed the battle scene. It was a sublime sight; and if ever panoramist makes an attempt to represent that battle, in the foreground he should place young Sommers, his feet dangling over the side of the huge ship-crane, holding on with one hand, while with the other he swings his hat in patriotic exultation, as he sees the broad pennant of his countryman Nelson bearing down on the batteries of the enemy—his throat swelling with the shout which finds no hearing amid the roar of three thousand cannon, and over his head rolling the huge sulphuric war-cloud, that bore in its folds the stifled groans of thousands. While there, he saw the ship *Danebro*, when it caught on fire, left to her fate and blown up. A young man, an acquaintance of Sommers, was on board of her, who afterwards told Sommers, as illustrating the horrors of the fight, that the gun at which he was stationed had been cleared three times before he took his stand, that he gathered up with his hands the broken legs, and arms, and bodies torn in piecemeal, and threw them into the sea, to clear a place to work in, on the encumbered deck; and that he was obliged to pull off his boots that he might, by the roughness of his stockings, maintain a footing; so freely had human blood flowed on its drenched surface!

That evening Lord Nelson came on shore, and Sommers had a good sight of him. Villemoes, too, he often saw—and describes him as of a very modest and retiring appearance—of whom the following story is told by Southey:

"A youth of seventeen, by name Villemoes, particularly distinguished himself on this memorable day. He had volunteered to take the command of a floating battery; which was a raft, consisting merely of a number of beams nailed together, with a flooring to support the guns: it was square, with a breastwork full of port-holes, and without masts, carrying twenty-four guns, and one hundred and twenty men. With this he got under the stern of the

Elephant, below the reach of the stern-chasers; and, under a heavy fire of small arms from the marines, fought his raft, till the truce was announced, with such skill, as well as courage, as to excite Nelson's warmest admiration."

When Lord Nelson went on shore, after the business of negotiation was transacted, he requested that Villemoes might be introduced to him; and, shaking hands with the youth, told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral. The prince replied: "If, my lord, I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

It was six years after this, that a British fleet suddenly appeared off Elsinore, the toll-gate city of Denmark. It amounted to nearly a score of line ships, a large number of frigates and gun-boats, with transports carrying some twenty thousand men. As they swept into the straits under a light wind, with all sails spread, flags and pennants and streamers flying from mastheads, bows, and sterns, every yard throughout the whole fleet manned with seamen, Mr. Sommers describes it as one of the magnificent sights. And when the bands of eleven regiments struck up the national air, "Rule, Britannia, rule the wave," the effect was thrilling. With his usual enterprise in search of incident or information, he jumped into a skiff with a companion, and pulled off for the Prince of Wales, a ninety-eight gun ship. Going on board, he was most kindly received, and invited below to a repast with the officers. He frankly inquired where they were going with such a fleet. An officer replied, "We do not know; sealed orders have been given us, which will be opened this afternoon, and we *hope* it is not to Copenhagen." But alas! it was. That afternoon the fleet weighed anchor for that unfortunate city, and the next morning the booming of cannon was heard at Elsinore, twenty-four miles distant, and Copenhagen was again bombarded and taken. This attack was made under the command of Lord Gambier, Sir Home Popham being the field-officer in command on board. It was done for the purpose of getting possession of the Danish fleet, which lay dismantled in its harbor. This fleet the English Government was informed by their active minister abroad, Jackson, was to come into the possession of

the French, which John Bull could not, and did not allow. The fleet was captured; English sailors swarmed on board of the stripped vessels, rigged them, fitted them for sea in a week, and the two fleets passed over to England. In this engagement, the enthusiasm of young Sommers would not allow him merely to sit quietly on the end of a ship-crane, but he must assist in the defence of his adopted country. So he joined the company which manned the old fort Kroneborg, whose guns swept the straits, and there played away at the ships as they passed. But we must leave any further description of these exciting times, and turn to other incidents in the life of our friend, more in accordance with the principles he has been so long advocating. Suffice it to add, that these very scenes excited no longing for all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but left on his youthful mind an indelible impression of its horrors; and has moved a deeper earnestness in enforcing the truth of that Gospel whose motto is "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

At the early age of ten, he was introduced into the counting-room of the well-known house of Mullins & Knox, at Elsinore, Denmark. Here he was regularly educated in the mercantile department, being favored with training of a higher order than that vouchsafed to all clerks of the present day. In the first place, a youth was admitted into a mercantile house only by the most unexceptionable recommendations, both from friends and personal appearance. After his adoption into the house he was conducted up through all the stages of business, from the simple copying of correspondence to the responsible book-keeping; and then, if he had faithfully performed the duties of his term of service, his employer provided for him, either by taking him in as a partner, or setting him up in business. Such cases occur now-a-days, but not so generally as in the "good old times."

In the year 1808, Mr. Sommers satisfactorily completed his term of service in the house of Mullins & Knox, and immediately left Denmark for this country. He had heard of our civil institutions, had become enamored of them, and looked with longing towards "the home of the free, and the land of the brave." He knew also of the energy of American character, and the boldness of American

enterprise; and both these were in harmony with his own traits. It was in such a land, with its free air, and among such a people, with their manly effort, that Sommers most wished to live and act. So he started off in the hopeful, spirited way which characterizes youthful undertakings. Hearing one morning, that a friend, a young man by the name of Ole Ronning, was on the point of starting for America, on board the ship Servia, bound to Providence, he packed up his things, hastened to the ship, and found himself under way that afternoon. It was not till they were out at sea, and the low outline of the land of his adoption had faded from his sight, that he seriously inquired, "What shall I do in America? and how shall I get on?" We wish nothing better for a young man than the hopeful spirit of young Sommers, founded upon as good a character, which straightway answered, "Oh, you can do any thing that the Yankees can do;" and there the matter rested.

On her way to America, the ship visited Lisbon, and while lying there the passengers went on shore; but their pleasant land-spell was suddenly brought to a close, for couriers came with the news that Marshal Junot was approaching with an army of 30,000 Frenchmen. The ship got quickly under way; and as she cleared the river Tagus, the French entered the gates of Lisbon.

Mr. Sommers, soon after his arrival in this country, connected himself with the firm of White, Brothers & Co., of New York. After having remained with them about a year, application was made to the firm for his services, by John Jacob Astor, who was largely engaged in the fur-trade and in the shipping interest. Mr. White generously advised him to accept of Mr. Astor's proposal, from the fact that his chances for success in mercantile life would be enhanced by the change, as Mr. Astor was doing such a heavy and profitable business. The desire of Mr. Astor to secure Sommers as his clerk, is evidence of the recommendation the youth ever carried with him, in his open, bright countenance and manly bearing. He was one of those, to whom every one seemed to "take a liking." Nature had blessed him with a handsome face and finished person, while the brightness of his eye and the bloom of his cheeks gave proof of the perfection of his health and the elasticity of his spirits.

He had, too, an active, off-hand way of doing business, which the steadiest, sternest man fancies in a youth. Always wide-awake, he was on the alert for the advantage of his employer, when business demanded; and ready for a little boyish sport, when work was done. He had also a kind and generous heart and gallant sentiments, which made him a favorite among his fellows; while he was upright and pure in character. He strove to live on good terms with all, and ever stood ready to do a favor. His natural activity, however, had disinclined him to close application to books, and his ready tact at acquisition, and habits of observation, relieved him, in some measure, from the necessity of confining study. In this latter particular he changed with the increase of years, and when the responsibilities of life pressed upon him, he became assiduous in literary toil. It was in 1811 that he was fairly installed in the counting-house of Mr. Astor, the same building which now stands at the corner of Pearl and Pine streets.

He had been about a year connected with this house, when it happened to be for Mr. Astor's interest to send a swift schooner, with a valuable cargo, to the Mediterranean, to run by the British guns at the Straits of Gibraltar, this country being then at war with England. It was about ten o'clock on Saturday evening, as all hands connected with the house were busily employed in getting the papers of the schooner ready, that Mr. Astor, whose desk stood opposite to Sommers's, suddenly looking up, and addressing him by his given name, said—"Well, Charles, I suppose you will come down to-morrow morning, and help us off with the schooner?" "Charles" looked up in return, but said not a word. It was a trying moment for him. On the one hand, he felt that it would be wrong "to do any manner of work" on the Sabbath, and yet he was confident that a refusal in the emergency would be followed by his "walking-papers" on Monday. He paused but a moment, and replied—"Mr. Astor, I cannot come down to-morrow, for it is God's day, and I will do no man's work on that day." It was a trying moment, but great was his relief when Mr. Astor laughingly turned to another clerk and said—"Well, David, I'm glad we've got one Christian amongst us: so, Charles, you go to church to-morrow and

pray for us; and the rest of us will come down and get off the schooner." A week had not elapsed before Mr. Astor came to Sommers with an order that he should be ready in twelve hours for a two months' journey of importance.

At the time appointed he was ready, and received letters of introduction to firms in Canada and to the officers on the line, his own instructions, and ten thousand dollars in money. Thus he started on the difficult and perilous enterprise of bringing safely to New York a large amount of property, in the dead of winter, and in the midst of the last war with England. This commerce was carried on in accordance with certain stipulations between the Governments It was a department of business that Mr. Astor had hitherto intrusted to his eldest clerk; and never would he have consigned it to Sommers, who was then only nineteen, if, in addition to his usual enterprise and judgment, that reply on Saturday night had not come as convincing proof of his integrity and independence. On his journey he had many narrow escapes. Once the speed of his horse saved him from a lurking savage, and once he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried to La Cole Mills, where General Pike not many hours after made an assault upon the Indian camp, with a brigade of the United States Army. He was soon released, however, by a pass from Colonel Hamilton, but was again detained by order of the notorious Colonel Murray. With great difficulty he at last reached Montreal, transacted his business, and safely escorted his valuable cargo to New York, within the prescribed two months. So greatly was Mr. Astor pleased with the execution of this commission, that he was getting ready another letter of instructions for an expedition to Mackinaw, before Mr. Sommers had hardly time to warm himself; but, on proposing the plan, was met, to his astonishment, with a decided "No, sir, I cannot go." "And why not?" "I have determined, sir, to become a minister." Without a word Mr. Astor turned on his heel, but after Sommers had left the room, broke out with an imprecation, saying, "The boy's a fool. He might make a first-rate merchant, and he is going into the *priesthood*." Yes, it was so: our promising merchant had determined to be a minister.

Rarely has a young man possessed brighter prospects of wealth and station. He was endowed with precisely those traits which insure success—health, energy, perseverance, judgment, integrity, and winning manners. He was thoroughly educated in the mercantile department, and a favorite of his employer. But he turned his back upon these bright prospects.

The truth is, that on his northern tour, he had accomplished some business for himself, of which Mr. Astor was ignorant, and the importance of which the millionaire, busied in plans of making money, could not appreciate. He had consecrated himself to the service of his God. At that time there stood on our Northern frontier a deserted smuggler's hut, so situated that goods rolled in at one end, would, before reaching the other, cross the line. In this building Mr. S. on one night took shelter, and there kneeling in the darkness, but with the light of heaven in his soul, he consecrated himself to the work of the Gospel preacher. He crossed "the line" that lay between the service of God and mammon, and brought over with him all the enterprise, the perseverance, and the skill which would have made him, had he remained, "a first-rate merchant." As we would illustrate the first part of Sommers's life by the scene of the ship's crane on the beach of Copenhagen, so would we represent the second part by the scene in that deserted smuggler's hut—the moon stealing in between the logs—the stars looking down through the chinks above—and this youth of nineteen, with his pocket Bible lying on a broken chair near by, kneeling in the solitude, and offering up his consecrating vow to the great Jehovah.

It was before this time, however, that Mr. Sommers had experienced the change when the soul breaks the fetters of sense, and breathes the liberty of divine love. The circumstances connected with this change are worthy of narration. Soon after he came to America he was urged by a friend to hear the celebrated Dr. Mitchell, a Universalist preacher of New York. He went, was captivated by his eloquence, won by his persuasion, and embraced the doctrines so enticingly presented. His mind was predisposed to those doctrines. The propriety and purity of his habits, together with the partiality of friends, had engendered in his mind a very

favorable opinion of himself, while the buoyancy of his spirits inclined to a hopeful future, or at least precluded all forebodings of evil. He immediately entered with his usual ardor into the study of the subject, obtained Universalist books, pored over Universalist arguments, and ere long became so conversant with the principles of that faith, and the strong points of defence; so well versed not only in the *modus operandi*, but also in the *modus loquendi*, and so familiar with the verbal minutiæ of their warfare, that he could readily upset any ordinary opponent in debate, and keep up a good running fight with the best. He therefore discussed much, and his success increased his confidence and inspired his zeal. While in this state of mind he arose one morning in his usual perfection of health, but was soon attacked with headache, and in consequence sent to the counting-house an excuse for his absence. He lay till afternoon enduring a pain entirely new to him, when the question was suggested to his mind, Is not this death? I am ignorant of the sensations which accompany death—this may be its premonition—what if it should be death? What is my probable destiny beyond the grave? Shall I live forever? Am I certain of salvation? After all, are my doctrines true? There was now no opportunity for self-support by the overthrow of an opponent, nor for the increase of confidence by a successful debate. He was alone—with his conscience and his God. If he could have met a disputant, the rising doubt would have been crushed; but now in the solitude of his chamber it went on increasing, and the spirit of questioning grew mightier and mightier. But have I not been faithful to business, and kind to my fellows, and loved my friends? Am I not better than most, and approved by all? Yes, the voice of conscience seemed to reply, you have been true and kind to man, but have you *loved your God?* Ah! that was of all the most searching question. Have you loved the Being who created you, sustained you, would redeem you; who demands the profoundest adoration of your being? It was an honest hour with Sommers, and in the silence and solemnity of that hour his inmost heart responded, No. Then there came up before him in fearful array, the sins of his past years—not dishonesty, for he had never cheated—not intemperance, for he had been always abstemious—not profanity,

for he had never blasphemed—but simply, forgetfulness of God; disregard of the promptings of his better nature; conviction of having always lived to himself, even in his generosity, and never having followed in humble faith and child-like love the guidings of his heavenly Father. He saw it all, and in this revelation of himself, he felt—deeply and painfully felt, that he had no claim to that inheritance promised only to the sons of God. In an agony of penitence for the past, and of supplication for the future, he knelt in the presence of the Holy One. From that hour he was changed. Not so much in external behavior—though, perhaps, his words of kindness bore a more earnest tone, and his deeds of charity sought more secret places—but he was changed in the whole spirit and motive of his life. Higher objects for which to live rose up before him; nobler ends for which to labor were suggested; conscience became more authoritative; life seemed more intense, and the future world appeared nearer at hand, and more full of glory. And ever since, the present life has been growing more earnest to him, and the future life still more "full of glory."

Mr. Sommers made a public profession of religion in the Mulberry-street Baptist Church, and was soon licensed by the proper authority to preach. He commenced the duties of his profession by holding meetings in the old Almshouse, in the Park, the building which was burnt in the winter of 1853–4. Ere long he had preached in nearly all the rooms on the three floors of that building. In this "labor of love" he was succeeded by Rev., afterwards Dr. Stiles Ely. From this work he went to Philadelphia, to insure a more thorough preparation, and studied Hebrew and Theology under the direction of the celebrated William Staughton, D. D.

Having followed the course of Mr. Sommers through the leading incidents of his varied experience to the time when he entered upon the ministry; having become somewhat acquainted with his character, and seen that he possessed the power of accomplishing, let us mark what he has done during a professional career of forty years.

In this presentation, the six years of pastoral life spent in Troy come first in order. He was called to the First Baptist Church in that city, after the completion of his studies in Philadelphia. Here

he labored with success, and large numbers were added to the Church. During his stay there, he preached frequently at Pittstown, a village not far from Troy, and an interesting revival of religion followed his ministrations. He has ever recurred with pleasure to his connection with these two places. He removed from Troy to New York city, and was installed pastor of the South Baptist Church, with which he has since maintained an unbroken connection during a period of thirty-four years. The German Church, that formerly stood in Nassau-street, near Maiden-lane, was purchased for Mr. Sommers by his father-in-law, Thomas Skelding, Esq., and his brother-in-law, Hon. John B. Yates, and the title-deed presented to him. This gift, however, he refused. It was in this building that the distinguished Baron Steuben worshipped and owned a pew. After his death, John Jacob Astor occupied the same pew. This pew was an old-fashioned, aristocratic affair, quite unlike any thing of our day. It was square, with high posts running up from each corner, from which curtains were suspended, very much after the old-fashioned bedsteads. In these democratic days, if some worthy patriarch feels inclined to take a brief nap, he cannot draw any protecting curtains snugly about him, but must do his nodding in the presence of the whole congregation. After occupying this building for four years, the society removed to the building in Nassau-street, to which reference has been made in the early part of this sketch. This property was also presented to Mr. Sommers, but this, as well as the other, he declined. The property is worth to-day forty thousand dollars.

During the whole of his pastoral charge of this church, Mr. Sommers has conducted three services on the Sabbath, and two weekly conference meetings, with scarcely an omission. When he was installed, a stipulation was made by his friends that he should have six weeks' vacation each year, but he has not availed himself of the privilege. During thirty-four years he has not left the city a single day except at the call of duty. He had abundant means to go, and plenty of inducements, but he never had the *time*. There was always some work left for him to do. And even when he was sent to England as a delegate by the Canadian Educa-

tion Society, the American and Foreign Bible Society, and the Baptist Home Missionary Society, he only remained just long enough to accomplish his mission, without allowing one additional day for pleasure, travelling, or sight-seeing. Not but that he was alive to the beauties of nature, or the magnificence of ruins, or the poetry of old associations, but he had not time.

The South Baptist Church was constituted with only twelve members, since which, it is believed, several hundreds have become Christians in connection with its ministrations. Nineteen licentiates have gone forth from its bosom, three of whom have formed branch churches, among which is the First German Baptist Church in New York. It is well to state in this connection, that Mr. Sommers has performed the duties of a pastor longer to the same church than any Baptist minister in America now living. In this city, Drs. Spring and Knox only are his seniors in the pastoral service.

Now, the faithful care of a church is usually considered full employment for one man, sometimes for two, and when this care is extended during the entire year, it partakes of the arduous; so that, if Mr. Sommers had done nothing more, provided he had well done this, he would not have been found wanting. But secondly, he was chosen, in 1823, one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, an office which is not by any means a sinecure. In this department he served faithfully six years. At the expiration of this time the American and Foreign Bible Society was formed by the Baptist denomination, and he was chosen its first corresponding secretary, having been active in its establishment. In this he served about the same length of time as in the previous department. We happen to know something about the amount of labor performed by Mr. Sommers in connection with this society, and we speak within bounds when we say that it would average five hours of hard work, for every day of every year during the whole time. He conducted the whole correspondence of the society, wrote the annual reports, and edited the quarterly paper. Besides all this, there was a great amount of miscellaneous business to do, most of which came upon him, from his familiarity with the whole department. Besides, there were all the society's meetings to attend, not only the public gather-

ings, but the weekly meetings for consultation, from which he has often gone home, with twenty and thirty letters to answer—some of them short business letters, others requiring deliberation, and the exercise of nice discernment and comprehensive judgment. Often has midnight found him still driving his pen in behalf of the society; and after this he was very likely to run down to the post-office, and deliver his letters, in readiness for the morning mail.

Thirdly, Mr. Sommers has been an active upholder of Sabbath-schools. He and Mr., now Rev. Joseph Griffiths, commenced the first Sunday-school in America, upon the plan of Robert Raikes, in July, 1810, in Division-street. This is a fact not only interesting in itself, but a pleasing evidence of the pioneer spirit of the man—his readiness to work when work was to be done, and to originate work where it was needed. And fourthly, Mr. Sommers was one of the founders of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, and has been an important instrument of its success. He also participated in the organization of the American Baptist Triennial Convention. He has also labored more or less in connection with the Society for Meliorating the Condition of the Jews, the American Seaman's Friend Society, American Education Society, and Christian Alliance; of all which he is a member.

But we have yet to speak, under the fifth head, of what has probably been the most laborious work of the life of Mr. Sommers. We refer to his connection with the American Tract Society. Mr. Sommers was an active instrument in bringing this Society into existence; nursed it in its infancy, cherished its first feeble life, guided its youthful steps, and controlled its manlier ongoings. In a public meeting in New York, he made a motion for its organization, and was appointed chairman of the Committee, being associated with Arthur Tappan and James C. Bliss, whose duty it was to correspond with the Tract Society then existing at Boston, with reference to the formation of a National Society. He wrote the first letter in which the proposal was made, and which resulted in the absorption of the Boston Society into the American Tract Society. He was also on the Committee in connection with Arthur Tappan and William A. Hallock, to which was allotted the responsible task of drawing up a Con-

stitution. It was the pen of Mr. Sommers which wrote that article in the Constitution which gives the Society its distinctive character, and which has since occasioned some discussion. It reads as follows: "To promote in the highest degree the objects of this Society, the Officers and Directors shall be elected from different denominations of Christians; the Publishing Committee shall contain no two members from the same ecclesiastical connection; and no Tract shall be published to which any member of that Committee shall object." It will be observed that this article gives the power of veto to each member of the Examining Committee, and through him, as their representative, to each of the six denominations embraced in the Society.

On the 11th of May, 1825, the Society was organized, and the following clergymen were chosen for the Examining Committee: Dr. Milnor, of the Episcopal Church; Dr. Spring, of the Presbyterian; Dr. Knox, of the Dutch Reformed; Dr. Edwards, of the Congregational; the eloquent Summerfield, of the Methodist; and Mr. Sommers, of the Baptist Church. On this Committee Mr. Sommers served until the annual meeting in 1849, a period of twenty-three years, when he tendered his resignation, and Wm. R. Williams, D. D., was, at his request, elected to fill his place. To this Committee is referred all the works presented for publication by the Society. It has the deciding power. Each member of the Committee privately examines the prepared work. It is then discussed by all in a meeting of the Committee, and voted upon. Now when it is remembered that the Society has issued one thousand four hundred and fifty publications, of which two hundred and fifty are volmes, each one of which had to be carefully examined—that many were examined which were rejected—and that more than two thousand publications have been sanctioned to be printed in foreign lands, it will be seen that the position was one of no ordinary toil. But to Mr. Sommers it was specially laborious. He was the only Baptist of the Committee. He had not only to look out for heresy and weaknesses equally with the others, but also to guard, with Argus eye, any subtle attack on the peculiar tenet of his denomination. He was placed there by his sect to perform that

duty; he was amenable to them; they trusted their interests to him; and if any thing should run the gauntlet of his scrutiny, which militated against their views, upon him would fall the opprobrium. Moreover, it so happened that most of the books published by the Society are written by Pædo-Baptists, and hence every presented work had to be examined by Mr. Sommers with the scrutiny which an author bestows in reading "proof." And when we know that Mr. Sommers performed this service for twenty-three years without any pecuniary compensation, for which an old member of the Society remarked that he deserved a handsome annual support; that the six years' service under the American and Foreign Bible Society was undertaken because no one was found who could afford to do it without a compensation; that all his labor for benevolent societies has been gratuitously rendered, and accomplished in addition to the demands of a profession, and to the duties of a father, a friend, and a citizen, we may not hesitate in our encomium.

Since reference has been made to the Tract Society, it may be added, as matter of history, that although not crippled in its operations, it is at present disturbed in the long-established peace of its administration. "The Slavery Question," which will find its way into every thing in this country, whether politics, religion, or trade; not leaving untouched any institution, either out of regard to its sacredness, or aversion to its profaneness, or contempt for its humbleness; a troublous creature wherever it goes—rending churches, splitting political parties, disturbing colleges, agitating benevolent societies, dividing families, alienating friends, dismissing ministers, exciting mobs, burning houses, manufacturing Sharp's rifles, electing Presidents, disappointing aspirants, filling newspapers; always restless, agitating, vital; which no pulpit or parlor seems strong enough to bar out; no government able to crush it; no organization prudent enough to keep out—this "Question of Slavery" has at last wormed its way into the precincts of the Tract Society.

It is not proposed to describe all the sharp points which "The Slavery Question" presents to the Tract Society, but simply to state the leading feature, which is, that a demand is made upon the Society that it shall meet this question by uttering its influential and

wide-spread voice against some of the acknowledged sins of Southern slavery, such as the separation of families, the withholding of the Bible, &c. On the other hand, the administration of the Tract Society are anxious to avoid a question which is so notoriously disturbing and explosive in its character, lest it should interfere with what is esteemed the legitimate and proper business of the Society, namely, the distribution of such publications of evangelical truth as have hitherto been distributed, in which Southern slavery is not alluded to specifically. How to rid itself of the intruder is now the question before the Society. The administration propose to smother it to death. Past efforts of others in that direction, would seem to be discouraging.

Mr. Sommers has been led to an extensive investigation of the controverted subject of Baptism; and much time has been employed in defence of the distinctive tenets of the denomination, either in a private way, or through the public press. He has also edited a volume of Psalms and Hymns, and a work of three volumes, entitled "The Baptist Library, or Selections of Standard Baptist Writers," and has written a Memoir of John Stanford, D. D.

In 1852, he received the title of Doctor of Divinity from Madison University. He is preaching now in the church in Hammond-street, formerly occupied by the Presbyterians, to which his congregation removed from Nassau-street in 1851.

We may properly sum up the events of Dr. Sommers's professional life by saying, that he has accomplished the work of sixty-three years,—forty pastoral years, twenty-three Tract Society years, and twelve Bible Society years, just the years of his life. He is yet in sound health, and of active habits.

We wish that those who esteem the life of a minister to be such an easy life would consider the facts in connection with Dr. Sommers, not as unusual, for they are not so. Many a minister has worked as hard; in some respects, many have worked harder; because Dr. Sommers has not been led to endure the exhausting expenditure of nervous energy incident to the highest gift of extempore power, as well as to metaphysical pursuits or historical research. His circumstances, too, have been, by inheritance, unusually good.

But the facts may be taken as a fair representation of the work done by the American clergy. Doubtless there are scattered instances of inefficiency and negligence; but, as a class, especially in the country, they are the hardest-worked and poorest-paid portion of the community. Public sentiment is such, that they are expected to enlighten the ignorant, deliver Lyceum lectures, sympathize with all sorrows, receive all confidences, and attend all funerals, for the recompense of words, often meager at that; while performing all preaching and pastoral labor for the most economical livelihood. If the principle of the Quakers were adopted, we should have nothing to say; but a "paid ministry" in theory and an unpaid one in fact, works badly for both parties. Either the official duties of the profession must be lessened, and thus the pastor have time and strength to make out an honest living in some secular employment, or the salaries must be increased. We doubt whether the "self-denial," insisted on for the profession, consists, in these latter days, in doing without books, newspapers, quarterlies, and carpets. Christian self-denial and ministerial consecration can be seen in a higher and truer sense, even more difficult and more testing, with which suitable surroundings do not interfere, and to which the rack and wheel of remorseless debt is not essential.

Orville Dewey

ORVILLE DEWEY,

THE UNITARIAN PREACHER.

"But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him."

Orville Dewey was born in Sheffield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, March 28th, 1794. His father was a farmer, occupying a highly respectable position as a citizen. He gave his son all the advantages of education which the town afforded, and sent him, at the age of seventeen, to Williams College, in the same county, where he connected himself with the Sophomore class.

This institution has always had a reputation, perhaps more than any college in New England, for exerting a marked religious influence upon its members. It has been distinguished for the frequency of its Revivals. A class never graduates without coming under the power of one such experience. We refer to this as a suitable preface to an anecdote, which we are tempted to relate, as evidence of the esteem which Orville Dewey had won in his boyhood by manifestation of uncommon character.

There was living at that time in Sheffield a man who may be considered as the representative of a class numerous at that period—men of strong minds, independent views, subtle insight, and keen wit; men abhorring cant, hypocrisy, and shams of all kinds; holding mere "book-knowledge" in slight repute; shrewd enough to detect errors in the Christian system, but not to dispel them; too proud to believe what was not understood, and too honest to pretend a belief which was not held; and who thus were, as a matter of

course, at first secretly skeptical, and at last openly infidel. He was also a man of unusual vigor of intellect, and of remarkable mathematical genius.

There were other men in Sheffield of kindred sentiments, whose habit it was to meet on every Sabbath evening at the village inn, where sarcastic criticism of religious subjects and of "professors" was not, we apprehend, strictly avoided. At such times, as indeed everywhere, the old man guided, inspired, and ruled. He was the life of the company. Temperate in his habits, he established supremacy both by sobriety and by wit.

Orville Dewey had been his pupil, in a select class, pursuing the higher mathematics, and had unconsciously gained a strange influence over the independent skeptic. The sagacious insight of the elder detected the intellect and read the character of the younger. So when the young pupil was leaving for college, his aged friend, as he came to bid him good-bye, said, "Now, Orville, you are going to college, and, like all the rest of them, you'll get *converted* there; and when you do, I want you to write me a letter and tell me all about it, for I can *trust you*." The prophecy was fulfilled, and the requested letter was written. The old man read it, and read it again. The Sabbath came, and he was at church all day, a place unknown to him for a score of years. The scornful jest was never more heard from his lips. It was evident that the picture which he had received, of a sincere religious experience, made a deep and abiding impression on him: he often spoke of it to his friends, and he kept the letter by him till his last sickness, which came upon him not long after. With the unbending sternness of one of the olden time, he never frankly revealed his feelings; but that worship which he had neglected, and which the infirmities of age permitted him to visit but little thereafter, he now urged on others, saying, "Go to church, not so much to hear the sermon, as to worship God." Who would not yield to the belief that when he passed the portals of the eternal world, he left all error behind, and entered that realm of light, where the Sun of Righteousness dispelled the darkness of skepticism, and the strong-winged spirit now revels through the heavenly expanse of illimitable Truth?

At college Mr. Dewey took a high position; notwithstanding that, during the latter part of his Junior year, he was attacked with the measles, which, settling in his eyes, incapacitated them for reading. But, undiscouraged by this, he went forward with his class, having all the text-books of the Senior year read to him by his room-mate. He was thorough in all his studies. Rhetoric he cultivated with uncommon perseverance. He was critical and severe upon his own literary productions, revising and pruning, with a fidelity which gained him pre-eminence in his class, as already attaining a style of classic strength and purity. In the year 1814 he was graduated with the highest honors of the institution, having received the appointment of Valedictorian.

Mr. Dewey had been educated by a devout and loving New England mother, and coming under the religious influences of Williams College, to which reference has been made, the religious experience, of which he wrote to his aged master, was unusually marked and thorough in its character. He entered on the path of duty with the honesty and the energy which characterized all his undertakings. That path he deemed a thorny one, with few flowers to beguile, and few resting-places to relieve. By natural bias, or by influences about him, he came to regard the Christian life as one of self-denial, which bordered on penance, and of discipline which savored of expiation. "We are strangers and pilgrims here," was his actuating motto, unbalanced by its companion, "Rejoice always; and again I say, Rejoice." He looked forth upon the world, and saw it as a place of struggle, self-denial, warfare; in preparation for one of rest, joy, triumph.

With this religious character he came away from college; but as the affection of his eyes made reading impossible, two years elapsed before he entered Andover Theological Seminary to pursue his professional studies. A portion of this interval was spent in teaching a school in Sheffield, and the remainder in a book-store in New York. But at Andover, as well as during the last year at college, he was dependent upon a reader for his information from books.

While at Andover he was led to investigate a religious belief, based upon a different philosophy from that which had swayed his

previous life,—a philosophy which we do not care here to discuss, but of which it is pertinent to our narrative to say so much as this, that it allows all pursuits which will promote true happiness or excite innocent recreation; and that it inculcates the use of all means calculated to refine or elevate. Moreover, it makes less of religious dogmas, less of creeds, less of intellectual belief, and more of practical outworking benevolence—more of controlling sympathies, affections, and impulses. This religious belief was comparatively a new thing at that time, or it was newly set forth in the form of an organization, and newly embodied in a Church. It was the reaction in New England, perhaps the excessive reaction of the religious nature of some, against what they esteemed the undue importance demanded for a particular creed by the dominant Church. And hence they dwelt upon the assertions, that an intellectual belief was made the key of entrance to the Church; that daily life inevitably dropped to a secondary esteem; and that "professor of religion" had ceased to be a synonym for an honorable, charitable, noble, and loving man; and, indeed, that, in some places, it had come to be used as a term of reproach, indicating a bigotry clothed in sanctimonious manner, consecrated by long prayers, not always disconnected from excessive greed and repulsive bearing, and mostly manifest in strict attendance upon church meetings, and the conscientious discountenancing of all recreations.

In the minds of those who thus regarded the religious tendencies of the times, it was inevitable that a reaction should take place; and those would be naturally the reflective, the genial, the loving, the aspiring, and the sympathetic. We are only giving the facts as they worked out, patent to the eyes of all. We would not be understood as saying that recreations—a matter of comparatively slight importance—or that the mere undue exaltation of a creed, without reference to important elements of that creed, constituted all the disturbing and dividing forces of the religious schism of that day. We do not affect to touch the fundamental differences of philosophy in the two beliefs; but we simply say, that here was a new view of religion, representing it as a life, and not a creed,—presented to one of great conscientiousness and practical beneficence, and earnest re-

ligious experience; here was a new view of life, representing it as a period of healthful development, and not of harassing discipline,—presented to one of keen sensibilities, alive to all that is beautiful in nature, all that is glorious in art, all that is harmonious in music, all that is fascinating in literature, all that is attractive in social life; here was a new faith, purporting to be free from the heavy burdens of established dogmas, to be more liberal, more vital, more elastic, more rational—presented to one whose mental independence demanded as a prerequisite to Belief, personal conviction rather than hereditary authority; whose tendencies were progressive and forth-reaching; whose soul was outbursting with life, and whose Faith must dwell in unity with Reason;—and this new view of religion, this new view of life, this new faith, presented by a CHANNING.

CHANGE OF VIEWS.

He considers them. He makes them the subject of thorough investigation. The time has come for him to exchange the discussions and accretions of student-life for the settled convictions and decided enforcements of the pulpit. But he is not ready. The season of inquiries and doubts and struggles is yet upon him. He cannot appear before Reverend Fathers for ordination. He preaches eight months as an agent of the American Education Society, still cautiously feeling his way in these new paths of theology. Not fully satisfied yet; with old associations, established forms of theology, and sacred ties binding him to the dominant faith, he announces to friends his indecision, and seeks in the retirement of Gloucester, a little town of Eastern Massachusetts, the year of quiet thought which his position demands. Here was a church who received him as a temporary pastor, after a candid explanation of his peculiar status. Here, isolated from friends, from outside influences, from the world, he worked out the problem of his religious faith, and became an Unitarian.

In this change of sentiment and of association we have no doubt that he acted with the conscientiousness and disregard of consequences

which had guided him in the previous experiences of his Christian life. He was as honest and as sincere now as when in college under a deep sense of the infinite responsibilities of an accountable and immortal being—he felt the danger of all pleasure, and disregarded all worldly enjoyments. We know that in the change he broke away from all that is calculated to bind a man to wonted courses of action. He knew that he was approaching that which a sensitive mind starts quickest at—the possibility of sacrificing the good opinion of old friends, of class-mates, and of teachers. At that time the separation between the Orthodox and the Unitarian was a rift, broad and deep, across which no bridge of a universal Christian fellowship, based upon heart-sympathies, had, as yet, been thrown. The chasm opened between him and his friends. On one side stood college mates and seminary companions and teachers and relatives, together with brilliant prospects and promotion and support and competence; and on the other stood himself—alone, literally alone. It was as if, at one moment, supported by ten thousand strong, mysterious, social cords, and the next moment all these cut in twain, and the man is, to use the expressive phrase, *dropped*. He suffered from estrangement, from coldness, from rupture of correspondence, from aversion, as any man of strong social affections would suffer. And after months of this isolated life, impelled by one of those overpowering waves of feeling in which an ocean of past associations seems to concentrate its power in one breaking surge, he wrote to a class-mate (who afterwards became a minister of some distinction, and died two years ago), "Come and see me. I am all alone. I must have sympathy. Let us talk together once more. Come; I am desolate." And received for an answer, "I cannot; it is a crime worse than murder to doubt as you do." In his sermon "On the Character and Writings of Channing," he uses these words, in which we detect an allusion to personal experience:

"It is no ordinary task to stand up against the most cherished religious ideas of a whole people. It involves sacrifices and trials, which those only who have shared in the undertaking can understand. It is one thing to be welcomed on every side; it is another thing to be, on every hand, repelled with horror."

His character, as a man, and as a religious man, was not essentially changed by this change of views. It was modified in some measure, but only so far as would result from the wider range he allowed his mind. He gave time to the cultivation of a natural taste for the fine arts, a love for nature, and a passion for literature. But withal he was the same religious-minded, devout, upright man. Though the surface of his being had been somewhat shifted, the firm substrata remained unmoved. No influences rocked or started that. However much his theological views may be liked or disliked, no one can doubt the firm foundation of his piety. It was before his espousal of Unitarianism that he first heard Dr. Channing from the pulpit. The effect upon himself he describes in the following words:

"I shall never forget the effect upon me, of the first sermon I ever heard from him. Shall I confess, too, that, holding then a faith somewhat different from his, I listened to him with a certain degree of distrust and prejudice? These barriers, however, soon gave way; and such was the effect of the simple and heart-touching truths and tones which fell from his lips, that it would have been a relief to me to have bowed my head, and to have wept without restraint, throughout the whole service. And yet I did not weep; for there was something in that impression too solemn and deep for tears. I claim perfection for nothing human; and, perhaps, my idea of this kind of communication goes beyond any thing I have ever heard. No words ever realized it but those calm and solemn words of Jesus Christ, at which the heart stands still to listen; and which it is wonderful that anybody dares ever to dilute into prolix comments. But certainly no preaching that I have heard has come so near, in this respect, to the Model in my mind—I say not irreverently, the great Model—as the preaching of Channing."

If we take into view the uncommon promise which Mr. Dewey's academical life afforded, we shall not wonder at the sensation produced in the religious community by the change in his views. Besides, he was already known by his preaching, having acted as an agent of the American Education Society in Massachusetts; and thus having preached in a number of Orthodox churches. The

sect of his adoption rejoiced. The one of his desertion mourned. A few of the former boasted. A few of the latter reviled. His personal friends discussed and labored with him. These discussions he did not avoid, till they were deemed by himself, and all, superfluous.

After the year at Gloucester, Mr. Dewey became a temporary assistant of Dr. Channing in Boston. He continued at this post for two years, during the second of which Dr. Channing was in Europe. In the year 1823 he received and accepted a call to become the pastor of a Unitarian church in New Bedford, where he remained ten years. This connection was very delightful. He says of it himself that he felt in it a "satisfaction not marred by one moment's disagreement, nor by the altered eye of one individual, during the ten years' continuance of that most delicate and affecting relationship."

During the first year at New Bedford, the ailment began from which he has suffered more or less ever since; a morbid sensitiveness of brain, induced by excessive labor, at times requiring entire repose, and always limiting the amount of mental work. The young man entering the ministerial profession is in one respect unfortunate. Unlike the lawyer or the physician, he begins with a full practice, ere tissues have hardened into muscle and sinew, and experience has imparted its relieving facility. And this is a noteworthy reason why more young clergymen "break down" than young men of other professions. And at New Bedford Mr. Dewey had not only the ordinary burdens of a large parish, but the fact that no pastor of his denomination lived within thirty miles, before the era of railroads, cut him off from the relief of exchange, so that for ten months in succession he preached, without omission, in his own pulpit. Besides this, he was tempted into other fields of labor during this first year—writing for the press, lecturing, pioneer work for the new denomination, &c. The pastoral duties, also—those of visiting the sick and the well, of attending funerals, of sympathizing with the afflicted, of "rejoicing with those who do rejoice, and weeping with those that weep"—have always made heavy draughts on his vital forces, because of his peculiar facility in putting himself heart and soul into the experi-

ences of others. If a child sickened, and drooped, and died, it became, as it were, his own child; if a member of his church was bereaved of a brother, he, too, was bereaved. And so a compact, vigorous constitution began to give way, and it was not long ere he found himself incapable of brain-work on Monday during the reaction after the excitement of preaching, and then the brain-prostration began to creep over Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, till it reached Saturday night, and then he stopped work and went to Europe; in June, 1833. There he consulted eminent physicians, who prescribed rest, spent a year, and was much reinvigorated. After his return, he published some results of his travels, in a volume entitled "The Old World and the New." We like this book not only for its descriptions of places, things, and men, but especially for its *reflections;* by which we do not mean the croakings over the dishonesty of rulers, the downfall of nations, and the destruction of antiques; but we mean those thoughts, racy or reverent, serious or statistical, philosophical or playful, which will be suggested by any thing that a thoughtful man sees. We have in this book some of the best criticisms on painting, on music, on sculpture, on men, and things, and places, and, more than all, views of society, of government, of the tendency of monarchical institutions, and of the condition of the European people, which are sound, comprehensive, and deeply interesting. There is, too, a comparison of the United States with Europe, which, while it is greatly in our favor, cannot but commend itself to our intelligent neighbors abroad. Dr. Dewey, by his presence and his writings, has done much to impart juster views of the American character and of republican institutions. The following extract we commend to women:

"I must add a word upon our modes of dress. With a climate twice as trying as that of England, we are, on this point, twice as negligent. Whether there is actual violence done to the form in the absurd attempt to make it genteel, I will not undertake to decide; but certainly the bust of an English woman shows that it never was, and never could have been, subjected to those awful processes of girting, which must have been applied in many cases to produce what we see among us. At any rate, the fearful preva-

lence of consumption in our country is an admonition of our duty on this subject of dress, that ought not to be disregarded. And especially in a country where no limits are set to fashionable imitation—where a man is very liable to mistake upon the door-step his domestic for his wife or daughter—this is a subject that comes home to every family, whether low or high, and comes, too, in the most palpable forms of interest—in the suffering and expense of sickness, and in the bitterness of bereavement.

"But consumption and death are not the only alarming forms in which the subject of female health presents itself. Let any one look at the women of America, and, with all their far-famed delicacy and beauty, let him tell me what he thinks of them, as the mothers of future generations. What are the prospects of the national constitution and health, as they are to be read in the thousands of pale faces and slender forms, unfit for the duties of maternity, which we see around us? Let any one go with this question to their nurseries, and he will see the beginning of things to come. Let him go to the schools, and he will turn over another leaf in the book of prophecy. Oh! for a sight, at home, of the beautiful groups of children that are constantly seen in England, with their rosy cheeks and robust frames!"

Much truth is expressed in the following criticism on the union of Church and State:

"But it is not enough to say, that religion does not want the State; it is injured by the State. It always suffers from its union with the State. State patronage tends to give religion a mercenary and a mechanical character. Religion is liable to lose something of its vital character, when it is made to depend on a compulsory support. And it ceases, moreover, to be a common interest, when its affairs are managed, when its institutions are regulated, and its officers are appointed, by a few."

Read the following description of sea-sickness:

"I wonder that nobody has talked, or written, or sung, or satirized, about this horrible discomfort of a sea-voyage. It is said that Cato repented only of three things during his life—'to have gone by sea when he could go by land, to have passed a day inactive,

and to have told a secret to his wife.' I will not discuss the other points with the old stoic, but with the first I certainly have the most perfect sympathy. It is not sea-sickness; I have had none of that; but it is a sickness of the sea, which has never, that I know, been described. It is a tremendous ennui, a complete inaptitude to all enjoyment, a total inability to be pleased with any thing. Nothing is agreeable—neither eating nor drinking, nor walking nor talking, nor reading nor writing; nor even is going to sleep an agreeable process, and waking is perfect misery. I am speaking of my own experience, it is true, and others find a happier fortune upon the sea; but, I believe that it is the experience of a *class*, not much less unhappy than the most miserable victims of sea-sickness."

On his return from Europe, he was settled over "The Second Congregational Unitarian Society" of New York, which at present worships in "The Church of the Messiah," in Broadway.

In 1842 he again went abroad for his health, taking his family with him, consisting of his wife, two daughters, and one son. He passed two years in France, Italy, Switzerland, and England.

On his return from Europe, Dr. Dewey resumed his duties in the Church of the Messiah; but his health again failing, his connection with it was dissolved in 1848. Since that time he has been preaching occasionally: one winter in Albany, for the upbuilding of a Unitarian Society there; two winters in Washington, and now and then in New York and Boston. He has written, also, two courses of lectures for the Lowell Institute, in Boston: one on the "Problem of Human Life and Destiny;" the other on the "Education of the Human Race." The first course was delivered, with marked acceptance, in Boston; twice in New York; in Brooklyn, New Bedford, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, St. Louis, Louisville, Nashville, Madison, Cincinnati, and Sheffield. The second course was delivered first at the Lowell Institute, in the latter part of 1855. The first course has been so generally discussed, that we forbear to add our mite. The second course is, perhaps, of a more popular cast, presenting the effective instruments in the education of the race, as well as what the education consists in. This, of course, leads on to biography and criticism of character, in which Dr. Dewey succeeds

in producing the happiest effect, as well as profound impression. Moses as the lawgiver; Paul as the preacher; Scott and Thackeray and Carlyle and others as authors; together with representative artists, are portrayed with the power of a generous appreciation. The lecture on Paul the Preacher is the masterpiece of the course; for in this the sympathies of a life-work were the inspiration.

One of this course of lectures is entitled "Liberty," which Dr. Dewey closes with these words:

"Liberty, gentlemen, is a solemn thing—a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please; but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless—and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself. That hour in *human life* is most serious, when it passes from parental control, into free manhood; then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself, more strongly than ever father or mother bound it upon him. And when a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authority, and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy Church, must be built there, to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

"Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon—not as a bond. And there is nothing, I seriously believe, in the present crisis of human affairs—there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up—to be advanced—to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom.

"In the universe there is no trust so awful as *moral freedom;* and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle; the space within is cleared from all obstruction, or, at least, from all coercion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it—God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power! He compels the winds and waves to obey Him; He com-

pels animal instincts to obey Him; but He does not *compel man* to obey. That sphere He leaves free; He brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong, He leaves to man himself. Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles, and pours out its blood on its country's altar—the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control. Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and orators of freedom; with Spenser and Milton, with Hampden and Sydney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it. Come that liberty!—come none that does not lead to that! Come the liberty, that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron and iron-law, but of painful constriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience!

> 'He is a freeman whom the truth makes free;
> And all are slaves beside.'"

This extract presents Dr. Dewey's position on a familiar subject, but one which, in this day, and in every day, has excited, all will allow, not a little attention. A few years ago, in the "Compromise Times," as they are called, Dr. Dewey declared himself in favor of what will always be recognized in our national history as the "Compromise Measures." His position was not in accordance with the convictions of many leading clergymen of his denomination, and not in accordance with what is now the expressed popular sentiment of the North, and with what was then the suppressed popular sentiment of the North. He was, in consequence, subjected to more or less criticism, which, in most cases, was respectful and legitimate, but in some cases was vituperative and unjust. He was charged with saying, in a public speech, not only that he would sustain the Fugitive Slave Law, but also that he would send his mother into Southern slavery, rather than see the Union of these United States

destroyed. And it is presumed that Theodore Parker, of Boston, would have no objection to be mentioned as one of the persons who took occasion to give circulation to this story. It is suitable, in this matter, which at the time excited much comment, that Dr. Dewey should be heard in his own defence.

In a lecture before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, in 1854, after expressing in the strongest terms his aversion to the slave system, Dr. Dewey proceeded thus:

"Gentlemen, six years ago I addressed you on this subject, and I said nothing then at variance with what I say now. But ever since that time, I have been traduced by certain persons with the charge of saying that I would consign my most venerable relative to slavery to save the Union—or, as they say, to sustain the present fugitive slave bill—a bill of which I did not say any thing; and I am perfectly at liberty, in consistence with my own declarations, to detest this fugitive slave bill, and all fugitive slave bills—which I heartily do. But to the charge: I understand that those who bring it say that it can be *proved;* because some persons—one or two, I think, out of two or three thousand—are ready to testify that they heard me speak the offensive words. Give me your patience for one moment, and let me possess my own. If any person professing to be my friend should bring this argument—if any such person could believe me capable of an indecorum so irreverent, gross, and unnecessary—I should simply turn my back upon him, and say not a word. But to an enemy or an honest defamer, I would say—just look at it; here am I, a sincere and respectable person (I hope I may say *that*), and I simply aver that I never uttered those words that you charge me with speaking—being, indeed, totally incapable of it—as much as I am of profane swearing. Here, too, are the manuscripts of my printed lecture, and my printed speech at Pittsfield, containing no such words as you allege. And here, too, is the natural liability of any man's ear, to mistake the word brother for mother; and yet you have maintained your charge; you have invaded the sanctuary and holiest shrine of private affection; you have rolled this lie, as a sweet morsel, under your tongues, for six years! Have such men mothers?

"Gentlemen, I hope you will pardon this allusion to myself. It is almost forced from me by the circumstance that the last time I addressed you, I gave utterance to the sentiment which has been so perseveringly misrepresented—which sentiment was expressed in these words. Casting in my lot with the African man—applying no argument to him which I would not bring home to myself, I said, 'I would consent'—for I did not speak of *sending* anybody into slavery; 'I would consent that my own brother, my own son, should go into slavery—ten times rather would I go myself, than that this Union should perish for me or mine;' and I believe you will feel, that if I *could* have saved this Union from being rent in pieces by becoming a slave, no bosom in all this continent, or the world, would have been filled with such joy as mine. And I think you will agree with me, that when, for what I then said and you approved, such unrelenting slander has attempted to fix upon me the character of a violent and vulgar brawler for the Fugitive Slave Law, I have a right to repel it, and before you to repel it, in somewhat indignant and decisive terms."

Having thus sketched the life of Dr. Dewey up to the present time, we will close with a brief criticism.

We could not write of Dr. Dewey as the man in distinction from Dr. Dewey as the religious man; because it is true of him, that religion is a part of his life; that it enters in as an element of his character, and as a living principle of his being. It is with him no external affair, put on and off like the dress—a mere protection to the individual, not a part of him; but it has been taken into his soul, and like the absorption of food by the body, it has become, by spiritual digestion, a component part of his spiritual organization. He believes and teaches that man can and must make this matter of piety and morality, of love to God and love to man, the controlling, actuating principle of every-day life; of a life however obscure, and of actions however humble. Hence we should say that this was a characteristic of his preaching, namely, the enforcement of piety as a *life*, not as a creed—not as an outward garment, not as a *sesame* at the gate of heaven; but as a life, a vital motion, a principle, as something to live by as well as to die by. He interweaves religious

duty and daily concerns; and the hearer is impressed with the obligation of becoming, not so much a "churchman," or a "professor," or an "exhorter," as of becoming a religious man—religious in thoughts, in affections, in tastes, in amusements, in business—religious in the whole being and in all doing. Hence he exerts an influence towards the disregard of factitious circumstances, such as rank, wealth, fashion, intellectual power, personal beauty, or the lack of any of these; in comparison with the essentials of a sincere, upright, earnest character, working out in a faithful, honest, pure, and loving life.

In conversation, a person of Dr. Dewey's thought and culture cannot but be attractive, if he give freedom to his thoughts and play to his fancy. This he does to an unusual degree. He is one of the best conversationists, maintaining lively chat of anecdote, illustration, and repartee, with a vein of sound sense constantly revealing itself, and an underlying strata of philosophical and religious thought ever cropping out.

In person, Dr. Dewey is of medium height, with a well-compacted body, surmounted by a head quite too large to be proportioned; with a full, high, and broad forehead; with dark, short, undirected hair; and a large, flexible, expressive, and homely mouth.

Dr. Dewey's style is the result of severe discipline, and one difficult of attainment. It is both ornate and chaste. It is not so likely to win the applause of the many; but it finds its way to an aristocracy of mind on terms of confidence. It has a nobility of air, which marks it as of a privileged order. He illustrates, more than is usual perhaps, by reference to personal experience, to something seen or heard, or, in some cases, to the progress of thought-development in his own mind; yet all such references are made in the same cultivated manner, which does not partake of conversational familiarity. Take the following as a brief specimen:

"I have seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action, invested as a halo her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her: but she died!

Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hand to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones for such to live in? Forbid it, reason!—religion!—bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die, in God's counsel, who live, even in frail human memory, forever!"

All, except his late writings, are bound in one volume, published at London in 1844.* It is a closely-printed octavo of nearly nine hundred pages. In it come first, "Discourses on Various Subjects," on "Human Nature," on "Religious Sensibility," on "The Voices of the Dead," &c., &c. Then follow, "Moral Views on Commerce, Society, and Politics," on "The Moral End of Business," on "Associations," on "The Moral Evils to which American Society is Exposed," on "War," on "The Blessing of Freedom," &c. Here one will find a thorough philosophical view of the relation which business and labor hold to man as a spiritual being, and of the moral ends accomplished by these mighty ordinances of commerce, society, and politics; and their real evils are presented graphically and the remedies set forth encouragingly. These social questions are discussed with candor, thoroughness, and practical sense.

We next have, "Discourses on Human Life," on "The Moral Significance of Life," on "The Miseries of Life," on "The Religion of Life," on "The Problem of Life Resolved in the Life of Christ," on "The Call of Humanity, and the Answer to It," &c. These are more religious in their character than the preceding. They set forth the connection between religion and morality, and the importance of religion as a living principle, exemplifying the prominent traits in Dr. Dewey's character and teachings. We call attention to the following extracts taken from different discourses:

"Life, then, we repeat, is what we make it, and the world is what we make it. Life, that is to say, takes its coloring from our own

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* These Discourses mentioned, together with some others not contained in the London edition, and articles from Reviews not before printed, are published by C. S. Francis & Co., New York, in three volumes, duodecimo.

minds; the world, as the scene of our welfare or woe, is, so to speak, moulded in the bosom of human experience. The archetypes, the ideal forms of things without—if not, as some philosophers have said, in a metaphysical sense, yet in a moral sense—they exist within us. The world is the mirror of the soul. Life is the history, not of outward events—not of outward events chiefly—but life, human life, is the history of a mind. To the pure, all things are pure; to the joyous, all things are joyous; to the gloomy, all things are gloomy; to the good, all things are good; to the bad, all things are bad. The world is nothing but a mass of materials, subject to a great moral experiment. The human breast is the laboratory."

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"The distinctions of life, too, are mostly factitious, the work of art, and man's device. They are man's gifts, rather than God's gifts; and for that reason I would esteem them less. They are fluctuating also, and therefore attract notice, but on that account, too, are less valuable. They are palpable to the senses, attended with noise and show, and therefore likely to be over-estimated; while those vast benefits which all share, and which are always the same, which come in the ordinary course of things, which do not disturb the ordinary and even tenor of life, pass by unheeded. The resounding chariot, as it rolls on with princely state and magnificence, is gazed upon with admiration, and perhaps with envy. But morning comes forth in the east, and from his glorious chariot-wheels scatters light over the heavens, and spreads life and beauty through the world: morning after morning comes, and noontide sets its throne in the southern sky, and the day finishes its splendid revolution in heaven, without exciting, perhaps, a comment or a reflection." * * *

"Life is a finely-attempered, and, at the same time, a very trying school. It is finely attempered; that is, it is carefully adjusted, in all its arrangements and tasks, to man's powers and passions. There is no extravagance in its teachings; nothing is done for the sake of present effect. It excites man, but it does not excite him too much. Indeed, so carefully adjusted are all things to this raging love of excitement, so admirably fitted to hold this passion in check, and to attemper all things to what man can bear, that I cannot help seeing

in this feature of life, intrinsic and wonderful evidence of a wise and overruling Order. Men often complain that life is dull, tame, and drudging. But how unwisely were it arranged, if it were all one gala-day of enjoyment or transport! And when men make their own schools of too much excitement, their parties, controversies, associations, and enterprises, how soon do the heavy realities of life fasten upon the chariot-wheels of success when they are ready to take fire, and hold them back to a moderated movement!" * * *

"It is our inordinate self-seeking, self-considering, that is ever a stumbling-block in our way. It is this which spreads questions, snares, difficulties, around us. It is this that darkens the very ways of Providence to us, and makes the world a less happy world to us than it might be. There is one thought that could take us out from all these difficulties, but we cannot think it. There is one clue from the labyrinth; there is one solution of this struggling philosophy of life within us; it is found in that Gospel, that life of Jesus, with which we have, alas! but little deep heart-acquaintance. Every one must know that if he could be elevated to that self-forgetting simplicity and disinterestedness, he would be relieved from more than half of the inmost trials of his bosom. What, then, can be done for us, but that we be directed, and that, too, in a concern as solemn as our deepest wisdom and welfare, to the Gospel of Christ? 'In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.'"

Next follow fifteen discourses in defence of Unitarianism. In these is probably comprised the ablest and fullest argument in defence of that faith. In this volume is also included "The Old World and the New," at which we have already glanced. We would direct attention to the remarks scattered through Dr. Dewey's works on Amusements and Recreations, both national and individual. He approves of their extensive use, as calculated to refine and develop—nay, he deems them essential as meeting a want of our nature, which cannot be left unsatisfied without detriment to character. We commend these views to all. The subject of Amusements is of interest, and here it will be found to be candidly and philosophically discussed. The volume closes with "Miscellaneous Discourses and Essays," among which appear his dedication

sermon of the Church of the Messiah, and a discourse on "the Character and Writings of Dr. Channing," which we consider his masterpieces. The former sets forth the true object and aim of the pulpit as one rarely sees them set forth.

The eulogy of Channing is remarkable, not only as a beautiful tribute of affection, but also as a discriminating analysis of character. To him who was blessed with the friendship of the original, how life-like seems the picture! The touches have the delicacy of a master's skill, so exquisitely finished that they thrill the soul like strains of delicious music.

And, lastly, we come to a treatise on American Morals and Manners, in which are discussed with candor and ability the subjects of Repudiation, Slavery, the effects of Democratic Institutions, &c. The treatise appears to have been written with special reference to the enlightenment of Europeans. The views commend themselves to the good sense of all. Our national character would be elevated by such a reading. We should not only be more proud of our birthright, the boon of liberty, and more patriotic, but also more jealous of our country's honor, and more devoted to her advancement.

Dr. Dewey is an orator, though belonging rather to the ancient than the modern school. A popular orator of the present day must be more impetuous, fiery, noisy, flashing, nervous, than Dr. Dewey is. We have such in the pulpit, at the bar, in the hall, on the stump, but they are often declaimers rather than orators. The orator must possess dignity, yet without pomposity; ease, without slovenliness; richness of style, without inflation; simplicity, without abruptness; power, without commotion; earnestness, without haste; he must be impassioned, but not passionate; roused, but not vehement; on-going, but not impetuous. Such an orator is Dr. Dewey. His periods are perfectly complete and rounded, yet filled by the thought; the variety is great, yet a symmetry prevails; and in general we find that harmony between the thoughts and their form, which should always obtain. Some excel in style, but lack thought; others are rich in thought, but fail in style; some use words to please the ear merely; others discard all grace and melody. Dr. Dewey

combines the two. It is doubtful whether the name of Saxon or Roman would apply to his style. Artistic and scholarly it certainly is. His imagination is rich, but not superfluous; ready, but not obtrusive. It takes not the lead of truth, but waits on her as a handmaid. It flies, but not to weariness; soars, but does not strain its flight. Granting that the object of oratory is to arouse and move, we believe that the form and mode of appeal are essential elements and grounds of criticism. The effect should be produced through the avenues, not of the passions or lower sensibilities, or any emotions based on self-interest, but through reason and conscience; through those high and noble sensibilities which belong to us as spiritual and not animal beings. Such, we think, is the peculiar feature of ancient oratory. We find no descent to the low and sensual. Those ancient princes among the nobility of intellect expected to meet their hearers on their own high ground, and in their own pure atmosphere. Such a position we believe it is which Dr. Dewey holds.

Every church has its own peculiar *atmosphere*. We mean, of course, its mental or spiritual atmosphere, which is often perceptible even to the stranger. This is to be attributed in part, no doubt, to the combination of effects upon the senses, from various causes, such as the architecture, the music, the appearance of the worshippers, their dress, and deportment; but above all, from the *Preacher*, in the expression of his face, in his whole manner and bearing, and especially in his voice. He it is who most of all decides the character of this general impression, and his presence seems at times to pervade the place, and to affect one's very thoughts and emotions.

In some churches, the chief elements are confusion, noise, disorder; in others, seriousness and repose, harmonizing with the spirit of true worship. In some the spirit of form rules, and one feels chilled and petrified; in some, ignorance, rant, and superstition prevail; in some, sectarianism and bigotry; in some, pride, fashion, and worldliness; while in others, the happy opposites of these appear.

When Dr. Dewey appears in the pulpit, one feels that an earnest, devout, thoughtful man is to speak. There is no restlessness, no unnecessary shifting and arranging, no sudden angular move-

ments, no commotion, no hurry. But in prayer one receives the full impression of these traits. There is no profane rushing to the act, no cant, no prayer to the audience, no shouting as if God were indeed "a God afar off;" but one feels that the Deity is approached by a finite creature, and not by an equal, whom humility and sincerity best become. There is that union of adoration, fear, trust, petition, confession, and those marks of earnest, collected thought, which are the necessary elements of true prayer. As agreeing with, and in part conducing to this effect, we may speak here of his voice, the superiority of which is most evident in this sublime act. It is then a deep orotund, some degree of which so naturally and almost necessarily accompanies the expression of the solemn and religious. One rarely hears a voice so low and deep-toned, and so in harmony with the worshipping, imploring heart. The spirit of adoration, and of earnest, dignified, intelligent worship, pervades his ministrations.

The philosophical cast of Dr. Dewey's mind is seen even in his lightest writings and ordinary conversation. He may be humorous and jovial, yet the undercurrent of philosophical thought plainly influences and guides. He often expresses the choicest thoughts in the garb of the merest pleasantry. As we see the truthfulness of the man in his sermons, so do we see in them his philosophy. It is seen in the control exercised by reason; in a freedom from wild fancy, contradictions, one-sidedness, exaggeration; in a comprehensiveness of view, and a looking beyond the fences of party, and sect, and age, and condition, which reason so imperatively demands. The philosopher is seen also in a warm, ever-present sympathy with man, and an intimate knowledge of him in his inner life. The active, true humanity in him finds it in others. It is the great end of philosophy to unfold humanity to itself, to redeem it from its ignorance and debasement, to bring it forth from the darkness and delusive shadows of its cave to the air and light, to arouse it from its deep and fatal sleep to a glorious and saving consciousness. Some may say that this is the end of religion, but we cannot separate these. Religion is the highest form, the consummation of philosophy.

FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON.

"And ye are Christ's: and Christ is God's."

It is a matter of regret that circumstances have prevented the preparation of a criticism and biography of Professor Huntington, which, in its fulness, should meet the reasonable demands of the reader; but we trust that the following description, though imperfect, will mitigate disappointment, or at least be accepted as the evidence of an unfulfilled desire.

F. D. Huntington was born in Hadley, Massachusetts, May 28, 1819, and is the son of a distinguished clergyman residing in that place. Hon. Charles P. Huntington, of Northampton, one of the ablest lawyers of Massachusetts, remarkable for culture, manliness, and effective eloquence, is his brother.

Mr. Huntington entered Amherst College in 1835, and was graduated in 1839, with the first honors of the class. His valedictory made a marked impression by its vigorous thought, and brilliant rhetoric. His class is regarded as including more young men, remarkable for talent or genius, than almost any previous one. Professor Huntington; Dr. R. S. Storrs, Jr., of Brooklyn; and Rev. N. A. Hewit, of the Catholic Church, have already become distinguished. Several of rich promise have died; among whom we might mention J. H. Bancroft, of Boston, who had a singularly poetical and fruitful mind; and G. Sumner, of Detroit, who possessed the highest order of legal ability. Rev. N. A. Hewit, the son of Rev. Dr. Hewit of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is now one of the most prominent preachers in the Roman Catholic Church. He belongs to the German monastic order of Redemptorists, who spend six months

of the year in seclusion, and six in itinerant preaching, thus emulating the Methodists in their peculiar excellence.

Mr. Huntington was graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1842, and immediately invited to the pastoral charge of the South Congregational Church of Boston, and was ordained on the nineteenth of October. Here he remained until elected in 1855, "Preacher to the Cambridge University, and Professor of Christian Morals." His relations to his Church were of the happiest and closest, and the separation a sad one for both pastor and people.

A writer in a Boston paper says, "Mr. Huntington's manner in the pulpit is such as to *command* attention. He combines dignity with grace, and a certain loftiness of demeanor. Every thing he says is impressed with the thoughtfulness of an earnest man, and seems a direct expression of the soul. He infuses himself into all his discourses, uniting also to this, earnestness of sentiment and a vigorous and buoyant rhetoric. He is peculiarly clear and forcible in expression, and never leaves the hearer in doubt as to his meaning. There is remarkable vitality and strength in his compositions. The tones of his voice are full, firm, smooth, of large compass, and skilfully modulated. Naturally rich and generous, he has submitted it to a severe culture. Hence it has become flexible, obedient, and musical. The conformation of his forehead gives token of strong intellectual powers, while the whole structure of his head is that of a firm, stalwart, valiant man. His countenance is indicative of great humanity, manliness, and dignity. In person he is of medium size, robust frame, and fine muscular development."

Another writer says: "No one can hear Mr. Huntington speak, and forget the impressiveness of his manner, and the excellence of his elocution. He has a finely modulated, deep-toned, and rich voice, which has been carefully cultivated. His countenance is full of benignity, reminding one of the remark concerning the late President Kirkland, that 'his face was a benediction.' He is one of the best of readers. Indeed, the Scriptures, as he reads them, are the best of all sermons, for the hearer has both the letter and the spirit."

The following description is taken from a letter written by Rev. C. L. Brace:

"On Sunday I had the pleasure, at the College Chapel, of hearing two sermons from Rev. Dr. Huntington, professor and chaplain of the college.

"They were sermons, from which one would come away, not so much thinking of the speaker or his powers, as profoundly solemnized and impressed.

"The morning address was on the wish 'to die the death of the righteous.' He took up the aspiration, not from the usual point of view, as the desire of the repentant or the virtuous, but as the longing of all men at certain times to have a calm and hopeful closing—a pledge, as it were, of the reopening. The main purport of his remarks was to show that 'the only way of dying nobly was to live nobly;' that the triumph of the death-bed is, as it were, the aggregate resultant triumph of a great many contests with self the whole life-long; that our composure and faith there, if we be in sound mind, is the peace which *living* first with God has given us. The deep impression left by the sermon came in great measure probably from the earnestness of the speaker himself—a sense of the awful *reality* of these forever-repeated truths, as if with a new and profound meaning which forced it on our minds, he had said, '*There is a God.* You are immortal, and you hasten to tremendous retributions. There *is* a life, invisible. Faith, Love, Nobleness, are the great facts for each soul. It is all TRUE.'

"His language was throughout singularly fresh and beautiful—charming the intellectual ear, yet never drawing away from the idea—and rich in a continual succession of similes and pictures. His manner was excellent for such a place; for the most part easy, half-colloquial, and only now and then rising into a strain of eloquence. Any thing like strained oratory, Sunday after Sunday, there, would completely pall. The great and marked quality was the profound earnestness of the man.

"The afternoon sermon was on 'the backsliding Christian'—the falling away from one's ideal of life: of course, to any thoughtful mind, the most solemn of all subjects. His treatment of it was

very impressive, but by no means equal to the morning's. The characterizations were evidently not drawn from life, but rather from the usual lists of backslidden saints in sermon-writing. It is in such life-pictures that H. W. Beecher shows himself the greatest preacher of his day, and sometimes, we think, of modern times.

"Of both sermons, the most eminent fault was, they were not written for the audience; still, they could not fail to reach any hearer.

"Perhaps even more than by his addresses, I was affected by the prayers. There is something almost offensive in even criticising a prayer; yet it has become necessary. I believe I speak the language of thousands of hearts, who would not care to utter it, when I say that in very many of our pulpits, of all sects, the prayers have become something odious to us. To see a man arise, and, with solemn manner of worship, professed to be addressed to the Infinite Spirit, utter an elegant, careful statement, whether of doctrine or technical expressions, evidently intended for the audience, containing no one word or sentence which really his heart would utter, and filled with phrases which have lost all life to him and almost everybody else, is to me so disagreeable and offensive, that I feel ashamed at bowing my head in union with such mummery. When the living spirit has left the pulpit, you can bear for long the empty sermons and soulless exhortations. You may feel your patience a kind of sacrificial offering to the great cause of social worship and expressed religion. But to feign a part in a prayer, which to your mind is an empty pretence, or an arbitrary, technical mode of showing the spirit of supplication, is revolting to one's honesty and reverence; and such services become a burden and an offence. The cause of the difficulty is twofold. It lies in that tendency which curses all human effort, to forget the inward for the outward, to lose sight of the soul, to run into routine; and further, in many instances, in a *constitutional inability* to utter public prayers. There are men who *cannot pray* in public, and they never will. The remedies for both I leave to the consideration of your readers.

"Mr. Huntington seems to me really to pray in the pulpit. His

soul breathes out there, in natural language, its aspirations to the Redeemer and Father. The very spirit of the petitioner raises you to his own level of faith, and dependence, and aspiration. It is not the words merely that you join, but, by the mysterious touch of sympathy, your soul for the moment takes the same solemn aspects of the Unseen, and feels the same sorrow, or hope, or spiritual desire, which he does.

"I may possibly have exaggerated the usual character of his prayers; still, so for the time they seemed to me. It is said, too, by those familiar with the matter, that that usually most lifeless of all routine—college morning-prayers—has with him become a living thing. Of Mr. Huntington's exact sectarian and theological position not much could be judged from these services. His expressions were evidently his own—not gathered from catechisms or creeds; and he seemed, as every true man should, to take his own individual aspect of religious truths.

"It is not strange to hear that such a man is gaining a strong influence over the students. And yet how rare is any such influence in a college chapel! Of all places in the world, where should be a living preacher with mind awake to eternal realities, with true human sympathies, and practical knowledge of men, that is the one; and yet how seldom is he there! If there is any audience which, beyond others, is *not* affected by scholastic or so-called classical addresses, it is one of young students, though the reverse seems the popular belief."

Professor Huntington's peculiar position with respect to the Unitarian and Orthodox denominations is represented in the following extract from an article of his published in the Monthly Religious Magazine for November, 1855, of which he is the editor:

"Within the denomination known as Unitarian, there are those who accept Christianity as a dispensation of Divine grace, and not a development of human reason; as having for its specific and peculiar power, a special, supernatural redemption from sin, in Christ Jesus, and not merely an unusual measure of natural wisdom or love. They believe in Christ as literally and verily 'God manifest in the flesh,' all power being given unto Him in heaven and on earth;

as the eternally-begotten Son of God, the mode of His oneness with the Father being a glorious and gracious mystery, transcending knowledge by the very conditions of the case; and as the ever-living present Head of the Church, and personal Intercessor for His disciples. They believe in the universality of the need of a spiritual renewal in human hearts, through repentance, forgiving grace, and the salvation in Christ. They believe that the cross of the Redeemer is the world's only hope; all everywhere who are saved being saved through the spiritual administration and headship of the Son of God over the entire race, consciously or unconsciously operating. They believe in prayer as a veritable asking and receiving from God, and not a self-stimulating and reactive process of man. In these respects, they probably differ from others of the same name, doctrinally. In many other points they agree.

"These persons also earnestly desire a cordial fellowship with all, of every name, whose spirit and faith permit it. They suppose God has true servants in all religious households, and that other sects than the Unitarians have something to afford to the Church of the Future. They take all honorable occasions, therefore, to cultivate these catholic sympathies, and to hold friendly intercourse with intelligent and earnest hearts of different denominations; their own deepest interest inclining them naturally to 'evangelical' associations, rather than the opposite. Ministers of this stamp would gladly exchange professional civilities with devout orthodox men, for the sake of the ends here indicated, and as being a simple act of Christian decency between disciples so agreed and related. They make full and unreserved use, not of technical terms, but of the rich scriptural phraseology which best conveys their doctrines. Sometimes it happens, and this also very naturally, that their preaching is liked by orthodox hearers; and these, finding in it an unexpected unction, and what seems the very truth of Christ, call it orthodox preaching. Such believers do not find themselves otherwise than happy, contented, and busy where they are; and, having tasted of a deep peace, can say, 'Would to God all were even as I am in this faith!' They are not moving consciously towards any particular denomination or creed, but only pray to come nearer and ever

nearer to the Master, and to do their humble work faithfully under His eye, and His acceptance.

"What is the meaning of our boasted liberality? Is it that you may be rationalistic as you please, and go clear; but, if you happen to have 'evangelical' predilections, you must be assailed? Is it that we must be tolerant of skepticism, and the persecutors of orthodoxy? Is it that we must embrace those who deny the doctrines of redemption, regeneration, special and Divine answers to prayer, and the inspiration of the Scriptures, but denounce those who cling to them as the hope and joy of their souls? Does this vaunted charity, look in only one direction, and that away from the cross of Christ? * * * The Unitarian denomination have lately, we believe, through some of their public men and journals, and recognition of pastors, given frequent signs of cordial favor to men, honest no doubt, who have no belief in the Divine authority of revelation, in the infallibility and supernatural works of Jesus Christ, in the need of a radical renewing of the human heart, in the efficacy of prayer as bringing us direct help from God, beyond the effects wrought in the natural operations of the human mind, or in the personal presence of the Saviour in His Church. It only remains to cast off those who hold opposite convictions, to complete the severance of the denomination from historical Christianity and evangelical religion."

In these paragraphs, replete with thought and suggestion, we see the strong tendencies of the man. He is the leader of those who have come to be styled, in popular phrase, "Evangelical Unitarians." He looks for a new development, or a new expression of Christianity. He anticipates "a Church of the Future," embracing all existing denominations, on a new and more comprehensive basis. But he thinks that no planning or scheming can evolve it; that it must be born, not of human purposes, but of God's spirit. He thinks that it will unite those among the orthodox who are called Unitarian with those among the Unitarians who are called orthodox, as well as those Christians who will not connect themselves with any denomination, either because of their strong dislike for sectarianism, or of their disapproval of a creed as the door of admission.

The movement among the Unitarians which he represents, and which

we are inclined to think is rather exceptional than general, is stigmatized as a "return to Calvinism" by those who represent, under the term "Calvinism," exaltation of the creed above the life, God's love lost sight of in His absorbing justice, and, perhaps, illiberality and bigotry; though they would by no means charge Professor Huntington either with these views or with this illiberal spirit; but rather expressing in that formula disapproval of the movement. Of course Professor Huntington strongly objects to such nomenclature, insisting that the movement should not be identified with any name of the Past or Present. "For while one saith, I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal? Who then is Paul, or who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed? Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." He believes that questions should be discussed in their principles, and not in their advocates; and we think he would deny also that the strictly orthodox stand now on the platform of Calvin, as they profess to do. He feels that little progress will be made towards a fusion of the Unitarian and Orthodox, while names hold such potent sway; and especially while the religious journals are, for the most part, so denunciative and bitter in tone, and so contentious in spirit. His views of union are tolerated by the Christian Register of Boston, opposed by the Christian Inquirer of New York, and regarded with heart-felt sympathy by those of the orthodox who think that the development of the great spiritual verities, believed every where, and by all Christians, should not be limited by peculiar dialectics or special terminology.

The following statement of the suggested reunion of the Evangelical and Unitarian Congregationalists is from the pen of an influential Unitarian clergyman of Massachusetts:

"Some five and thirty years ago, when the policy of the Calvinistic section of the Congregational body, in excluding the Unitarian section from all Christian fellowship, was fairly settled, there was not wanting wise men among the Orthodox who declared that it was a mistaken policy, which would by and by be regretted. They

knew how difficult it is to heal a division, especially one which has been confirmed by religious tradition and all the prejudices of early education. They felt that the position which Calvinism then took was a departure from the radical Protestant doctrine and the proper principles of the New England Independents. But they had small influence in the councils which zealots of the faith controlled. The decree went out that the Unitarians must be dealt with as heretics, excluded from the courtesies of the Church, denied the Christian name, and deprived as far as possible of all religious consideration. The lines were drawn between belief and unbelief. The Unitarians were driven, in self-defence, to combine and become a sect, and from this to assume in some particulars an aggressive position. In a little time, the voices on either side which had spoken for union ceased to be heard, sharp controversy quite silenced all prophecy of peace; the elders, whose differing opinions did not break their fellowship, died one after another, and to the new generation the Orthodox and Unitarian bodies were as widely distinct as the Orthodox and Catholic Churches. Probably most of the lay-members in existing Congregational churches have no idea that any union between the Orthodox and Unitarian bodies ever existed!

"The time which those wise men of the Orthodox body predicted has now nearly or quite come. There are many now who regret that difference in a few points of faith, or in the interpretation of the phrases of a few formulas, should separate those whose sympathies, whose practical purpose, and whose most important and positive faith would bring them together. The Orthodox are discovering that men, whom they are ecclesiastically bound to shut out from Christian intercourse, are really nearer to them than many whom they ecclesiastically acknowledge. They are dissatisfied with the narrow position which they are compelled to occupy, and long to get rid of the necessity of sacrificing real affinities to traditional and nominal hatreds. They are inquiring the way of reconciliation. The Orthodox journals, indeed, do not say much about it, for it would not be prudent so to do; a religious newspaper of large circulation must always follow at a respectful distance the opinions of its party. But in private the way of reconciliation between the

Unitarians and the Orthodox is much talked about, and is a matter of serious moment to many eminent men in the latter body. There are some who have come to the point of believing such reconciliation to be fit, necessary, and near in time, though they cannot tell exactly how it is to be brought about, more than the Abolitionists can tell how slavery is to be brought to an end. They only know that the present apparent division is awkward, inconvenient, and wrong, and are ready to agree to any feasible method of getting rid of it. We are confident that the class of Orthodox men who have this feeling is considerable, both in numbers and in ability, and is daily growing.

"The Unitarians, we think, are not, as a body, particularly anxious for a formal recognition by their Orthodox relatives. They do not pine under the long disgrace of heresy which has been fastened to their name, nor are they uneasy because they fail of full fellowship from those whom time has brought nearly back to them. Yet one who has observed the tone of much of the recent writing in Unitarian books and journals, cannot help seeing that phrases which have an Orthodox sound are more agreeable than they were formerly, and that doctrines are not now so unpalatable because they seem to be Orthodox. Those gentlemen of other denominations who attended upon the first day's session of our last Convention in Providence, could not have been disturbed by any sound of heresy. An outsider might have imagined himself in a meeting of the Board of Missions or of the Tract Society, more harmonious in sentiment than are the usual meetings of those ponderous bodies. We do not believe that the Unitarians are any more Orthodox in doctrine now than they have been ever since their average faith has been settled; or that the pith and marrow of Calvinism is at all agreeable to their taste. But it were uncandid to deny that a tone of discourse, which resembles that of the Orthodox body, finds a growing favor in their ranks. The fears or the hopes that Unitarians are going over to the Orthodox body, are, we think, alike idle. We do not know the first man in the connection who would be willing to sign any *creed* that Calvinism ever framed. Yet the use of language in conference meetings, in convention speeches, in sermons, and in devotional books

which are issued by the connection itself, with its stamp of approval, warrants the belief that a large number of Unitarians are not averse to reconciliation, if it can be brought about.

"A virtual reconciliation has been for some time in progress, on the neutral ground of practical ethics and social reform. The great moral causes in which Unitarians have been, if not foremost, always prominent, have brought them into joint action with the Orthodox, and suggested a revision of the extreme theological judgments on either hand. The gigantic growth of Materialism has turned the direction of warfare, and made allies of those who were ancient enemies. There is an established moral co-operation in the strife with vice in every form, and in favor of education, temperance, equal laws, and noble charities, which no sectarian cry can hinder. Those organs of either party which set positive philanthropy above the affairs of sect, are prized, used, and freely praised by numbers on the opposite side. Unitarians read the 'Independent' newspaper almost as much as their own journals. Orthodox men are eager to get the works of Channing. In Lyceum lectures men hear with delight the utterances, which are only sermons a little secularized. Mr. Chapin and Mr. Beecher, Dr. Osgood and Dr. Storrs, preach all over the country, in that form, what they preach in their own pulpits, and the people listen and applaud. So genuine is this practical reconciliation, that many do not care for any thing more. Why should we be troubled that we are not called Christians on official occasions, if the Orthodox are willing to hear what we have to say, to give us all the room which we ask, and refuse none of those courtesies which help life to go on pleasantly? If real sympathy exists, in matters which are most important, why should we vex ourselves about the trifle of ministerial exchanges, or the feeble protests of timid sectarians, who would hold back the spirit of the age? The lecture committees, of New England, do not send to East Windsor or Bangor to know whom it is proper to invite, or lay for approval their list of names before the good brethren who gather in conference meetings.

"This actual sympathy, however, does not satisfy all. There are those who want some sort of a union in matters purely ecclesiastical; a mutual recognition of the Christian position of both bodies; a re-

newal of ministerial exchanges, to some extent, basing these on personal friendship, rather than on exact similarity of creed; union in pastoral associations, in religious anniversaries, at dedications, ordinations, and the like. The difficulties in the way of such mutual recognition, will not, we are persuaded, be found on the side of the Unitarians, unless they are required to limit or to relinquish their cherished doctrine of perfect individual freedom. If fellowship with their Orthodox brethren requires that they renounce fellowship with all in their own connection, whose studies must have led them in the direction of Rationalism, or whose criticism of the Scriptures may seem freer than the criticism of the old standard books; requires them to set up any test, whether of scholarship or theological theory, they will not ask for the boon at such a price. They will not leave their broad platform to stand on the narrow platform of Orthodoxy, however pleasant the company there may be. Nor will they multiply disclaimers of sympathy with the lax speculations in their own body, for the sake of assuring their Orthodox friends. They will not read out pharisaically any from their ranks to get the agreeable name of 'brother' from those who dread the contamination of heresy.

"The union of the two branches of the Congregational body can never be on the ground of a *creed*, neither of any creed now existing, or of any creed formed by compromise. So long as formulas measure fellowship, no matter how comprehensive, vague, or elastic they may be, the liberal party can never be in ecclesiastical bonds with the strict. When the Orthodox cease to make *creed* their test, and take the earnestness and singleness of faith, and not its amount, as the sign of a Christian belief; when they will receive the fruits of godly living, and the zeal for practical righteousness, as evidence that we are fit to dwell with them as brethren; when they will go back to the old Protestant principle of individual freedom in opinion, as in action, then the ancient union may be restored, the differences healed, and the Congregational body stand in bolder and grander strength than it has ever stood. Until that time, we must be content with the quiet sympathy—not powerless for good because it is fettered by forms and prejudices—which comes outside of our nominal

Church establishments. We do not believe that the real affiliation of formerly hostile parties is retarded seriously by the former hindrances which trouble those who would see it complete. An attempt to hasten the union by any special expedients, might do more harm than good. We are doubtful even if the Congregational body would at present work so efficiently in its union as by its division. The spirit of creed is not yet quite overcome by the spirit of union. The sentiment must become so general that it will dare, on official occasions, to declare itself, before the act of union will have any genuine vitality. We shall not regard rare instances of pulpit exchange between ministers of the two connections, who may have strong personal as well as theological sympathies, as any sign of a near general union. We shall wait for the journals to express their desire, before we predict any important change from the present relation of the two bodies.

"Meanwhile, whatever slight changes may come in the style of expression among Unitarians, concerning the doctrines of the Gospel; however much some may seem to lean towards Orthodox theories, we believe that Unitarians are satisfied with their ecclesiastical basis—that of perfect individual freedom—and that they are prepared to adopt, as their own, these words of Schleiermacher, which we find quoted in the last number of the Christian Examiner: 'With the greatest astonishment, I have lately read, in an article of an academic theologian, that it is the fundamental character of Protestantism to base itself upon unchangeable written foundations, and especially to place the clergy under the law of an inviolable church constitution. It seems to me, in truth, as if I was suddenly enveloped in darkness, and obliged to go to the door, to come out into the free light. And certainly so will many feel who are as little rationalistic as I. If, instead of the noble principle of freedom, that no assembly has the right to establish articles of faith, this other doctrine should be adopted, I would rather be in a church-fellowship which allows free inquiry and peaceful controversy with all Rationalists, if they only admit a confession of Christ, and, from conviction, continue to call themselves Christians, and even with those whose forms of doctrine I have most positively spoken against, than

be shut up with those other in an intrenchment made by the rigid letter.'"

We append an article by Professor Huntington, which, though long, cannot be condensed. It appeared in the February number of his Magazine, which, it is observable, at the same time, was issued with a new name, as "The Monthly Religious Magazine, and *Independent Journal.*" The article is headed "Remarks on the preceding Letter," which letter (signed with the well-known initials of "E. B. H.") was a review of a sermon by Rev. S. W. S. Dutton of New Haven, on "The relation of the Atonement to Holiness," published in the preceding number of his Magazine, with the following introduction:

"We can do our readers no better service than to reprint entire Rev. Mr. Dutton's *Concio ad Clerum*, delivered before the General Association of Connecticut last July. It must be borne in mind, that it received the evident and full approbation of that rather orthodox body; though we are aware that to mention this circumstance will prejudice its reception with some persons whose liberality is rather in name than in reality. Others will not fail to be nourished by the truths it so fervently proclaims, finding something there that meets their hearts, and gratified by the encouragement it gives to the hope that clear and consistent statements shall yet be found out for vital theological doctrines, in which earnest Christian believers can agree. Here and there, amidst the gathering and glowing grandeur of that sublime harmony which is yet to blend the praises, and voice the faith, of reconciled sects, some little shriek of discord is heard, both on one side and the other, petulantly protesting that the promises are illusory, that the unity is as far off as ever, and the occasion for quarrel perpetual. It is good to collect and present the evidences to the contrary. Besides those that are public, there is a private volume of them accumulating, from which the seals will some time be taken off by the Providence that orders history."

The reader is now ready for Professor Huntington's article

On the Atonement.

"The communication presented above will obtain a respectful con

sideration among all our readers, both for its candor, and for the esteem everywhere felt for its signature. It reached us too late in the month for a thorough examination in the present number; and we are not without hope that the author of the Sermon criticised may speak for himself through our pages. Meantime, we seize the opportunity to suggest rapidly a few thoughts on the subject, for which justice, and love of truth, seem to ask a patient hearing. In many respects, the present time offers encouragements to a revision of the old New England controversy. It is not unreasonable to believe that there are minds of sufficient breadth, in both the parties, to understand that the whole truth does not probably reside with either one. Local intimacy, the course of events, providential appointments, a better appreciation of historical antecedents, and a happier interpretation, on both sides, of controversial language, have prepared a state of things where each system may look for fair dealing at least from its old antagonist. Certainly it is a poor comment on both of them, if it must be said that they are not able, by this time, to furnish persons who can conduct a public discussion of their differences without a heated temper and acrimonious aspersions.

"I. The Unitarian mind needs to disabuse itself of the impression that the Orthodox view of the atonement separates the Father from the Son in the atoning work. Here is a natural ground of misapprehension. The preceding 'Letter' seems to be slightly colored by it. The Unitarian is in the habit of drawing a sharp distinction between the nature of God and the nature of Christ; and, accordingly, when he hears it affirmed that Christ's death accomplished for man a salvation which could have been achieved in no other way, he objects that this takes the efficient cause of human salvation out of the hands of God, and puts it into the hands of another and an inferior being. The great office of redemption is then said to be exhibited as *originating* in another will than God's, while God merely accepts it. Of course, the Divine Character is felt to be wronged. Instead of bestowing on the believer the gift of eternal life, and pardoning his sins, God is here supposed (says the Unitarian) to become merely a party to a plan,

or scheme, devised and brought in by another, to meet an emergency in the divine administration. He accedes to a measure not embraced within the range of his own primal, consistent, and eternal way of saving the world. At this theory,—which is really nobody's theory, but only a misconstruction of a theory,—reverence necessarily revolts. But it is to be remembered that those who adopt the view of the atonement presented in the Sermon are encumbered with no such difficulty, because they recognize no *such* distinction between the Father and the Son. Were it possible for them to conceive of God separate from Christ, they would say, perhaps, that the redemption is as much the Father's as if there were no Son, only they cannot so conceive of Him. The Father and the Son are completely and altogether at unity in the redemptive plan. It is no more peculiar to the one than to the other. Whatever popular representations of the doctrine an inadequate rhetoric may have been driven to adopt, it is not really held that the Son proposed, and the Father agreed,—that the Son made an overture which the Father accepted; but that both are one, in the design and the consummation. And they always have been one in this. Christ's mediatorial and reconciling office was an element in the everlasting providence and grace for mankind. It was not a contrivance sought out, or got up, for an emergency. It was, from the beginning, in the counsels and the foreseeing compassion of the self-existent Father, and of the only and eternally-begotten Son dwelling forever in His bosom. Nor is this belief necessarily confined to any Trinitarian sect. It belongs to all who put this depth and width of meaning on the Saviour's words: 'I and my Father are one.' To deny, therefore, the indispensableness of Christ's atonement, on the ground that it transfers power or sufficiency away from God, is impertinent as an argument addressed to them that believe in that indispensableness. Orthodoxy has not fallen into so superficial a fallacy, and is not likely to be affected by a reiteration of this familiar criticism.

"II. Much the same might be said of the often-repeated charge,—not brought forward, however, in this 'Letter,'—that Orthodoxy makes the Father to impersonate Vengeance or Retributive Law, or

even Justice, and the Son to impersonate Love. It is a valid refutation of that charge, that every careful and responsible Orthodox statement of the work of the atonement exhibits it as the highest and crowning proof of God's compassion. Through whatever form, framework, and interaction of persons, the great result is worked out, no Orthodoxy can be quite stupid enough to contradict such texts as that one which declares that '*God* so loved the world *that He gave* His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish; for God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved;' and hundreds more, to the same purport, on the pages of the New Testament. If we were to begin quoting passages from Orthodox authorities, to show that they uniformly ascribe the merciful dispositions manifested in the redemption to the Father, we should not know where to stop. Is it quite worthy of the intelligence or the honesty of liberal Christians to continue to urge an absurd accusation, and one that is sure to rebound because of its absurdity? Why not bring the censure to the true point of fault, which is, simply (in regard to the matter now immediately before us), the point of an erroneous verbal representation? We do not believe, that, in the general Orthodox consciousness and heart, the accepted doctrine of the atonement puts a repulsive aspect upon the character of God, honors the Son by dishonoring the Father, or removes the Father to a frigid distance. We do not believe any competent representative of Orthodoxy will allow for a moment, or hear it alleged without pain, that his system permits any sort of real comparison of attributes, much less contrast, competition, or antagonism, between Persons in the Godhead. Some of the most tender and beautiful instances we have ever known of filial and affectionate relations with the Father have been among those that were reared under the ordinary Orthodox instruction, and were firm in that faith. On the other hand, we as fully believe that Orthodox writers and preachers are a good deal in the habit of using phraseology on this subject as objectionable as it is unscriptural,—phraseology which their own cooler definitions would disclaim,—phraseology that is liable to be misunderstood by individuals, and to prove a scandal with them, and which trans-

gresses all reasonable latitudes of dramatic illustration. We have heard such metaphors and tropes in this kind, from able and devout Orthodox theologians, in public discourse, as have shocked our whole religious sense, and made us wish ourselves out of the house, and yet have received from the same tongues, in private conversation, doctrinal statements on the same points to which we could take no sort of exception. Nor was there the least intentional or conscious incongruity. The Church is rent asunder and disordered by words. Each sect has a certain set of phrases, a traditional language, a style of representation, which amounts to a dialect by itself, and which often appears, to men of a different denomination and training, either disgusting, irreverent, extravagant, or perhaps profanely cold. Dialogue will sometimes cast it off. If we cannot get near enough to each other, and listen forbearingly enough to each other, to lay hold of actual meanings and interpretations, it appears to us we have been born in the wrong age, or, at any rate, need to be born again.

"III. What has been most offensive to Unitarians—as we have always supposed—in the Calvinistic doctrine of the Cross, is its vicarious element—the idea of substituted *penalty*. The 'Letter' implies, in a qualified form, that this notion is to be found in Mr. Dutton's Sermon. On the contrary, it is conspicuously absent from that Sermon. In any shape which would conflict with the Divine equity, or with personal responsibility, or with the obligations of righteousness, such a notion, we venture to say, is emphatically rejected by the most enlightened and effective class of Orthodox thinkers in New England. They do not employ the word *vicarious*, nor accept the philosophy. One object we had in reprinting a discourse from one of the New Haven school of divines, was to display this fact. If any one supposes the old Calvinistic ground is held, on this subject, by the minds which best indicate the tendencies in the Orthodox Congregational body, it must be because he has failed to keep himself acquainted with the course of thought in that body for the last twenty-five years.

"IV. But it is not to be denied that the view commonly called Orthodox, and presented by Mr. Dutton, differs from the proper

Unitarian view; and a large part of our interest in it arises from this circumstance. Without undertaking Mr. Dutton's defence, we should be glad to bespeak for the system he represents a new and unprejudiced inquiry among liberal people. The idea may be briefly stated, we think, thus: Christ died for the world, because it was not consistent with the rectitude, the wisdom, and the mercy, of the divine government, that those who had broken its laws should be treated as if they had not broken them, without such a suffering; while the divine method, including such suffering and such a Sufferer, opens a consistent way for the pardon and acceptance of the sinner, with no detriment to the sanctities of law, and no danger of loosening the foundations of a righteous judgment, and, at the same time, affords a signal and glorious manifestation of spiritual love. Now, *a priori*, what moral or logical objection lies against this statement? Is it not for God to determine for Himself the way in which He will carry forward the administration of the universe, accomplish His beneficent ends, and reconcile to Himself those that have slighted His promises, insulted His affection, and plunged away from Him? If we, with our short-sightedness, our ignorance, our enfeebled faculties, and, in fact, *belonging to the guilty party*, should undertake to set up a better method of our own, is it not likely we should commit some blunder? Still, it is said, the method must seem to comport with our ideas of rectitude and reason, or else we cannot refer it to God. Is either rectitude or reason compromised, then, by this doctrine? Whom does it wrong? Not God, who originates it. Not Christ, who voluntarily and joyfully—out of His divine sympathy with man's misery, and longing for his deliverance, and prevision of the sublime issue—undertakes it. Not man himself, who, if he will comply with the simple conditions, accept what is offered him, and give his faith to the Redeemer, is thereby saved, notwithstanding his offences. Not the abstract principles of right and truth; for there is no commercial transfer of punishment, nor compulsion of the unwilling, nor forcing the innocent into the place of the guilty: but all is the moral working of a moral administration, according to the laws of a moral Governor and of moral impression on the governed; and the

whole is supposed to be openly declared beforehand. What says reason? We confess we are at a loss to discover any rational process which runs against man's being pardoned and saved through Christ's sufferings, which would not run against his being pardoned and saved on any condition whatever, so long as those sufferings are voluntary, represent to us the very highest possible instance of disinterested goodness, and release no single offender without the penitence, trust, holy effort, and entire spiritual state, which *any* plan of salvation must contemplate, superadding the most interesting and endearing relations to a personal divine Deliverer. And the logical value of a system which provides *some* sort of moral equivalent for the universal violation of a perfect law, in the balance of a complete government, seems to us quite as great as that of a system which leaves mediation out, and says, merely, 'Obey my law in every thing; but then, if you do not, if you break it with all your might, and only repent afterwards, you shall be treated just as if you had done what I commanded.' But if any one, without pretending to adduce strictures either of reason or equity, simply rejects the doctrine of the Atonement because it does not happen to appear necessary to him, such an attitude would seem to imply nothing but vanity and impiety.

"We understand the 'Letter' as asking why one should believe the death of Christ necessary to the pardon of sin. It strikes us that one very obvious reason for believing so is, that Christ has died. That sacrifice could hardly have been a work of supererogation. But we can go farther—can we not? We can suppose the Almighty to have said thus: 'Of my omniscience, I know that such is the constitution of man, such is the organization of things, and such would be the historical development of the human race, that to pardon the repenting sinner without a divine mediation, would, on the whole, and in the wide result, prove a lax rule of government. Unlawful advantage would be taken of that indulgence. Either sin would take encouragement, or despair would palsy effort. Lo! my beloved Son comes forth, by His own free suffering,—the just for the unjust, the sinless for the sinful, the divine with the human,—to confirm the holy demands of the law, and, at the same time, to hold

out gentle and inviting terms of release. See in this how sacred and awful is the majesty of the commandment! how much is suffered for it! Accept, believe Him in that character, and thou shalt be saved!' Is there any thing repulsive, irrational, opposed to the character of God, in this? We may not be able, by our poor definitions, to tell completely *how* this redemption acts to open the way; we may not know how to apply the benefit to those that have not known the Saviour's name, or that lived before he was manifested in the flesh. It would be strange if our thoughts or words could exhaust such a mystery. But may we not still feel assured, that, as an organic whole, the divine administration so embraces this element of mediation, that all ages and lands and accepted souls shall feel its influence, and share finally in its blessing? That righteous heathen, not knowing Christ here, should yet be saved through Him, is no more inexplicable, than that righteous heathen, not knowing God the Father, should be saved by *Him.*

"V. The 'Letter' inquires earnestly what passages of Scripture countenance the doctrine that the sufferings of Christ are necessary to the forgiveness of sin. It is not for us to anticipate Mr. Dutton's reply. We presume, however, he would cite such texts as the following; bearing in mind that, in all fair questions of interpretation, he would be likely to take that view which goes most to sanction his own theology, as being most in harmony with what he would consider the main drift of the teachings of revelation: 'Without the shedding of blood is no remission.' 'If *any man* sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also *for the sins of the whole world*' (rather a strong text). 'Who needeth not daily to offer up sacrifice, as those high priests, first for his own sins, and then for the people's; for this he did once, when he offered up himself.' (Has not the whole magnificent argument in the Epistle to the Hebrews this scope—proving Christ to be a Deliverer universal and eternal, himself both Priest and Sacrifice?) 'God was in Christ, reconciling *the world* to himself.' 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the *sin of the world!*' 'This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of *the world.*' 'That as sin had reigned unto death, even

so might grace reign unto righteousness by Jesus Christ our Lord.' 'There is *no other name* given under heaven *whereby we can* be saved.' The great doctrine of the apostles was, 'Christ *crucified*,' Christ and *the cross*, Christ the Saviour of the race of men as an organic whole. 'The bread that I will give (not yet given) is my flesh, which I *will give* for the life of the world.' 'He died for all, that they which live should not live unto themselves.' 'To this end, Christ both died and rose and revived, that he might be *Lord both of the dead and living*.' 'Jesus Christ, that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' 'By his own blood he *obtained* eternal redemption for us.' 'Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.' 'Being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.' 'How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works.' 'The blood of the everlasting covenant.' 'Ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin.' Now, as one ponders the singular force and directness and agreement of these passages, and very many more of the same import, and marks their cumulative power as they resound through the New Testament, we submit that it will not be strange if he feels that on those who believe with the author of the 'Letter' rests the burden of explaining how, according to the Bible, the death of Christ is *not* the divinely ordained and essential ground of human salvation, and that *something* possessing vitality, energy, and power, has been left out of the system which confines the efficacy of that death to the noble but incidental influence of a consistent martyrdom. There is some reason to think that passages like those we have quoted have become comparatively unfamiliar to Unitarian ears, by having been dropped out of Unitarian preaching, under a natural persuasion that they do not harmonize with the Unitarian theory.

"The Sermon is objected to, as using language which implies that God died. We have no wish to defend any such language, on the score of taste, or reverence, or theological accuracy. We think it would be a gain if the Orthodox pulpit and press were to drop it. It has no clear scriptural sanction. Yet, even here, let us use some

forbearance. Is any Unitarian wild enough to assert or imagine that any Calvinist blasphemously supposes the eternal and self-existent Almighty One to be dead? What then? Why, we must patiently sit down, and try to find out exactly what the language does mean, and, after this kind appreciation, seek, if we will, to dissuade its authors from repeating it, for the reason that other language, better and less offensively, expresses that meaning. We suppose the idea to be this: Christ, whose nature is God's nature, took upon himself a human body and a human experience, and, in that body, passed through the suffering and dissolution which we call death, fulfilling thereby His great work of redeeming man, and re-entered into His everlasting and heavenly glory, lifting the dying world with Him, leading captivity captive, and, by His infinite condescension, bringing many sons unto glory. The central thought is, that the recovery of sinning man was wrought out, as it must be, by the voluntary suffering of the divine nature in man's behalf. There is an unutterable strength in the tenderness of the entreaty pronounced by such suffering. It moves the soul as nothing else in the universe can move it. This conviction has become so full and so dear to many minds of Unitarian education, that we have repeatedly heard of late, from some of their best preachers, such statements as that the redemption of the sinner was '*costly* to the mind of God.' There is a transcendent philosophy, an adorable adaptation of boundless love and wisdom to human wants, in that mystery. The writer of the 'Letter' will not question that the Scripture says, 'God was *in* Christ,' nor that Emmanuel, His name, signifies 'God with us;' and yet Christ did die. In all reasonableness, we must acquit the Sermon—as, indeed, the 'Letter' is inclined to—of intending literally to teach that death or destruction took effect upon the Divine Being. It is to be hoped, too, that the resources of liberal logic will be able to spare the smart little epigram which has figured so bravely in Unitarian polemics, to the effect that Orthodoxy makes Jehovah to have perished to appease His own anger, inasmuch as it purchases a complacent conceit at the expense of a double falsehood. As an ironical satire on an infelicitous style of Orthodox rhetoric, it is more justifiable.

"How far the governmental aspect of the atonement presented in the Sermon can be made efficient for producing repentance and holiness, through the public discourse of the pulpit, depends much, we presume, on personal gifts, affinities, habits of speech, education, and the traditional impressions of congregations. Wherever it is so set forward as to intensify man's abhorrence of guilt, and heighten the sanctity of God's law, its effect is not only practical, but, as it seems to us, edifying to the last degree. Why any one should be startled or disturbed at its being held as the firm and vindicatory background of justice in the representation of God's boundless love, is something we cannot understand. Our own belief is, that the chief regenerating results of the preaching of the cross will always be realized most perfectly where—theories apart—the death of Christ is most simply and affectingly held forth as the one supreme and matchless exhibition of the love of God—His pity, His long-suffering, His desire for man's salvation. When the doctrine has been properly guarded against abuse, by showing its harmony with the immutable laws and equities of the divine character, its manward action must always be of principal, immediate interest to the soul needing redemption. To move, to melt, to change, to save the hard and selfish heart, Christ died; and without that death is no remission. That the eternal Mind should have foreseen, from the beginning, that, by this system of Messianic redemption, powers, affections, spiritual agencies would be laid hold of, and brought into glorious exercise, through all time, which otherwise could not be reached, seems to us not only possible, but singularly according to our own experience and the inspired word. Why should we not bow with silent and joyful gratitude before the plan, instead of cavilling and doubting? We know not how others may be struck with the testimonies of history; but for ourselves, as we turn back on the line of holy witnesses since the first age, as we take up biography after biography, study life after life, follow saint after saint to his victory and his rest, and thus grow intimate with the great fellowship of wise, strong, unyielding, and mightily gifted thinkers and believers of the Church, and listen to the almost undivided voice of confession and faith coming up from the innumerable

company, declaring Christ Jesus and Him crucified the ground of their hopes, and His sufferings the great pledge of pardon—with only here and there a different doctrine, falling in cooler accents from some exceptional tongue—we readily own that we must reconsider whether there is not some element of blessed power here that Unitarianism has overlooked or thrown away. We are not surprised to hear from many brethren hearty utterances of the same conviction.

"Now, we are fully mindful that none of our statements on this great subject may be adequate, or even correct; nay, we remember that the truth itself may not be seen by any of us as it will yet be seen by eyes of purer vision, or as it really is. We reserve the right of modifying our statements as further studies and new convictions shall require. Be dogmatism far away from a theme so holy and so affecting as this! Unless we entirely misapprehend the expressions and tendencies of Unitarian belief, there is a growing demand in that quarter for views of the work of Christ which reach beyond the old standards, which promise a profounder peace to the heart, and which, while they magnify the cross, attach a more valid and sufficing efficacy to the whole mediatorial humiliation and spiritual sacrifice of the Son of God. How this demand is to be satisfied is not, perhaps, altogether clear. That it is to be by going to the New Testament with a simple and a childlike confidence, and not to ecclesiastical creeds, we are very sure. After all, it is in our purest and highest devotional moods that the language of the cross becomes most natural and unquestionable to us; and that which we stumble at in cool debate, we take up with eager and delighted acceptance in prayers and hymns. Should it prove that a ground can ultimately be found where such minds as we have referred to, and minds of Orthodox training, can stand together, we shall not mourn nor be frightened, but rejoice and take courage, thanking God. It is to be hoped that no portion of the Unitarian denomination will draw itself up into an attitude of impatience or protest at these inquiries; partly because such a course would be unworthy of the antecedents and pretensions of a liberal body, and partly because it would be feeble and ineffectual in its results. We live too late to be told

again the imbecile lie that truth can be protected by restricting earnest and right-hearted thought on any side; and the liberality which is liberal only to the side of laxity, but bigoted towards the ancient forms of faith, is a kind we do not covet. If there are any of our readers who are displeased the moment the infallibility of Channing, or of a sect, is called in question, we must wish them well, and pass on. Whenever the instructors of the Unitarian churches refuse to admit that there can be any other view of the reconciliation than that which makes it consist in the exemplary and incidental value of a consistent termination of a blameless and miraculous career in a human Christ, many of those they have been called to teach will turn elsewhere for spiritual nourishment, as some are already doing. Indeed, in proportion as the heart is impressed more and more deeply with the two great facts which create the necessity of mediation and redemption,—viz., the immaculate holiness and sovereignty of God, or the irreconcilable hostility of the divine nature to sin, and the intense hatefulness and hideousness and heinousness of human disobedience and self-will,—just in that proportion will the above-mentioned doctrine of reconciliation prove as incompetent as it is unevangelical.

"But it has been no part of our purpose in this paper to criticise the Unitarian position. We began merely with the intention to open the way for a reply to the 'Letter,' by showing how the subject lies before some minds; but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth hath spoken much. To those who have intimated that the Unitarians will be alienated by strictures on their faults, or driven into depriving themselves of a real good because one ventures to question their perfection, we have almost nothing to say. Such poor defenders slander the cause they undertake to espouse, more bitterly than all its enemies. There are, undoubtedly, some hearers who reward a prophet according to the smooth things he prophesies, ordain ministers expecting them to be flatterers of their prejudices, and applaud the speech that roundly assails all persons out of doors who cannot hear, either for profit or anger. But there are more valiant souls abroad, caring more to be right than to be approved. Names and articles are losing their former sway. The Church is

to be fashioned anew by the Spirit of the Holy One. To make our pages humbly subservient to the will of that Spirit is our highest aim for them; and, to that end, we propose to keep them independently open for reverential and earnest discussions, recognizing the exclusive claims of no sect, and standing under obligations for no patronage."

The professorship occupied by Mr. Huntington has been recently established through an endowment from a wealthy and benevolent lady of Salem. He was elected to the place by the almost unanimous vote of a large Board of Overseers, composed of both Orthodox and Unitarian Congregationalists. And it is worthy of remark, as evidencing the universal esteem in which he is held, that the number of his invitations to preach on special religious occasions, such as ordinations and dedications, as well as to speak at literary anniversaries, is far greater than that of any other clergyman in Massachusetts of his ministerial age.

At the Commencement of 1855, Mr. Huntington received the Doctorate of Divinity from his Alma Mater. It is an interesting fact that Amherst College should simultaneously furnish a leading Professor to Harvard University, and Harvard a President* to Amherst. It is fitting that one who goes to dwell amidst, and in turn to mould the culture of Boston and Cambridge, should have breathed the invigorating air of Western Massachusetts, and have often looked up from the books and sports of youth to the "mountains which are round about her." It is well that the teacher of religious truth, who seeks to unite once more the parted bands of the New England Church, should know the views and prepossessions of both by experience and by intercourse. It is well that he be endowed with personal force, united to personal attractiveness; with literary culture, both profound and generous; and with a fitness for influencing ingenuous and ardent minds, which is singularly effective. The Future reveals a beautiful vision of Christian Union, possibly born within, and nurtured by the very Institution which inaugurated the separation. Many hearts look towards it with prayer and faith.

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* Rev. W. A. Stearns, D.D.

LEONARD BACON,

THE NEW ENGLAND PREACHER.

"I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith."

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., was born in Detroit, Michigan, on the 19th of February, 1802. His father was, for several years, a missionary to the Indians, sent by the missionary society of Connecticut; and was afterwards a missionary to the new settlements. He died in the year 1817, leaving three sons and four daughters. The first ten years of Dr. Bacon's life were passed for the most part in the towns of Hudson and Tallmadge, Ohio. At the age of ten, he was sent to Hartford, to an excellent school, where he was fitted for college, at the same time living in the family of an uncle. In the fall of 1817 he entered the Sophomore class of Yale College, when he was in his sixteenth year. His class was an excellent one, numbering in its ranks many who have since become distinguished, among whom we would mention the names of President Woolsey, of Yale College; Professor Twining, the distinguished civil engineer; Professor Stoddard; Hon. J. H. Brockway, of Connecticut; Hon. Garnett Duncan, of Kentucky; and Walter Edwards, Esq., of New York. Bacon was the youngest member of the class, with one exception. He had entered the Sophomore year in advance of his age and preparation, from the necessity to complete his preparatory studies as soon as possible. But, in spite of his youth and disadvantages, he was an excellent scholar, and ranked high, though not among the highest. Yet he did not devote his time exclusively to text-books. He mingled in debate considerably, took an active

interest in the literary societies, and was universally considered one of the best writers in his class.

Thus we see that Leonard Bacon was the orphan son of a poor missionary, who, at death, left him for a legacy his good name, and the sympathies of a Christian community. He had few of this world's goods. Indeed he had none at all. Yet he was receiving the best literary and classical education that could be obtained in America. He had the advantages of libraries, of lectures, of philosophical apparatus, of social mental stimulus. If he had been the son of Baron Rothschild, he would hardly have had greater advantages. Indeed they would have been diminished; for the excitement of necessity, the vigor of self-reliance, the independence of self-making, the security from the multiplied temptations of wealth, would have been taken away. He united the facilities of affluence with the propulsion of poverty. The way was clear before him, the energy strong within him. He could not but go ahead. When we know of such cases, and they are very many in this land, the heart swells with gratitude and admiration towards those noble benefactors of our race, who have manifested their judgment, as well as their generosity, by the endowment of our literary institutions. It is a refreshing circumstance in this world of inequalities, of hoarded wealth and pinching poverty, of wasteful abundance and desperate economy, that there is one arena where the rich man's first-born and the poor man's orphan may start from the same point, press on over the same course, and, with equal chance, struggle for the same prize. It is a proverb that republics are ungrateful. However true this may be, it should not be applied to those republics which come into being with the formation of every congregational church. There is gratitude among them, though its quantity may be in some instances minute. There is gratitude existing in a church of Christ, whatever name that church may bear. The orphan of the missionary, who had spent his days in the service of the Church, was not left to struggle up unaided and destitute. He received of the abundance with which Heaven has blessed American Christians; and though the gift was small—so small that no one ever imagined that it would beget extravagance—yet it was some-

thing. It saved its recipient from actual want. With close economy, increased by some earnings of his own, it enabled him to complete his preparatory studies. However some may object to "Education Societies," yet we think no one can mourn that the Church, through such an organization, aided the son of one of her own devoted laborers. It was not a gift with which they endowed him. No; it was a debt they owed him. And when such divines as Dr. Bacon are the fruits of this form of benevolence, who will not rejoice that a slight portion of the wealth of Christendom goes to the education of the children of the Church?

After his graduation at Yale, in the autumn of 1820, Mr. Bacon went to Andover, where he prosecuted his theological studies for four years. Within a few weeks after he left Andover, he commenced preaching, by invitation, at the First Congregational Church of New Haven, the building of which is known by the name of "Centre Church." Over this church he was ordained pastor, in March, 1825, when he was twenty-three years of age. His two immediate predecessors were Professor Stuart, of Andover, who was dismissed, at his own request, on the 9th of January, 1810, after having served as pastor a little less than four years; and Dr. Taylor, now Professor of the Theological Seminary at New Haven, who was dismissed in December, 1822, after a ministry of eleven and a half years, that he might accept the professorship. The first meeting for the establishment of this Church was held on the 14th of June, 1639, when "all the free planters" were gathered in "Mr. Newman's barn;" which building, thus immortalized in history, is supposed to have stood where the residence of Noah Webster now stands.

The Church was gathered and organized on the 22d of the following August. The present church edifice was erected in 1814–'15. During the winter of 1842, it was enlarged and refitted, and reopened for divine service on the 2d of March, 1843, on which occasion Dr. Bacon preached a sermon, from which we make the following extract:

"The glory of this temple has been heretofore, that it has stood not for the private use and enjoyment of those who built it, or who, by succession from the original builders, have had, and ought to

have the control of it; but rather as the house of God, to which, when the deep-toned bell gives out its signal, all alike, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the citizen and the stranger, are invited to come and worship the Maker and Redeemer of all. Its glory has been that here, in times of religious awakening through the community, assembled thousands, crowding every aisle and corner, have listened in deepest silence to the preaching of the word; that here in such assemblies, as well as in our ordinary Sabbath congregations, the thoughtless have been awakened, the awakened have been led to the Saviour of the lost, and angels invisible, before the invisible God, have rejoiced over the repentance of sinners. Its glory has been, that from this spot has gone forth over the community, to aid in the formation and control of public opinion, a high, stern, moral influence, which the workers of iniquity have feared and hated. Its glory has been, that here so many great movements for the extension of the kingdom of Christ have found a hearing, and have received an additional impulse; that here many a missionary going forth to his field of peril, has been set apart to his apostleship; and that here the missionary, brought back, like Paul, to the place from which he had been commended to the grace of God, has stood up like Paul to rehearse, in our rejoicing ears, what God has wrought by him among the Gentiles. That lofty pulpit, now displaced, in which so many a servant of Christ has been consecrated to this work, for this or for some foreign land, and in which so many an eloquent and earnest voice has spoken for God, for the soul, and for the cause of the world's redemption, might well be regretted, if it had not been itself sent forth upon a mission. On the opposite side of the globe, in a land which has been made a Christian land by the labors of missionaries, some of the earliest of whom were ordained in that pulpit, there is now nearly completed a Christian temple, of stone, far more spacious than this, reared by the contributions and by the hands of converted savages; and in that temple the Gospel is to be preached from our old pulpit, not indeed in our energetic English tongue, but in another language, soft and melodious as angel voices, a language in which tens of thousands have already found

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.'

That pulpit, gone upon its mission, is a pledge—all the historical associations which, in our judgment and feelings, help to consecrate this edifice, are a pledge that the glory has not departed in the changes which we have been making; that this house shall still be known and honored as the temple of our redeeming God; 'a house of prayer for all nations;'—and shall be a centre of counsel, of influence, and of enterprise, for the welfare of all around us, and for the salvation of the world."

The Centre Church is happily situated in the centre of the beautiful square of New Haven. It is a building of simple architecture, and of harmonious proportions, crowned by a graceful spire that points aspiringly towards heaven. It is flanked by churches; and as one sees these three edifices, standing there so closely together, yet distinct—on the same level, and in the same line—each with its own spire pointing to the same heaven—they seem a fit expression of the true unity of Christian sects—all standing on the same level, all marching in the same line, towards the same heaven—distinct, yet united; individual in action, yet harmonious in purpose; separated in form, but one in spirit.

Dr. Bacon's church numbers between five hundred and six hundred members. Since its establishment, six other Congregational churches have been founded, and four of these since Dr. Bacon's settlement. There has ever been a most harmonious and happy state of feeling among his people. The warmth of charity has melted down whatever disagreements have arisen, and the breath of love has gently wafted away the gathering clouds of discontent. A spirit of forbearance is manifested by the majorities; a readiness to yield, by minorities. All are united in their pastor; they love him, they admire him, and the best part of the world approves them, for being proud of their minister.

Becoming pastor of the church, as he did, at the early age of twenty-three, it is not strange that there were doubts whether he would sustain himself. But these doubts vanished years ago, and now one might as well doubt whether the church edifice could sus-

tain its spire. He is firmly established in the confidence and affections of his people. It is a cheering sight to see that pastor, assisted by his five deacons, breaking the bread of life to the assembled hundreds of his church. It makes one feel more confidence in the redemption of the world, a firmer faith that the "good time coming" will be coming soon.

The following paragraph, taken from Dr. Bacon's "Historical Discourses," published in 1839, in which he presents the history of his church, affords an appropriate conclusion to this brief sketch of his life. He thus notices the term of his own ministry with unfeigned modesty and quiet brevity:

"The present pastor first stood in this pulpit on the first Sabbath in October, 1824, having been ordained the week before to the work of an evangelist. He was installed on the 9th of March, 1825, and is now in the fourteenth year of his official relation to this church. The years 1828 and 1831 were years in which God was pleased to crown a most imperfect ministry with blessed success. The years 1832, 1835, and 1837, though less distinguished than the two first mentioned, are also to be remembered with gratitude.

"Having made this acknowledgment of the goodness of God, I will not attempt at this time to review my own ministry any further than to say, that in the constant kindness of a most affectionate people, in the wisdom and frankness with which those gifted with wisdom have ever been ready to counsel me, in the forbearance with which my imperfections and errors have been treated, and in the stimulus which the presence of an intelligent community, accustomed to judge by the highest standards, has afforded, I have had great occasion for gratitude to the Providence that has cast my lot here, and for humiliation, that amid such advantages, my correspondent profiting has not been more manifest to all men."

Dr. Bacon is esteemed one of the champions of Congregationalism, and a thorough student of its theory. His mind was first awakened to see and understand the distinctive genius of the Congregational system, and what he regards as its advantages over the classical and diocesan systems of church government, by an elaborate and eloquent review of "Hawes's Tribute to the Memory of the

Pilgrims," from the pen of the Rev. (now Dr.) Joshua Leavitt, published in the Christian Spectator, 1831. This article produced a wide and deep impression. Up to that date, it had been common in New England to argue for Congregationalism as against Episcopacy, but nobody, we believe, had found occasion to compare it distinctly with Presbyterianism. Yet we do not esteem Dr. Bacon as strikingly sectarian. Indeed, on his return from the East in 1851, he observed with anxiety a tendency to sectarian Congregationalism growing up at the Northwest, and through the columns of "The Independent" he set himself to modify and counteract it. In May, 1852, in the annual sermon before the American Home Missionary Society, entitled "The American Church," he states the underlying principle of Congregationalism in a manner free from the rancor of sectarianism. In this discourse, he claims that the strength of organic Christianity is in the Parochial Church, and not in the Synod or Association; and that, under our American political institutions, and under the force of our American history, there is a tendency to the development of this principle in every form of ecclesiastical government. In May, 1854, he gave a discourse at the first anniversary of the Congregational Union, and repeated it as a "Dudleian Lecture" at Harvard College.

It is the literary publications of Dr. Bacon which have for the most part established his wide reputation and effective influence. Besides all the sermons which he has been preaching for the last thirty-one years, and all the essays, discourses, and books which have appeared over his own name, he has published anonymous and fugitive articles enough to make, if collected, quite a number of volumes. There are few subjects connected with the advance of mankind in knowledge or in righteousness, about which he has not written. The topics he has discussed are altogether too multifarious to be enumerated. For many years he has been doing editorial duty more or less. He was connected with "The Christian Spectator," commenced in 1829, and published ten years as a monthly, then ten years as a quarterly, when it was merged in "The Biblical Repository." He is now chairman of the association which conducts "The New Englander," and senior editor of "The Inde-

pendent." With his many articles published in the "Spectator," we are not familiar. A series of essays on slavery, which first appeared in that periodical, have been embalmed in a book, which any one can procure who may wish to see this subject ably handled and thoroughly discussed, or may be anxious to get an insight into Dr. Bacon's views. His articles, published in "The New Englander," since its commencement in 1843, are esteemed the ablest productions of his pen; but as many of them appeared anonymously, and as their authorship is known to us, not from the author himself, and no permission to reveal it has been asked, we do not feel at liberty to present a list of them. On the 22d of December, 1838, he delivered the annual address before "The New England Society of the City of New York," which was published at the request of the Society. It presents a graphic history of the establishment of the Puritans in this country, and a candid, eloquent elucidation of their character.

It is a noteworthy manifestation of Dr. Bacon's character, which the large number of his addresses illustrate, that he never declines any demand upon him by the public, from a regard to his personal reputation. He does not reflect whether he will have opportunity to do himself justice, but whether he can do any service to the cause of education or of truth. Hence he is called upon, in emergencies, when most men invariably decline. He is always prepared, always has some thoughts on hand, either on paper or in his head, which he can present at the briefest warning, for the instruction and enjoyment of an audience. He has a very happy way of introducing a subject or a thought, and makes many an agreeable turn to his remarks. He has delicacy and propriety of taste, and adapts his words to the occasion with great appropriateness.

Dr. Bacon is remarkable for accuracy and extent of observation, and for power of generalization. He not only takes note of particulars, but from these he readily deduces general conclusions. He evinces these traits in his thorough and philosophical criticisms on political subjects, on church polities, and on matters of history. His numerous essays in these three departments are highly valued for their comprehensiveness of view, originality of thought, and cogency of argument. Several political articles of his have been published

in "The New Englander," which are worthy of an experienced statesman, whether we regard the profoundness of the thought or the accuracy of the details. For history he has special fondness. He has paid much attention to the ecclesiastical and civil history of his adopted State. In 1838, he delivered a series of thirteen discourses, on successive Sabbath evenings, from one of which we have already made an extract. They comprise a history of New Haven, from the establishment of the government, two hundred years before, up to that time. These discourses were afterwards published, and make a large octavo volume of four hundred pages. They contain matter of great interest, not only historical, but biographical, and bear the evidence of laborious investigation. We can only allude to the book which he published for young Christians, and to the two pamphlets he wrote with special reference to the good of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut; the first in the form of letters to the Rev. G. A. Calhoun, and the second being an appeal for union.

Dr. Bacon has a remarkable power of expression. His mind works with such ease and directness, that he is never at a loss for words with which to clothe his thoughts, clearly, concisely, and forcibly. It is this which has enabled him to accomplish such a great amount of literary labor. This power is also exemplified in his extempore speaking. He is distinguished from many platform orators in giving important thought, rather than in making appeals to the emotions or to the fancy. He feeds the mind more than he fires the feelings. There is *something* in all he says—something to be carried home by the hearer and thought over. His speeches all have "body" to them.

Clearness is the characteristic of his style, as it is of his thought. One is never at a loss to know what he means. He is never honestly misunderstood. His style has some embellishment, but is rather lucid than ornate, rather stately than beautiful. He has considerable poetic talent, which is evinced in the hymns of his production published in the collection used by the Congregational Churches of Connecticut. His imagination is well developed, though under perfect control. His power of sarcasm is equalled by few. He is continually restraining its exercise. Of late years he has indulged

less in it, and his literary productions have borne a more winning and gentle character. He has at times what may be termed an accumulative style. He goes on from one point to another, elaborating the thought more and more perfectly, rising higher and higher in eloquence of expression, till one is ready to exclaim, as a minister in his audience was once heard to do, "See! see, how he towers!" An eloquent sermon published in "The National Preacher," for 1842, entitled "The Day Approaching," illustrates this quality.

Dr. Bacon has stood for a long time before the public in bold relief. He has consequently been observed from various points and through a variety of media. Opinions have been formed from a single and partial exhibition of his inner life, and however distinct and prominent this exhibition may have been—for it could hardly be otherwise and belong to Dr. Bacon—yet such opinions cannot fail to be erroneous, whether formed of him or of any man. As judgments of one trait or of one manifestation, they may or may not be correct; but they should never be adopted as a correct view of his character as a whole. Let him be seen in other circumstances, and we have no doubt that these opinions would be exchanged for those wholly different. Yet Dr. Bacon is not an inconsistent man, nor an unstable man, nor a dissembler. He is preeminently the very opposite of these. *Sincerity* is the foundation of his character. He is a man thoroughly in earnest. He has the energy, the decision, and the zeal, which spring from heartfelt convictions. Whatsoever he does, is done seriously, unwaveringly, and unflinchingly. This pervading element must be kept in mind. It must be the premise of every argument concerning him, the fundamental element of every calculation; else the conclusions will be utterly wrong, as if in taking observations on the planets the sun be not reckoned as the centre of the system. Sincerity is the centre of his spiritual system. It imparts life, and vigor, and warmth, and impulse to all the parts, and controls the whole. Keeping this fact in view, any one of tolerable candor and accuracy, in observing the public or private acts of Dr. Bacon, will not be likely to err in the theory deduced, the correctness of which will be shown by the consistency and oneness it imparts.

You see Dr. Bacon in a deliberative assembly of ministers. A proposition is presented for discussion. The principle involved is fundamental, or the precedent momentous. He rises to speak. For some minutes he proceeds calmly and considerately. But as he warms with the importance of the subject and the interest of the occasion, his brow contracts, the aspect of his face is stern and dark, his right arm brings down the oft-repeated and decisive gesture, the arguments roll out in hot succession and with overpowering weight, and he manifests no pity for the opposite side, however much pity he may feel, but goes on, pounding with his logic and piercing with his sarcasm, till every particle of life is annihilated in the principle he contests. The deed is done, and we ask, What is the impression left in regard to Dr. Bacon's character? That he is nothing more than an invincible disputant and a dogmatic wrangler? Not so. He is a sincere, bold, unyielding, indomitable defender of what he believes in his soul to be the truth. He debated, because he was conscious of being familiar with the subject, and he debated on that side, because it was to him the side of right.

You read a certain one of Dr. Bacon's writings. We have a particular one in mind. It is not very profound or thorough. It is little better than witty and sarcastic. He is dealing with the polity of a church, for which he has slight respect. He gives some broad thrusts and makes some pointed hits. You say he is a mere partisan, who is more witty than wise, and more sarcastic than sound. Not so: he is not only one of these, but—he is all these. He can be witty and sarcastic. In the present instance he deems it right and best that he should be. Thinking it the true way, he follows in that way; and he is sarcastic, without trying to be so or trying to seem so. He is all the while *sincere*. But in reading a dozen other articles, you will pronounce him to be truly profound, fair-minded, charitable, generous. So he is. He can see on all sides of a subject. He can take the stand-point of an opponent, which is difficult for many. He can apprehend a principle through all its details, however numerous, and in all its relations, however complex.

Again, you hear of him as present at every association and at every anniversary. You see his debate reported at the one, and his

speech at the other. You read his motions and resolutions. You say he is seeking for power—that he is ambitious of management and of distinction. Here, again, first impressions have misled. He is not thinking of self; he is only ambitious to promote the welfare of the Church and the improvement of the world. He speaks because he has something to say, and because his brethren insist upon his saying it. He does not impose himself upon a reluctant audience. He is more often forced to speak when reluctant himself.

Again, you attend his church. He has few notes before him, or perhaps a sermon which reveals its antiquity by the hue of the paper. He preaches quite well, but not very eloquently; indeed you suspect he is a little dull. You anticipated something remarkable, and you are disappointed. You are inclined to think that he has shirked severity of thought. Yet precisely the opposite is the fact. He has unexpectedly been called upon for a Commencement address, or for an article for "The New Englander," or for an extra editorial for "The Independent," or for a defence of New Haven theology—and so he has been hard at work in another field of labor; and, worn out with the week's toil, has fitted up a discourse for the pulpit late on Saturday night.

Again, you call on Dr. Bacon. He comes out of his study to see you promptly—for he answers to every call—but he has the same stern aspect and the same overhanging brow. He meets you politely, but not rapturously. You pronounce him cold-hearted or austere, while in truth he is at the very antipodes of coldness or austerity. He was in thought when you came in, the trace is on his brow, and he is too sincere to be "delighted" at the interruption. See him with his intimate friends—mark the cordiality, the fondness, the confiding revelation of his thoughts and emotions and purposes; see him in the social circle of his brethren—join with them in the unwearied listening to his original thoughts, his flashes of wit, his sparkling anecdotes; see him in the family circle, manifesting the warm love, the affectionate interest, the kindly sympathy for each and all—and you will wonder that you ever esteemed him cold at heart.

Dr. Bacon evinces his sincerity in the character of his preaching.

It is plain, practical, pointed. It is not brilliant, though it is impressive. It is sound rather than striking, earnest rather than eloquent. From the beginning of his ministry it has been a principle with him to preach habitually on the familiar topics, the *loci communes*, of Christian truth; to be purposely commonplace, not only in the subject of sermons, but also in the use of that class of diction and statement which is familiar to all religiously educated people. We refer now to his usual preaching. Some of his sermons are of kindling eloquence, and of marked originality. And the congregation which is favored with the ministrations of such a man, may well afford to dispense with the benefit of uninterrupted oratory, in exchange for the satisfaction of knowing that their pastor is working for the world when he is not working for his own people, and that he is establishing an influence abroad, which may also serve to strengthen his influence at home.

He manifests his sincerity in his social deportment. He never flatters, or patronizes, or condescends, as some great men and some great ministers do. He meets one on an equality, if he meet him at all. He expects the conversation to be reciprocal. He does not demand that you do all the hearing, and he do all the talking, though that is the arrangement most prefer when with him. He so often leads in conversation, not because he has taken the lead, but because others fall behind, and leave him in the van—from which stand he has too much courage to shrink, and too much self-knowledge to retreat. In manner he is polite, unaffected, considerate. He meets as an equal every honorable member of the "great brotherhood of man."

Dr. Bacon loves freedom, both in Church and in State, and he equally hates oppression. His sympathies are immediately aroused, and his aid enlisted by the least sign of tyranny. He would never vote for the silencing of a godly, eloquent, truth-seeking brother, who had chanced, in his investigations, to arrive at a different theological conclusion from the majority of his brethren. He would do every thing to promote free discussion. He is fond of it himself, and he excels in it. His power has led him into much writing and speaking of this character. If an outpost of theology is to be

defended, or a citadel of error stormed, the brethren say, Dr. Bacon is the man to do it, and so Dr. Bacon does it. This love of freedom moves his spirit strongly against southern slavery. Yet he is not an ultraist, as some have esteemed him. On the contrary, he has bravely breasted fanaticism. He was one of the earliest and ablest advocates of the Colonization Society. He is thoroughly interested in the great benevolent societies of the day, and their active supporter. It is worthy of note, that his congregation contribute between five and six thousand dollars each year for these efficient almoners of Christianity.

Dr. Bacon was married, in 1825, to Lucy, the daughter of Caleb Johnson, Esquire, of Johnstown, New York, who died in 1844, leaving eight children (one having died in infancy), of whom two have followed her,—a son, Benjamin Wisner Bacon, in January, 1848, who had been graduated at Yale College the previous summer with high honor; and a daughter, who bore her mother's name, and who died in 1853, in her fourteenth year. In 1847, Dr. Bacon was married to a daughter of the late Hon. Nathaniel Terry, of Hartford; and three children have been given the parents in the place of the three whom God had taken away. One son, Rev. L. W. Bacon, has already acquired considerable reputation as a writer and reviewer. Another son is a physician in Texas, and a man of reliable character and excellent position.

It will be seen that Dr. Bacon embodies to a remarkable degree the distinctive features of New England character and New England theology. He has the New England self-reliance, energy, and adaptation. He turns his hand, or rather his head, to a variety of topics, and is successful in all. He has the dogged industry and the elastic perseverance of the race, together with their keenness, shrewdness, good sense, and humor. He has their innate fondness for controversy, their tact in dialectics, their love for investigation. He has the New England firmness and compactness of mental structure, tough and knotty in its natural state, but susceptible of the highest polish, and often wrought into beautiful forms. He has the New England impatience of any control which is not self-control—together with her cautious conservatism—which projects itself in the Repub-

lican State and the Congregational Church. And, finally, he has studied her history, and written it, and become identified with it, not alone through acquisition, but by his own life. He is the New England preacher. If a congress of representative men were to assemble in London, New England might well send Leonard Bacon of New Haven.

Theo. Ledyard Cuyler

THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER,

THE REFORMER AND PREACHER.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'

The American Pulpit includes not a few preachers characterized by their advocacy of what are styled "the Reforms of the day," of which, for many years, the Temperance Reform has been the chief. These preachers are not confined to any one denomination. Tyng of the Episcopal, Barnes of the Presbyterian, Beecher and Kirk of the Congregational, Chapin of the Restorationist, Osgood of the Unitarian, Cuyler of the Dutch Church, and others, are pronounced "Reformers." Neither do they all advocate every Reform movement, unless we except the Temperance Reform, in which they are united. One is distinguished for his zeal in behalf of the "Children's Aid Society," another in behalf of "Homes for the Friendless," another in behalf of the Slave, and another for his denunciation of Theatres and Gambling. But they have two characteristics in common. They are all extempore preachers, and they are all beneficent Christians. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," is their descriptive point. The ground on which they meet is the popular platform, and the bond of union, their sympathy with human misery, their faith in human restoration, and their belief that external relief precedes internal regeneration. They approach the religious nature not only directly by religious truth, but indirectly by bodily comforts. They prepare for heart-purification by first washing, clothing, and housing the body. They reform

destroying appetites by providing healthy and natural stimulants. They feed the hungry stomach before administering the "bread of life." They give to the unfortunate all those appliances of physical comfort, and agreeable surroundings, and social entertainments, which have been the means of preservation to the fortunate. Hope they rekindle, self-respect they support and protect, till, by slow degrees and through long anxieties, it lifts its drooping form, and stands in the vigor and beauty of a new life. They give work to the hands, and occupation to the thoughts, and recreation to the leisure hours. They believe Christ taught that the amelioration of the Physical is a prerequisite to the elevation of the Moral. Yet this class of "Reformers" and preachers do not make the pulpit secondary to the platform, nor physical regeneration an end in itself. The preaching of the Gospel is their main pursuit, and the salvation of the soul their chief purpose. Neither are pulpit ministrations deteriorated by platform harangues, nor is spirituality alloyed by attention to the physical; on the contrary, the Gospel seems to shine with a richer lustre, and love to God burn with an intenser fire.

We have selected Mr. Cuyler as the best representative of this class, because he is associated with a greater variety of reforms than any other, and because he includes all the characteristics of the class. He pleads in behalf of Mr. Brace's "Children's Aid Society;" he appears as the champion of Mr. Pease's "Five Points Mission;" his labors in behalf of Temperance are unusual; his sympathy for the oppressed of foreign lands, and for the enslaved of this, is deep and outspoken. He has also the gift of Extempore which distinguishes the class. He resembles Mr. Kirk in his power of arousing emotion and touching the tenderest sensibilities, differing from him somewhat in the means. Mr. Kirk makes direct appeals of gentle persuasiveness or of thrilling paraphrase, with voice modulated so as to impart the greatest effect. Mr. Cuyler elaborates descriptions of thrilling circumstance, and deals in glowing imagery, in finely-wrought analogies, and in historical illustrations, which enchain attention and stir emotion. He resembles Gough in making outward delineation picture soul-experience. Take, for ex-

ample, Gough's noted portrayal of the downward career of the pleasure-seeker, by the analogy of a sailing party drawn into the Norway Maelstrom—the afternoon bright and still—the danger un known—the quiet propulsion of the outermost current enjoyed—the warnings of friends unheeded—the inner circle reached—the current swifter—the danger recognized—the frantic efforts—the snapping oars—the roar of the engulfing whirlpool—the shriek of the victims, and all is over! In such elaboration Mr. Cuyler delights and excels.

In analogies from nature he is also very happy. We heard a sermon on Regeneration from the text—"I will take away their stony heart and will give them a heart of flesh," in which the analogies were well adapted not only to secure attention, but to make permanent impression. Another sermon, from the text "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon," developing the many resemblances between the real Christian and the cedar, was not only an ingenious, but an impressive presentation of the truth. In this he resembles Dr. Tyng, of whom he also reminds us in his precision and emphasis of utterance and abruptness of close.

These characteristics constitute the attraction of his preaching. He is a favorite with young men, like all those with whom, in our grouping, he is associated. His voice is strong, wider in its range than Mr. Beecher's, but not so sonorous and musical as Mr. Kirk's; while he evolves power, by a swell of tone on the vowels, with more effect than either. In adaptation of gesture and personal presence he does not equal Mr. Kirk, as few do. Neither has he the dramatic picturing of thought, by look and attitude, peculiar to Mr. Beecher, yet he is not inferior to him in the department of gesture and action, producing by their means marked effect. He resembles Mr. Gough more nearly than any one, in the sphere of impassioned delivery. He has much the same style of illustration and appeal, with the free use of voice and arm, though restrained somewhat by the place and subject, the sanctities of which do not allow unlimited sweep of declamation. In form he is a counterpart of Mr. Gough, and we may also add that in friendship they are brothers. And Mr. Cuyler resembles these three popular ora-

tors—Kirk, Beecher, and Gough—in that peculiar friendly intonation which, at the outset, wins the hearer, and is an important element of their successful oratory. One is drawn insensibly within the circle of their influence by those genial tones which result, not from any special gift of musical utterance, but from the heart-sympathies and yearnings which always attend their ministrations to the people.

And, finally, Mr. Cuyler resembles every individual of our group (except, perhaps, Mr. Barnes), in this, that their best expressions flow from the tongue and not from the pen, and that they attain their highest inspiration and fullest eloquence only before a sea of upturned faces. Indeed, it is not uncommon for Mr. Cuyler to forsake the notes before him, and, lifted on the wings of a more buoyant inspiration than that of the closet, soar away in the freer, stronger sweep of unpremeditated Extempore.

BIOGRAPHY.

Theodore L. Cuyler was born on the 10th of January, 1822, at Aurora, New York, a beautiful town on the shore of Cayuga Lake. His father, B. Ledyard Cuyler, was a young lawyer of great promise, and an intimate friend and room-mate at college of Gerritt Smith, with much the same oratorical power. He died at the age of twenty-nine, leaving Theodore, his only child, when four years old. Theodore's mother was Miss Louisa F. Morrell, a woman of strong intellect and active piety, who has always been the companion of her son, and now resides with him in New York. His great-grandfather was Rev. Dr. Johnes, who administered the sacrament to Washington during his winter encampment at Morristown, and was pastor of the church at Morristown for fifty years. Washington was much at his house, and Mr. Cuyler has now in his parlor the large china bowl out of which Washington was accustomed to drink his favorite beverage of chocolate when enjoying Dr. Johnes's hospitality.

On the father's side Mr. Cuyler is related to John Ledyard, the traveller. His father's mother, Mary Ledyard, was a cousin. The

family were of New London, Connecticut. Colonel William Ledyard, his great uncle, was an officer at the siege of Fort Griswold.

Jacob Cuyler, who was mayor of Albany for thirty years, and the prince of conservative Dutch burgomasters, was an ancestor.

Mr. Cuyler entered Princeton College in 1838, and was graduated, at the age of nineteen, in 1841. His standing in every respect was of the best, excelling, however, in Belles-Lettres and in public speaking. His college life was very happy, partly in consequence of the kindness of Professor Henry, now superintendent of the Smithsonian Institute, of whom he was somewhat of a protégé, and to whom he is greatly indebted for happy influence and fruitful conversations. He was also much in the family of Dr. Archibald Alexander.

The next year after graduation he spent in Europe, and wrote sketches of foreign travel, and particularly of distinguished men—Wordsworth, Carlyle, and others—which attracted at the time considerable attention. And it is worthy of note, inasmuch as he was only twenty years old, that when at Glasgow he addressed the citizens, at the City Hall, on the first reception of Father Mathew.

Mr. Cuyler entered the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1843, and was graduated in May, 1846. He spent the next six months in preaching at a small place in Wyoming Valley, opposite Wilkesbarre, the region immortalized by death and by poetry, of which Campbell writes:

> "On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
> Although the wild-flowers on thy ruined wall
> And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
> Of what thy gentle people did befall:
> Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
> That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
> Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
> And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
> Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!"

Dr. Murray, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, preached at the same place in early life.

In the autumn of 1846 he accepted a call to a Presbyterian Church at Burlington, New Jersey, where he remained three years. It was

an excellent place for him. His people were kind and true, and his audience, made up partly of cultivated people, and partly of an intelligent laboring population, stimulated him to cultivate the excellencies of simple discourse, together with those of finished rhetoric. He devoted himself much to writing and study, and had more time for them than at any day since. In the second year, an extensive and delightful revival occurred, in which the pastor was assisted by Dr. Bethune, then of Philadelphia, Dr. Van Rensselaer, of Burlington, and others.

In the autumn of 1849 Mr. Cuyler accepted a call to gather a new congregation in Trenton, the capital of New Jersey. This enterprise was initiated principally by young men. The new society erected an elegant freestone church during the following year; and Mr. Cuyler met the best expectations of his friends.

In March, 1853, Mr. Cuyler was married to Annie E. Mathiot, daughter of the late Hon. Joshua Mathiot, member of Congress from the central district of Ohio.

In May, 1853, he resigned his charge at Trenton to accept a call to the new Shawmut Congregational Church of Boston; but some little bronchial trouble showing itself, and physicians objecting to the climate, he declined the proposal, and accepted a call to the "Market-street Reformed Dutch Church" of New York.

At the time of Mr. Cuyler's graduation, he was urged to take charge of a quarterly review of the Presbyterian Church, published at Princeton. His characteristics are admirably adapted to editorial success; and he would probably have entered the profession of the Press if his fondness for public speaking—a fondness inherited from his father, whom, indeed, he strikingly resembles—had not deterred him. While in the seminary, he spoke much at religious meetings, on the plan of Mr. Kirk's adoption, in neighboring school-houses and groves. He esteems this course the right one. It teaches one to speak: as Lord Brougham said, "One must first learn to *speak*, and then he can learn to speak *well*." During the last six years he has preached every Sabbath (with one exception) usually twice, and not infrequently three times.

Mr. Cuyler has published a few sermons, and not a little in the

newspapers, over the signature of "T. L. C." Some of these brief articles have been collected in a small volume, entitled "Stray Arrows," issued by the Carters. His writings are favorites of the public, and usually, as editors say, "go the rounds." An editor once remarked, that he saw sentences of Mr. Cuyler's in his exchanges oftener than those of any other man.

He has published two Temperance Tracts, entitled "Somebody's Son" and "His Own Daughter." They apply to the practice of offering liquors to friends on New Year day, and are certainly very effective. We once heard Joseph Hoxie, of New York, say in a public meeting, that after having offered wine for twenty years, he should do it no more, for "Somebody's Son" had demolished his decanters. This tract has had a circulation of about one hundred thousand. Some of the best members of the Young Men's Christian Association formed themselves into a volunteer force to spread it over the city before the New Year of 1855. And on one afternoon we remember how peculiar the effect was to see persons in cars, stages, and on sidewalks, having a two-leaved copy of "Somebody's Son." Probably fifty thousand people read it that day.

Mr. Cuyler has been a regular contributor to "The Presbyterian," and now writes for "The Christian Intelligencer," the organ of the Reformed Dutch Church. His sympathy with young men has led him to be also an active supporter of the "Young Men's Christian Association." He delivered the last anniversary address; has delivered three or four discourses before its members, attended their meetings, and taken part in their debates.

Probably Mr. Cuyler's forte in preaching lies in picturesque description and the weaving in of scenes and illustrations from Scripture and from daily life. When he preaches doctrinal sermons, he avoids technicalities. He is fond of narrative and biographical discourses. His texts are usually short, and those passages chosen which will arrest attention, such as, "Only believe;" "What wilt thou?" "Stand, therefore;" "Pray without ceasing;" "Remember;" "What think ye of Christ?" &c.

He expends the most labor on the opening and close of a sermon, so far, at least, as style, rhetoric, and polish are concerned. He

makes the opening attractive by some original form of illustration, and the close impressive by forcible appeal. Thus he enlists attention at the outset, and leaves abiding effect at the conclusion. The following extracts will illustrate this. The first is the commencement of a sermon entitled "Faith and Works:"

"The second chapter of the Epistle by James seems, to my mind, to describe a spiritual wedding. We are 'bidden to a marriage.' And, as at the olden marriage in Cana of Galilee, the Holy Master is present, and consummates the nuptials. The parties to be united are but symbolic personages, and yet are real and life-like, too. The bride is young and beautiful—ever young, and ever clothed upon with light as with a garment. Like Milton's Eve, she was

'For softness formed, and sweet attractive grace.'

Her face is clear as the day—her look is firm, and yet trustful. She is not of the earth, but Heaven-born, and wears her celestial parentage in every lineament of her radiant countenance. Her name is Faith. She is the daughter of God.

"And beside her stands one whose lusty form was made for deeds of daring and endurance. He is sinewy and athletic. There is valor in his eye, and 'cunning in his ten fingers,' and strength in his right arm. He was created to act, to do, to suffer. He was formed for strife and struggle. His name is Action.

"With solemn rites, the two are joined in wedlock. They are both to love and both to obey. They are always to live, and move, and suffer, and conquer together. They are to be the fruitful parents of every thing good on earth. On them, while united, Jehovah pronounces a 'blessing' richer than that which gladdened the nuptials of Isaac and Rebekah, or of Jacob and Leah. While *united*, they are to live, and grow, and conquer. When *separated*, they are to droop and perish. For each other, and in each other, and with each other, their days of struggle and of victory are to be passed, until time shall be no longer. And so *Faith* and *Works* were coupled by Infinite Wisdom; and in the presence of the world it was solemnly announced, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

"From that union have sprung a glorious progeny. All the mighty deeds which have ennobled and elevated humanity own that parentage. Faith and Action have been the source, under God, of every thing good, and great, and enduring, in the Church of Christ; the very Church itself exists through them. The early Apostles went out with their glad evangel to the nations, under this double impulse, and with this double watchword. It was not enough to 'believe my Gospel;' they were also to 'preach my Gospel.' It was not enough to love in the heart; the whole life was to be an embodiment and outflow of love. It was not enough to have a meek and gentle spirit; the young Church was to return good for evil, and thus overcome evil with good. The Church was not only to be sound in heart, but active in limb and sinew also. It was to be a militant Church, contending earnestly for the faith delivered to the saints—a courageous Church, standing fast for the Gospel—a suppliant Church, praying without ceasing—a busy Church, redeeming the time—a patient Church, bearing with all long-suffering—and a conquering Church, to evangelize all nations. Its model men were men of faith and action. Through that apostolic Iliad, the great Apostle seems to fly like a thunderbolt, kindling, and consuming! He is all ablaze with zeal. At Lystra rebuking the deluded worshippers—at Jerusalem confronting the Pharisee, and the rulers on the castle stairs—at Cesaræa startling Agrippa on his tribunal—at Rome preaching the reviled Gospel, both in his 'own hired house,' and in Cæsar's palace—he is everywhere the believer in full action, with the heart to feel, and the hand to do. And such have been God's true evangelists ever since. Such was Luther, the flaming iconoclast of Europe—to-day writing theses and commentaries, and to-morrow translating the Scriptures, or hurling fresh invective against the black domination of the Man of Sin. Such were Baxter, the indefatigable pastor; Edwards, the perpetual thinker; Neander, the perpetual student; Owen, the perpetual writer; Knox, the untiring reformer; Whitefield, the untiring preacher; and Chalmers, who appears to have been pastor, preacher, writer, thinker, and reformer, all in one. Brethren! such may God honor us in being. A faith, sound as that of the Westminster As-

sembly, will not save the dying world around us, unless it flows out into action. For 'wilt thou know, O man!' and all men in all God's heritage, that 'as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.'"

The following are the opening passages of a New Year discourse:

"The procession has at length passed by. The last lingerer has gone. We have seen its end.

"It was a long, long procession, full thirty millions strong! It began its melancholy march on New Year day, one year ago. It moved with ceaseless step—thousands treading at once. It kept moving; and when the clock tolled twelve night before last, the last footfall was heard passing out into eternity.

"In that procession—moving to black nodding plumes and solemn dirges—were the parent and the child, the husband and the clinging wife, the strong son and the tender daughter. Among them were the lover in his love, the hater in his hate, the vicious in his vice, the mourner in her sorrows, the saint in his joys, and the sinner in his sins. Great men trode by, with pride unsubdued to the end. Women of rank and beauty passed on—going down to 'darkness and the worm.' The outcast and the wretched stole along, unseen of men but seen by their Father in Heaven. A President of this Union was in that procession. England's first statesman was in that long array. Carolina's man of iron, John C. Calhoun, passed on a little way before him. The loving and venerated Wordsworth walked in it too, with gray head and tottering steps, but gathering flowers to the last. God's faithful ministers by scores walked in it; and amid them that aged missionary who found his heaven of *labor* in Burmah until Jesus took him to a heaven of *rest* beside the crystal waters.

"But who are all these? Who make up that mighty array? I answer—they are *the dead of eighteen hundred and fifty!* They are all gone. Yesterday a new procession began to form, and perhaps you and I may join it. For 'man knoweth not his time.'"

Mr. Cuyler once closed a discourse on Christ in the following words:

"Whatever else you may see in heaven, my brother! there is one sight you will be certain to behold. Whatever else you may hear, there is one anthem of music celestial that shall swell up sweet and seraphic upon your ear.

"You will see all eyes fixed on one central Object. You will behold the flashing shower of golden crowns flung before the feet of one majestic Being. You will hear one great outburst of melody. The burden of the strain will be—'Unto Him that loved us and washed us in His blood, be the praise and the dominion forever!' And the answering chorus from every grateful spirit is, 'Thou art worthy! for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, and hast made us kings and priests unto Him forever!' No mortal's name shall be heard of then. Paul shall be lost sight of in the beatific gaze at Paul's Redeemer. Luther shall be unseen amid the worship of Him who was Luther's Reformer. John Calvin shall sing, *None but Christ!* And John Wesley shall shout back, *None but Christ!* The princeliest intellect shall claim chorus with the humblest child in chanting, *Worthy is the Lamb!* With one heart and one voice they will roll high the magnificent acclaim—'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honor and glory and power and blessing forever and ever!'"

The following paragraph was reported from the conclusion of a sermon on "The Time is Short:"

"My friend of threescore and ten! the clock of your existence is nearly worn out. The wheels have grown rusty. The springs are corroded. Brush off the dust from its face, and you will see that the hands point almost to midnight. Your course is nearly run. The 'time is short.' Prepare to meet thy God. Give thy heart and hopes and thoughts to Christ. And what thou doest, do quickly! *Before to-morrow morning, thy clock may stop forever!*"

Mr. Cuyler does not apply discernment to analyze nice theological distinctions, but his language and illustration and observation are put to work on the actions and experiences and motives and surroundings of his hearers. He deals directly with the human race, and not with theological systems. His hearers find that the thoughts, the business, the wants, and the questionings, which have been with

them all the week, are made to stand forth in the light of the Gospel, and to be judged by the standard of God's righteous law. The Sabbath pours its discriminating light upon the six days of labor, and the human heart stands confronted before an aroused conscience through the fidelity of his descriptions and illustrations. It is this which induces the resemblance in his preaching to the oratory of the bar or the platform which is criticised by some.

In this connection we will allude to his view of the Christian life, as not a gloomy life, not sacrificing happiness, not exchanging privileges here for greater joys hereafter; but rather as a life full of gain and richness in this world. He rebukes those Christians who, in prayer or exhortation, speak in minor tones of having given up all for Christ, as if they had made a great sacrifice of good.

Mr. Cuyler is a favorite platform speaker, and in much demand. During the last two years he has probably looked more people in the face than any other minister except Mr. Beecher. During the last year he has given about one hundred addresses, outside of his regular pulpit ministrations, many of which were platform speeches, before the largest audiences. He has spoken at nearly all the May anniversaries. His regular preaching includes two sermons on the Sabbath, a Thursday evening lecture, and a brief talk at the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting.

It is a trait worthy of note in Mr. Cuyler, which, indeed, forms a part of that peculiar character which constitutes "the Reformer and Preacher," that he is not attracted by calls to large and established churches, but has felt, within himself, the desire to build up a church new from the beginning. This has marked his course thus far in life. His nature seems to demand the interest of an untried enterprise. Successful accomplishment is followed not by suitable enjoyment, but inspires to renewed efforts in some other field.

It was this impulsion which bore him from Burlington to Trenton; this which led him to look towards Boston; and although his church in New York is not a new one (at which his predecessor, the distinguished Dr. Ferris, Chancellor of the University, preached

for seventeen years), yet it had, also, the attraction of a new enterprise. New York grows as the sea in some places encroaches on the continent; warehouses and stores by steady pressure drive dwelling-houses and churches "up town." One after another is touched by the advancing tide, surrounded, undermined, and engulfed. Mr. Sommers's Nassau-street church is an instance; St. George's Chapel is another; but it is felt to be essential that there should be some churches "down town" to afford religious privileges to the residents who still cling to the lower part of the city, and also to the young men who find homes in the hotels and boarding-houses, which seek the neighborhood of business. Market-street Church was going the way of all down-town churches when Mr. Cuyler came. The enterprise was to anchor it in the advancing tide. It has been done. Old established families who were on the point of changing their church relations, have stayed. New families have come in—nearly one hundred during the last two years. Young men gather to hear him, so that on Sunday evening his church is crowded, at times, like Mr. Beecher's, with galleries and aisles full. Many attend his services who would not go anywhere else. Several thousand dollars have been expended the last year in refitting the church-building, so that it is of very cheerful aspect; and, happier than all, during the last winter a revival, quiet, thorough, and extensive in its character, has been granted his people, and the accessions to his church have been not only large, but embracing, to an unusual extent, business men in the strength of early manhood.

In a sermon preached in England, Mr. Kirk said, "It is a fact which none can dispute, that every minister of Christ may learn something by coming in close contact with the minds of his people. It is a grand mistake to wait at home and expect that our people will come to us; we must go out in quest of them, and ascertain definitely what is their state of mind, and what impressions our sermons produce. We stay at home and study theology in our closets, till, by abstract meditation, we reach a point intellectually far beyond the reach of our people. We learn the meaning of technical words and terms, about which our people know compara-

tively nothing. We think they do, but in this we often labor under a great mistake. To us these words are talismans, calling up deep emotions; to them they are cold and unmeaning. There are men, for instance, who throughout the whole week have been doing nothing but counting pounds, shillings, and pence. They are in no way prepared either to listen to or to understand their minister on the Sabbath."

Mr. Cuyler carries out the principle urged by Mr. Kirk. He mingles freely and happily with his people. His feelings are social and sympathetic; his conversation is fluent, and interspersed with illustrative anecdote, lively metaphor, and felicitous quotation; his manner natural, cordial, and frank; his tone of voice full, encouraging, and also gentle; so that he unites the gifts which elicit friendly feeling, promote freedom of social intercourse, and bind a pastor to his people by the innumerable threads of friendly intercourse, rather than by the one cable of a profound and distant reverence. Hence he combines to an unusual degree success in pastoral labor, with success in preaching. He teaches his people quite as much out of the pulpit as in it. He seeks to make his church an organized band who "go about doing good," in working sympathy with the poor and outcast. He also diffuses a zeal in "lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes" of their own influence. Mr. Cuyler is accessible both in the parlor and in the pulpit. One is sure of hospitality at church as well as at home.

One can little realize what a difference exists in different churches with respect to polite treatment of strangers, without a wide experience. In some, all home-rules of politeness are ignored. The stranger is kept standing in the porch till every pewholder is seated. A surly sexton at last shows him to a pew, whose occupant looks a "What business have you here?" No hymn-book or prayer-book is offered during the service, and no welcoming look is granted from beginning to end. In Christian contrast to this is Mr. Cuyler's church. As in Mr. Beecher's, an appointed number of the principal men of the society are occupied before service in pleasantly receiving and seating strangers. "A welcome to our board, where is spread the bread of life" speaks from every pew, and fills the porch.

Is there not a lesson to be learned of PEW HOSPITALITY, which will do quite as much as pulpit eloquence to attract young men to the Gospel of Christ?

The following passages, taken from a discourse on City Missions, illustrate Mr. Cuyler's character as a "Reformer:"

"By this time you may inquire—Where is the remedy? What can we do? To these inquiries we would reply, that, as no clean result can come from an unclean source, the primal remedy is to purify the *sources themselves.* This work is a double one. It must be applied both to the body and to the soul. The external man and the internal man should both be reformed. Each one of these processes is essential. The second is by far the most important; but in order to reach it, the first one must not be neglected. For it is no easy work to Christianize a ragged outcast, with a half dozen layers of filth all over his frame, and no bread in his mouth but what he gets by begging or stealing. It is no easy task to Christianize a child by two hours of Sabbath-school teaching, while the devil has undisputed control over that child through all the hours of all the other six days of the week. It is no easy matter to make a vagrant girl obey either the seventh or the eighth commandment, if absolute want is driving her to theft or to the sale of her womanhood to buy her bread. The soul must be cared for, and the physical condition, too. The Bible and the tract should be given to these outcasts; but a preliminary step is to do all we can to provide for them a clean face and a clean dress, and a better chance *to live without crime.* Let us endeavor to give them employment—to help them into places of livelihood. Let them learn to be, not paupers, but producers—not mendicants and plunderers, but self-respecting self-supporters. And then, with this care for the perishing body, let us give them the Gospel. Not as a cold abstraction or a theologic dogma do they need it, but as a plain, simple method of salvation, and as a practical rule of life. Let them have it free, and warm, and loving—just as it burst from Heaven in its fulness, just as it breathed from Calvary in its tenderness. Let it come to them in every possible channel—through the teacher, through the tract visitor, through the school, through the mission church, and through the efforts of

private Christians; for *all* the disciples of Christ should covet a place in practical philanthropy."

"As a community, we are one. Fifth Avenue is linked to the Five Points; the dwellers on our elegant squares are at one with the dwellers in the pauper garrets. The advancement of each class is the advancement of the whole; the degradation of one class imperils all the rest. When one member suffers, all suffer. The self-styled 'conservative' may wrap himself about with his own selfishness, and on the gorgeous sofas of his tapestried drawing-room may shut his eyes and close his ears to the wants and woes of the 'rabble' multitudes. He may say to us, 'Let them alone.' But will they let us alone? Will they let *him* alone? He may leave the dram-shop unprohibited, but will the dram-shop leave his sons untempted? He may let the gaming-house go unsuppressed, but will the gamblers leave his clerk or apprentice untouched? He may refuse to make effort for the rescue of the wretched harlot who treads the midnight street, but she shall lay snares for him and his, perhaps to their undoing. He may allow the courts, and alleys, and cellars of the poor to fester in pollution and filth, but will the cholera, which they manufacture, hesitate to invade his lordly threshold? But there is a higher argument for Christian hearts than this. It is the double argument, based on the moral glory of saving immortal souls, and on the honor which every such triumph brings to our crucified Master." We close with—

SIX THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN REFORM.

"There are two great classes of reformers in our day. The one class hold that human nature can be advanced to its highest point without the atoning work of Christ or the inward influences of the Holy Spirit. They do not rely for human reformation on the Gospel of the cross, but on cleanly habits, fresh air, good wages, temperate living, mental culture, and the moral code of the Bible. This school are mainly Socinians, and embrace many earnest, kind-hearted laborers. In England their most distinguished leaders are Charles Dickens, the Howitts, Mr. Fox, Miss Martineau, and the writers in the 'London Leader.' Mr. Kingsley, the author of 'Alton Locke,'

holds *some* views in common with them. He is a Trinitarian, but abuses Calvinism roundly. In this country their most prominent representative-man and leader is Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune. The cardinal mistake of this school is, that man is an improvable being without the work of Christ and the Holy Spirit.

"2. The other school rely for human advancement mainly on the Gospel faithfully preached and practised. But the question is, *What is the Gospel?* Sometimes it is restricted to Christ's atonement. Sometimes it is used to signify the *whole Bible*. Those who restrict it to its first meaning, and preach accordingly, undoubtedly commit a great error. Christ crucified is certainly the fundamental doctrine of the pulpit, but faith in Christ is *not all* that God's servants are to preach. Paul preached more than that to Felix. He not only declared Christ his Master to the Roman ruler, but he thundered into the ears of his trembling auditor the *individual sins* of which that auditor was guilty—adultery, cruelty, and intemperance. He took a wide range, and yet brought all home to the ruler's startled conscience. Now on this very point lies the practical error of many of our second class of reformers. They would save men, and purify society, and advance the race, but do not unfold the whole Bible in its wide sweep of duty.

"For example, this technically styled 'conservative' class insist (and rightly too) that intemperance is to be checked by the Gospel. But how? By preaching *only* the doctrines of the redemption? It does not so strike us. Let the atonement be made most prominent, but also let God's teachers keep not back the perils of the wine-cup, and the terrific doom of the drunkard. Let them practice temperance, and preach out the complete Bible law of temperance too. Then individuals will be saved from the inebriate's grave, and public sentiment purified at the same time.

"So in regard to the curse of slavery. If removed, it is to be by the Gospel—the *whole Bible*, preached boldly and in love. Is it enough for the Southern minister to unfold only the way of salvation to his auditors? He has another work still assigned him by his Redeemer. Just imagine, that every Christian minister in Georgia should say (in substance) to his slaveholding auditor: 'The Bible

says, *search the Scriptures.* The law of Georgia forbids the slave to be taught. God must be obeyed, not man; that law ought to be repealed, and if not repealed, practically disregarded, and these negro servants taught to read their Bibles.' Again: 'The Scriptures say that the husband and wife shall cleave together; therefore you shall not separate Aunt Chloe from Uncle Tom.' Again: 'The child shall honor its father and mother. You shall not, therefore, tear the negro child from its parents. Give to your bondmen their wages—Do unto them as ye would that they should do unto you.'

"Now all these plain truths may be spoken out, in love, from every Southern pulpit and every church court. The want of such utterances has gone far towards perpetuating the opprobrious system. If every minister of Christ would preach out the whole Bible to his plantation-auditor, it would do more real good, ten thousand fold, than all the fiery tracts of Garrison, and the gunpowder eloquence of Wendell Phillips. All that slavery needs to finish it is—the WHOLE BIBLE, *preached out, and carried out into practice.* So with every other sin or popular evil. God's plan is to remove it by His law and the power of His grace. Only let men hear the entire law, and be made to see the sins of which they are guilty; and that from these sins, when forsaken, Christ's blood can freely save them.

"3. The State may do much for Christian reform in this country. We are a republic. Every citizen is a ruler. Voting is not merely a privilege—it is a *trust.* It entails a duty. A Christian reformer can, therefore, help to make good laws, to establish statutes against lotteries, tippling-houses, brothels, adultery, &c. He can labor in slaveholding States for the repeal of odious and unchristian laws bearing on slavery, and for the extinction of the evil itself in a legalized way. Moral suasion underlies all legal improvements. But God's truth should be written on human statute-books as well as on human hearts. Here, too, we need the *whole* Book of God in order to exhibit man's every duty as a Christian and patriot.

"4. The Church must not leave social reforms to 'outsiders.'

God's people have a divine motive to work, and a divine rule to work by. The temperance and the anti-slavery movements have suffered fearfully by being left to corrupt demagogues, to self-seekers, to headstrong enthusiasts, to men who fear not God, whether they 'love their brother' or not. The cause of temperance, with its clear Bible warrants, and its lofty mission of mercy to the tempted and the perishing, has been trailed in the mire by strolling vagabonds and selfish intriguers for 'spoils.' This is partially the fault of the Church. Good men in the pulpit and without, might all do what the Frelinghuysens, the Barneses, the Lyman Beechers, and the Walworths have so nobly aimed to do. The Devil 'makes capital' out of a *seeming* indifference of many in the Church to social ills and sorrows. The world needs the Church in every effort of reform. If the people of God even *appear* indifferent to admitted evils, skepticism is promoted by that very appearance.

"5. Every Christian is bound to be a thorough conservative, and a thorough radical at the same time. He is to be a radical in opposing evil, that is, he must go to the *root of the evil.* Moral compromises are invariably wrong. The Bible does not tolerate them. Half the work of good men is good for nothing because it is only *half-work.* God's word goes to the roots of things. At the same time that the Christian reformer is thoroughly radical in plucking up sin (or doing what God appoints him to do for that object), he is to be carefully *conservative* of every thing that is true, and good, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. He venerates the right. He reveals all that God has sanctioned. He goeth about the ancient bulwarks which God has established, and 'telleth the towers' with humble loyalty and love. He is a man among men, but a child towards Jehovah. Such was Ezra, the ancient reformer. Such was Paul. Such was Luther; he lifted not his axe even against Romanism until God taught him that it was a *Upas*, and then he dealt his blows until Europe startled at the echo.

"6. Every soul that loves God, and pities dying humanity, is called to the work of reform. The word *reformer* should be synonymous with *Christian* the world over. And next to faith in God and the

cross, should be our faith in *truth*. The whole truth unconcealed and uncompromising. The truth as it is in Jesus. The truth as Paul preached it, and as stout martyrs have bled for it. It is like the sea. The mists of error may obscure it for a time—nights of prejudice may settle down on it, but there it is, 'still beating on with victorious pulse, and waiting for the day.'"

Samuel H. Cox.

SAMUEL HANSON COX.

"Upon earth there is not his like."

Samuel Hanson Cox was born August 25th, 1793. His father, James Cox, descended from the first settlers of Talbot county, Maryland, was born in Dover, Kent county, Delaware, December 28, 1766, and died in the city of Philadelphia, January 4, 1801, at the early age of thirty-four years. His mother, a native of Philadelphia, still lives in that city, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. They were members of the Society of Friends; were married February 13, 1791; removed from Philadelphia March 23, 1792, to Rahway, New Jersey, where, at Leesville, as now called, Samuel H. Cox was born. His father at that time was extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits in Pearl-street, New York, of the firm of Cox, Whitehead & Co. He was a man of energy, uprightness, and comprehensive views, esteemed and honored by all who knew him.

Of his father, Dr. Cox affectionately and truthfully says: "My father carefully educated me in the principles of Friends. He had a great reverence for the Holy Scriptures, a practical and conscientious regard for 'the Lord's day,' and boldness for the truth of religion among its adversaries; a nice sense of honor; uniform decision in the cause of virtue; an unfeigned charitableness towards all serious Christians; and an inflexible consistency of deportment. He was an example of universal temperance: tenderly humane and self-denying in his offices of beneficence, and distinguished as the friend of the black man in all his degradations. In these respects his eldest son may be allowed to pay a tearful, solemn, and most affectionate tribute to his memory!"

His mother and family—three sons and two daughters—after their bereavement returned to Philadelphia. Here Samuel H. Cox attended school till, in the year 1811, he removed to Newark, New Jersey, in order to study law with the late William Halsey, Esq., an eminent counsellor in that city. Enthusiastic in the pursuit of his chosen profession, he prosecuted its studies with avidity and success, till November, 1812, when the subject of religion became chief in his thoughts, engaged his affections, and resulted in the change of his profession from law to theology.

Of the youthful character of Dr. Cox, as exemplified in a religious direction, we shall best speak in his own words:

"I would not here imply that sobriety and moderation were the early characteristics of my religion. I was impetuous; decisive; perfectly assured; ecstatically happy in God; resolved to confess Jesus Christ anywhere; anxious to show others the way to blessedness; totally inexperienced, and not properly impressed with the necessity of experience in order to usefulness, supposing I should always 'walk in the light, as He is in the light,' and anticipating no reverses; ignorant of the wanton enmity men actually cherished against the Gospel; and often inconsiderate in the way, place, time, and style of addressing them on the matters of religion. In *principles*, however, I have always been substantially the same; nor do I know that, since the period of spiritual nativity, I have ever had one deep deliberate doubt of the truth and excellence of Christianity, or of the general meaning of the Scriptures. Reverses, however, I did experience—just as extreme, pungent, and complete as the joys that preceded them were high. My hope left me after a few weeks, my joys all dried away, and the deepest melancholy of darkness that could be felt embowered me. I felt that I had been deluded, hypocritically wild in my rejoicings;—not that I doubted religion: I doubted only myself! Thus extremes and opposites succeeded, till 'tribulation wrought patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope;' and thus 'the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus,' is wont to accomplish his people—'establish, strengthen, settle them; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.'—1 Pet. v.

10, 11. I have since compared my feelings in religion to the vibrations of the pendulum of an open clock, whose first movements when energetically started, incline almost to cover one hundred and eighty degrees of the circle; but gradually subsiding from extremes, and losing the momentum of extravagance, every movement becomes more regular; the deep central attraction influences more; its motions are more orderly and useful; and at last it assumes that state of punctual and measured gravity which it keeps to the end of its 'appointed time;' and without which, however costly its material or polished its exterior, or comely its proportions, it would be of no utility. That I have gained the point of perfect regularity, I am very far from asserting; but that I have held my way, in the main, progressive, I do believe, just as really as I know that I am still imperfect and have much to learn."

Of his religious experiences, as given by himself, we deem the following extract worthy of attention, as interesting in matter, as illustrative of the man, and as a fair specimen of his style:

"I became uneasy and troubled in spirit. I knew not the cause, nor even the nature of my unhappiness. Sinners under the special influence of the Spirit of God, a revival of religion, I had never seen. I knew not that any creature had ever felt as I felt, or that there was any excellence of nature or promise in such agitation. So pungent was the misery, so undefined and unappreciated the influence, that I was not even aware of its connection with religion. Consequently I tried every means in my power to dissipate it. I went into company, frequented parties, invented sports, commenced the study of the French language with an accomplished French gentleman, whose manners and society pleased me, but whose principles of fatalism, and whose habits of profligacy, shocked me; for, to these things I had not been habituated. Finding, at last, that every effort was vain, and every resource insipid, I resolved to study more diligently, to try to excel in my profession, and to pursue this, to the exclusion of every thing else, as *my supreme good* being then occupied in the office of a respectable counsellor, as a student of law. Hence I studied laboriously, and with a kind of frenzied determination. I separated from associates, and tried to wear

the vizor of misanthropy, that I might keep all intruders at a distance. Here a new misery disturbed me. I could not keep my mind, as formerly, on the topics and paragraphs of the law-book! Not even the style of Blackstone, of which I had always been enamored, could retain my strangely discursive thoughts. I felt a kind of romantic curiosity to study the Scriptures, and made it a virtue to deny myself the pleasure. It appeared a random, unprofitable longing of the mind, that required, as it received, a resolute coercion. *I will study*, was my half-angry motto. And so I did, laboriously, and to no purpose. I went over a page, perhaps ten times, and could not retain one line or thought of it. The book appeared like 'vanity,' and the study like 'vexation of spirit.' Still I persevered; grew daily more wretched; and felt that I had no friend in the world to whom I could unbosom my sorrows and disburden my soul! One day, while vacantly meditating over a law-book, not on its contents, but on the atheism of Diderot and other authors, officiously loaned me by my French instructor, and which I had perused and returned weeks before, it was strangely impressed on my mind that I had better turn atheist, if I could, for the sake of consistency; for he is consistent, thought I, with himself, who, never worshipping God, also denies His existence; but for me there is no such honor. I acknowledge His being, and live as if I had ascertained the contrary! I was much agitated, but broke the somnium with my motto, *I will study*. Thus passed my days for many weeks; till once, when particularly chagrined at the lubricity of law in its contact with my efforts of mind to retain it, my attention was suddenly fixed and charmed with the volume. I felt a relief and a recreation of mind such as had long been unknown. My two diverse objects were unexpectedly blended; the desire to investigate Scripture, and the resolve *to study*, seemed to meet at once, and be strangely reconciled.

"This unexpected pleasure was produced by the occurrence of a scriptural quotation from Matt. v. 25: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art *in the way* with him.' It was in the third volume of Blackstone, chap. 20, p. 298, on *Pleading*.

"I was delightfully engrossed; and finding that to proceed with regular study was to lose the attractive objects—was to launch out

again into the inclement element, and that the margin of the page on which my eye then rested, referred me to the chapter and verse of the Pentateuch, where I might also study other words of that *ancient lawyer* at large, I arose with alacrity (being then alone in the office), and went to that corner of the library where our learned preceptor kept his very valuable volumes of theology. There I found a Bible, and, hastily snatching it, I was soon fixed in the perusal of the connection to which I was referred. Thus *a quotation in a law-book* was, in Providence, associated with my first or best convictions in religion.

"Without more detail of incidents, dear to my memory, but of less interest to others, suffice it that I now commenced the reading of the Scriptures alone, and in good earnest. Conviction increased as I proceeded, and soon became overpowering. At last my knees bowed, my soul bowed with them, for the first time in my life; I prayed, and solemnly devoted myself to the Author of my being and the hope of my soul, *to be His forever*, to follow Jesus Christ 'through good report and evil report;' and by His 'strength made perfect in weakness,' to glorify Him in the ways of truth, through time and eternity. As soon as I had made this surrendry, conscious as I was of its unspeakable solemnity and perfect irretrievableness, I was assaulted with a fierce temptation, with a succession of 'fiery darts of the wicked' one, all mainly in this form: You have made a vow which you will never keep; you have perjured your soul forever; you are lost! *You* be religious! You are a hypocrite, a fool, a fiend! You will apostatize in less than three weeks, and, at last, make your bed in hell—a hateful, ruined wretch! Alas! thought I, it is certainly true. I am wicked, and never felt worse than now that I wish to be good! Here my sins began to disgorge themselves to my view. 'Sin revived, and I died—and the commandment, which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death. For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me. Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good.' And thus it was that sin 'became exceeding sinful' in my renewed perceptions. For several weeks my situation was wretched—indescribably wretched. I had plighted my being to serve my Maker;

but this implied that I should become qualified for the service that was spiritual, and filial, and august. Instead of this, it was gloom, sin, and fearful anticipation. I had no peace, and hope seemed a phantom of indefinite characteristics that continually eluded my grasp.

"One thing that marked this dark hour, or rather month, in my memory, was a peculiar conviction of sin; not only of its superlatively evil nature, that deserves all that God denounces against it in His word, and that I was such a sinner as His truth describes; but that I had sinned unutterably much against His Gospel, in slighting it, and specially against His holy word, in *daring* to reason against it. The insolence and the insufferable abomination of such neglect of 'the oracles of God' appeared to me, as seen in the light of the goodness and the greatness of their adorable Author, astonishingly evil! And I wondered why I was not in hell; it seemed to me that I ought to go there, and that if I had any virtue I should approve of the righteousness and excellency of such a measure, as what ought to be. It seemed impossible that I should ever be saved—translated to those halcyon seats of God, and admitted to His holy presence forever. The degree of these exercises, depending, in part, as I now suppose, upon the singular ardency of my native temperament, I do not attempt to describe; and would scarcely rehearse to my nearest friend the forms of excessive perturbation that harrowed up my soul till the fearful conflict was over. This occurred one night, on my knees, by my bedside. The service of prayer had before seemed at once impossible to be, by me, either omitted or performed. Then it was easy—it was delightful. How long I now continued praising, rather than praying, in this posture, I know not. But this I know, that my soul seemed absorbed in the glory of God—the chamber luminous with His presence, the universe glorious for His sake, while halleluias kept me delightfully awake until morning!

"The luminous appearance of the chamber and of the bed where I lay, contained from the sight of distant objects, which the darkness of a cloudy November night (1812) would have rendered invisible had there been no intervening drapery to deepen it, I have purposely mentioned, and now proceed to explain. A sober philosophy,

as I then thought, and now know, can perfectly resolve it. The state of one's mind, in proportion to the intensity of its affections, as melancholy or mirthful, as vigorous or languid, as imaginative or plodding, imparts its own character to surrounding objects; and often induces the sensation that the character is in the objects, and not in the mind. Nearly the same sentiment is more scientifically given by that great father of sound reasoning, Lord Bacon. A little obstinate rationality, as Dr. Johnson calls it, kept me then and since from the profound or the sublime of religious enthusiasm. Had I yielded to feeling, to imagination, and *seeming revelation*, at a time when the genuine influences of the Spirit of God (as I believe) had made me happy in Him, and thrilled my soul with holy ravishment, I might have been a devout madman, *inspired*, or any thing else, in my own esteem. But the balance of my mind was restored by reflection. 'The truth and soberness of Christianity induced that reflection, and made me know that I ought to exercise my understanding, and 'try the spirits' in every direction, before I trusted them. The case of Col. Gardner I had previously heard or read, and it then recurred to me. Were it not, thought I, that I happen to know better, I could see and tell of prodigies, of angelic apparition and miraculous glory, as well as others; and now it seems clear to me how the excellent Gardiner was deceived, and how thousands of religious enthusiasts first come by their commission. I ascribe it, under God, to *the power of His written truth alone*, that I became not then a disciple of moonshine and extravagance. The wonder is the greater, that I was by education predisposed to it. The spring of the affections, or zeal in religion, however genuine, requires the balance-wheel of sound scriptural instruction to regulate its movements and secure its utility. Much am I indebted, whom nature made so ardent, and education so moulded to enthusiasm—much do I owe to the sober voice of Scripture, for all the steadiness of faith, the sobriety of character, and the uniformity of action, which I have been enabled, in some degree (yet imperfectly), to exemplify. 'Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying NONE OTHER THINGS than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come.'—Acts xxvi. 22.

My soul has often leaped for joy and thankfulness that the Great Shepherd hath so led and kept me! So will He keep forever all who truly trust HIM."

"Shortly after this I came to the conclusion that God had called me to the work of the ministry. I pass over the details of self-examination and trials in this relation, through which I was enabled to pass, by the help of God speaking to me in His word, and comforting my soul at the throne of grace. I was licensed by the Presbytery of New York, in the month of October, 1816, to preach the Gospel; and ordained to that office by the Presbytery of Jersey, at Mendham, July 1, 1817. 'Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mispeh and Shen, and called the name of it EBEN-EZER, saying, *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*'"

His studies in divinity were prosecuted partly under the direction of the late Rev. Dr. Richards, of Newark, and afterwards under that of the late Rev. Dr. J. P. Wilson, of Philadelphia.

His life at Mendham, where he remained four years, was very happy. He was the only minister of any denomination in the place, his parish was extensive, his time, thoughts, and sympathies fully occupied, and his church increased in size and efficiency.

In the autumn of 1820 Mr. Cox removed to New York, having accepted a second call from the Spring-street Presbyterian Church. Of the opening of his life here we are able to present his own interesting narration:

"This church had become vacant eleven years from its organization, by the resignation of its first pastor, the late Rev. M. L. R. Perrine, D. D., in May, 1820. This excellent man, and clear-sighted theologian, afterwards became professor in the Theological Seminary, Auburn, New York, till his death, February 12, 1836. His manners, so characteristically mild and non-aggressive, his way of reading every word of his sermons, the sparse population of that locality at the time, and other incidental causes of the sort, eventuated in the non-success of his pure and pious ministry. The congregation was small; and so deeply in debt, and so increasingly embarrassed, that when I acceded to its charge, my friends deemed it an enterprise of perilous uncertainty, and many seemed to enjoy their own

over-wise prognostications of failure. With a young and growing family, I came to the city of New York, on a stipend of support relatively much less than the income I resigned in Mendham. There were other causes of severe probation, which I had to meet and feel in my new and more ample sphere.

"The state of theology and its allied controversies at that time were the occasion of severe and all-surrounding trials. I was known for investigation and decision in my views; as also to preach, as well as hold, the doctrine of the atonement of Christ, as in its own nature ample and applicable to all mankind; as the necessary and the appropriate basis of salvation offered, virtually and in fact, at once consistently and sincerely, by God himself, *to every creature*, in the preaching of the Gospel. The other party held it to be limited every way to the elect alone; and what a preacher held, or which of the two parties he joined, on this cardinal theme, was then the criterion of his standing, and indeed the great question; as now, indeed, in altered times, it is not, or it seems not, so practically and socially important. I was by many regarded as a dangerous man—avoided, calumniated, and clandestinely opposed, with many a wise and prompt prophecy of my eventual departure from the faith, *mainly on that account.* Indeed, I found the infection working among my own people, and often counter-working the power of my scriptural ministrations. This induced a serious crisis, and I resolved manfully to preach on the subject, as the alternative of the demission of my pastorate. But this was like open war. As a prudent pastor, I first consulted the Elders of my church, who were all conversant with existing relations, as my proper official advisers, under the constitution, and all of them my attached and confiding personal friends. They were struck with surprise and fear at the question. With one accord they answered, 'No! you will ruin us if you do. You are too young in the city, in office, in life, to attempt so perilous a task. It will awaken controversy; it will seem to invite it. It will make war, and probably insure failure. They are now afraid, and they will leave the church in droves. We are in debt and difficulty, and any special stir at this time would ruin us.' And so they said all. This indeed was a dilemma of terrible distress. To do what seemed

to be duty, was, in all human foreshowing, to destroy my influence, and probably to forfeit my place. To conform prudentially to the advice of the Session, was like violating conscience. Apart from the faithful counsels of my beloved partner and excellent companion in life, I seemed to have no earthly or human sympathizer or friend in need. I had One, however, that was superhuman, and to Him I had learned, not then first, to resort. The result was, that next Lord's day morning, at the last of the public notices, I announced, 'In the afternoon, by the will of God, I propose to preach a lecture, introductory to a series—perhaps twenty—on the great subject of the atonement of Christ; its nature, its necessity, its extent, its divine wisdom, and its glorious relations to the throne and the foot-stool, to God and to man; in which I shall attempt to show and identify the true doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, at large, answering all current and important objections, and vindicating the truth of God and the proper basis of the ministrations of the Gospel, on that grand and cardinal topic of our faith.'

"This made quite a sensation. All seemed to wait and wonder. I felt the crisis. The officers of the Church feared and communed with each other, in something like dismay. In the afternoon, the result seemed promising. The house was full—strangers, note-takers, sage watchers, heresy-hunters, and a mixed congregation, were there, in the galleries; and the result was perfect success. I received thanks, acknowledgments, and, above all, converts. The Church grew and prospered. The debt began to grow less and less. Many things now combined to confirm and augment this prosperous state of things. The house was too small for the people. In 1824 they began to build in Laight-street, corner of Varick. August 28, 1825, that sanctuary was occupied and dedicated. It was continually filled, and the Church became increasingly potential. In the great revival of 1830–31, its aisles were crowded with professing converts. On one occasion, 125 stood together there, and professed the religion of Christ, with joy and high decision—many of whom endure to this day, as Christians, bright and useful in the world."

April 10, 1833, Dr. Cox sailed for Europe, his health being broken by great labors. He travelled extensively through Great Britain and

Ireland; as also in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland; returning in about seven months with improved health.

In the spring of 1834, Dr. Cox was invited to the Professorship of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology at Auburn, which, on being renewed in the fall, was accepted.

Here he remained till May, 1837, when he was ordained pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. He says, "My translation from the chair again to the pulpit, and especially in this vicinage of my former pastorate, was pregnant with events, and associated with results, partly foreseen, yet in great part utterly unanticipated, which exacted from my principles and my assiduities of service in the Church, new sacrifices and extraordinary efforts, both of severe trial and of perilous responsibility. The controversies and parties that had agitated the Presbyterian Church at large, chiefly in her ministry, yet increasingly, for mainly the whole of the present century, now found their crisis; and the same month in which I was installed by the Presbytery of New York in the Brooklyn Church, those memorable and monstrous acts of exscinding were accomplished in the General Assembly at Philadelphia, from which the bisection of that large and venerable communion necessarily resulted, and two denominations, as they are now organically distinguished, then commenced their separate ministrations. As a lover of order and liberty, under the supremacy of constitutional law, in Church and in State, it was not according to my antecedents of character or history, that I should be neutral, or indifferent at such a season of revolution and perilous aggressions, in the denomination of my cherished preference and attachment. My people, too, whose sympathies were mainly with me, needed a pastor, under God, who could meet the occasion and show himself a man; indeed it was the desideratum in every church, as in the days of David, that officers should be found to guide them, competent and valiant, like 'the children of Issachar, who were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do; the heads of them were two hundred, and all their brethren were at their commandment.'"

"The result was felicitous: the congregation was kept from con-

fusion, and continually enlarged. On my retiring, the communicants of this Church were more than one thousand; and for order, unity, soundness in the faith, religious preference and attachment, there are few churches, anywhere, more compact or exemplary and distinguished; while in acts of munificence and deeds of Christian charity to mankind, their character is well established, their usefulness steady and principled, and still increasing."

In May, 1846, Dr. Cox was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and received a unanimous vote of thanks, at the end of a difficult series of sessions of that venerable body, "for the ability, impartiality, and kindness" with which he had presided over them, and conducted their deliberations to happy results.

In August, 1846, Dr. Cox attended the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in London. He was shipwrecked on his return in the steamer Great Britain.

On the last Sabbath of April, 1854, Dr. Cox preached his farewell sermon to his Church, and retired to Owego, N. Y.; an affection of the throat rendering it impossible for him to fulfil all pastoral duties, especially in Brooklyn, as the sea air proved an excitant to the complaint. His health in other respects is excellent, and he preaches nearly every Sabbath. His people were very generous in their farewell provision for their long-tried pastor.

Dr. Cox was married April 7, 1817, to the daughter of Rev. Aaron Cleaveland, of Connecticut. They have had six sons and nine daughters. Two sons and four daughters have been removed by death. They have a number of grandchildren.

At the age of thirty-two the degree of D. D. was conferred on the subject of our sketch by Williams College, which gave occasion for the "semi-lunar fardels" letter, of which we reprint the first and best half. It is dated November 16, 1825, and addressed to the New York Observer:

> "Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
> To low ambition and the pride of kings."—Essay on Man.

"Messrs. Editors:—In your paper, I believe, the paragraph first

met my eye, that the Trustees of Williams College, Massachusetts, had taken with my name the very customary liberties of attaching D. D. to it. Through the same 'public organ of report,' I ask the privilege of announcing that *I will not accept of the appendage!* My name is my property, and my right to regulate it in the premises will not be questioned.

"I know that the question will occur: *Why this tardiness of two months?* It was not owing to any change of sentiment as to the perfect worthlessness of the bagatelle, or to its utter and cumbrous inutility, or to the injudicious frequency and indiscriminate commonness of its modern conferment. Its frequency has made it 'common,' if not 'unclean.' It has become the caricature of greatness, the senility of colleges, and the nightmare of the Church. In the promiscuous dispersion of these honors, they are no test of competency; talents are scarcely a recommendation, ignorance seldom a protection, juvenility itself no disqualification. For my own part, I have ever and increasingly viewed the whole system, especially in the pure light of Heaven, as a fabric of theological foppery and dotage and disparagement, that does real harm, but no imaginable good; unless it be good to help pride, envy, and worldly magnificence into the places of consecrated affinity and hallowed relation. It seems 'a spot upon a vestal's robe, the worse for what it stains.' It ought to be put down, because it is too wretched to grace elevation, and too light to fall by its own weight. Down it must go, if the Church will but look at it, for it cannot bear inspection. Like other 'tares,' it grows while 'men sleep.' It is high time—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE DEMANDS IT—that this mania of graduating should itself be graduated, and that without favor, in the enlightened estimation of the public. *Itaque illud Cassianum*, CUI BONO FUERIT, *in his personis valeat.* The *cui bono* question, in reference to these academico-theological degrees, and for the best possible reason, has never been answered. It is an affair that belongs to another category; it has nothing to do with *good*, but only with—honor. My tardiness, therefore, has not arisen from any hesitation as to the proper ponderosity of D. D. Feathers are soon weighed; and some of superb hues, while they glitter in the sun, are remarka-

ble for levity and evanescence when they come in contact with the wind (Job xxi. 18). But the difficulty of my predicament is in the delicacy of its relations. I cannot disenthrall myself without an invasion—seeming or real—of the prerogatives of the order. Your name must wear the semi-lunar fardels through life. Your memory will travel to your children's children, perhaps to the fourth generation, under stride and pressure of the monstrous incubus. Some stragglers of a remoter posterity, that may never hear any thing about you, other than that Dr. Somebody was one of their ancestors, may be able to infer, from such premises, only that he was a clergyman who owned and probably loved titles. I would rather that my posterity, as long as I am remembered at all, should know that I was a minister and disciple of Jesus Christ. If the angel of truth may be commissioned to write this on my tombstone, I should ask no other recognition in the present world. The condition of a clergyman unexpectedly doctorated, is in that respect so peculiarly trying, that sympathy can be expected only from experience. I never compassionated such a dilemma, nor entertained one brotherly idea of its severity, till I was myself a proper object of compassion. Several discreet and excellent friends of the laity advised me to the course of taciturnity. But I have ever found, when reflection has risen above mere impressions, that in his own case a man must at last be his own counsellor.

> "One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs
> Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
> And more true joy the Christian 'exiled feels,'
> Than monarchs 'with their senates at their heels!'"

Dr. Cox states his leading ideas of faith and preaching in the following words:

"I consider the Gospel, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as a finished and glorious revelation of God to men; as in system a grand and harmonious unit, never to be altered, sophisticated, or modified, by human wisdom or authority; as a glorious deposit made with the Church for our vigilant conservation, our universal propagation, our personal conformity, our spiritual obedience; and so for our sal-

vation and that of our precious offspring. Hence I have aimed to defend it, impartially and courageously, against all modifiers, all corrupters, all counterfeiters; and in doing this, systematically and habitually, it may not seem strange if sometimes I should have been misunderstood or maligned. To refute error and reject all substitutes for truth, is my necessary duty; and I distinguish, if others do not, between personality and spite on the one hand, and refuting error in honor of truth on the other. Can we not love men without loving their errors? May we not refute error, without transcending the legitimate boundaries of the commission, as ministers of Christ? My preaching has been marked, and sometimes censured, too, for my uncompromising and all-pervading Protestantism. If my arguments could be refuted as easily as hated, it is possible that they would only have been either despised for their levity, or broken and dispersed for want of structural solidity. Neither of these courses has been found by opponents as easy or as eligible as their own—which is the more vulgar one! It may be far easier for some casuists to erect their own like or dislike into a criterion, than to meet argument with superior evidence, and to break a proposition by the fair onset of honest demonstration. The Bible is my text-book, creed, and religion. It is the grand thesaurus of inspired wisdom; and nothing is true or salutary that supersedes, or disparages, or contradicts it. It is the only inspired classic in the world; for antiquity, unrivalled; as for various other excellences, entirely paramount, pre-eminent, supreme.

"If in all this view of the great matter I am at all in error, I err only with the greatest men, the most learned chieftains, the most illustrious leaders of the Church since the fathers of the Reformation, or since the times of primitive antiquity, including the ministrations of the apostles themselves. What God says is truth, with heaven and earth, time and eternity subordinate; and all creation bound to do it homage, oral or written; always incomparable, always the same. It is not, therefore, what says Paul, or Peter, or John, but what God says by any one of them, that commands my devout conformity."

From the book entitled "Interviews, Memorable and Useful, from

Diary and Memory reproduced," published by the Harpers, we make the following extract, which is the close of an interview with two Mormon apostles, who introduced themselves with smooth words, seeking to make a convert of the divine.

Dr. Cox says, "Pray, be quite calm. I can refute all that instantly on the authority of two apostles. Instead of liar, hypocrite, reprobate, I am, you remember, 'Brother Cox, a man of God, a friend of truth, a lover of righteousness, and a preacher of the Gospel.' This is a great honor—quite a high and a memorable endorsement. It is, at least, the exalted character I had a few hours since. If I have it not yet, but have grown so bad all at once, as you now denounce me, it must be because I have been some time in your company. The ancients say—

> Nemo repente turpissimus.
>
> That is, no man can get astray
> From rectitude's habitual way
> All in one moment, hour, or day.

"But your recorded encomium, gentlemen, I shall remember, as I pray you not to forget it. Think what apostolic authority! what rich commendation! what a glorious epitaph! Such honor never happened to me before. Few things in this world equal it. Some of your initiated disciples, real Latter-day Saints, might be *lifted up with it above measure*, might be spiritually proud—though I shall endeavor to keep some humility for all. It seems to me, gentlemen, that canonization itself from the Pope of Rome—yes, canonization itself, is inferior—not even this incomprehensible honor, with the entail of purgatory as a rare mercy and a pontiff's privilege, for about two thousand years only, can surpass, in my estimation, the apostolic honors you—

"1*st Apostle.* Sir, I have no respect or care for you.

"2*d Apostle.* Yes, sir; hypocrite hardened—

"*Dr. Cox.* Silence, gentlemen. You are now going rather too far. There seems no immediate prospect of my becoming a Latter-day saint, you perceive. It is the Lord's day, and I wish not to break it. I have read of the like before. You are just such apostles

proved as are described in Rev. ii. 2, and in 2 Cor. xi. 12–15. Go, read and ponder your character and your doom. You are base and horrible impostors. It is very plain who sent you, and how equally deceived and criminal you are in your *inspired* assurance; that I was to be your convert and your champion, and as such promoted in your kingdom, and among your kind of saints. I have done! You need make no reply. Now, I have only two more things to say; the first, this is my study; the second, there is the door; *make rectilinears in quick time*, and leave the premises immediately. I am not your brother or your dupe."

TRIALS IN THE LIFE OF DR. COX.

We have thus been enabled, by collections from various sources, to present a brief history of the life of Dr. Cox, which is almost autobiographical. His experience has been one of hearty work, of reciprocal affections, and, if we may judge by the additions to the Church, of remarkable fruits. It has also been one of an unusual number of emergencies. The beginning of his religious life was a trying experience, in the separation from the faith of his fathers and the sundering from his mother and his friends.

The beginning of his professional life was a trying experience, as his orthodoxy was questioned by some of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, before which he had presented himself for examination and his recognition as a minister bitterly opposed. He seemed at one time on the point of being left a discarded object of his early connection and a rejected outcast of the new.

The beginning of his New York life was a trying experience, which is described in his own words. And the opening of his Brooklyn life, which he also portrays, partook of the same character. In addition, he at one time suffered severely as a champion of the anti-slavery cause, which experience deserves more than a mere reference.

On the first day of October, 1833, there appeared throughout the city of New York postbills with the following call:

"The Friends of the immediate Abolition of Slavery in the United

States are requested to meet at Clinton Hall, on Wednesday evening, 2d October, at half-past seven o'clock, to form a New York City Anti-slavery Society.

"*Committee:* Joshua Leavitt, John Rankin, William Goodell, William Green, Jr., Lewis Tappan."

The signers (it is just to allow, in accordance with their own public asseverations, and the circumstances of the case) did not anticipate exciting disturbance or arousing opposition. But to their surprise, the newspapers took the matter up, denounced the movement and its originators, stirred up the people by inflammatory appeals, and declared that the monster of Anti-slavery must be either destroyed in the womb, or strangled on its first appearance. Such was the excitement and consequent dread of violence, that the Trustees of Clinton Hall declined to fulfil their engagement to let the Hall, and repeated applications for the use of other audience-rooms proved unavailing. In the mean time advertisements and postbills appeared throughout the city, inciting a rally of the people at Clinton Hall on the evening of October 2d, to crush out, at its first breath, the Anti-slavery movement. The call read as follows:

"NOTICE.

"TO ALL PERSONS FROM THE SOUTH.

"All persons interested in the object of a meeting called by J. Leavitt, W. Goodell, W. Greene, Jr., J. Rankin, and L. Tappan, at Clinton Hall, this evening, at seven o'clock, are requested to attend at the same hour and place.

"(Signed) MANY SOUTHERNERS.

"N. B.—*All* citizens who may feel disposed to manifest the *true* feeling of the State on this subject, are requested to attend."

It happened that one of the signers to the Anti-slavery call was a trustee of Chatham-street Chapel;* and by his influence the lecture-room (which would hold about three hundred people), was

* This Chapel is described in the sketch of Mr. Kirk.

secured for the meeting, and word quietly disseminated to that effect.

To the Southern meeting the crowd gathered at an early hour, and in immense numbers, and soon adjourned to Tammany Hall; but "The Wigwam" was entirely too strait, and thousands filled the space in front.

At the same time there gathered in Chatham-street Chapel (only a few blocks distant on a direct route) a company of fifty-three men (among whom were some of the Society of Friends), and one woman. From fear of disturbance, the iron gates of the yard were locked, and the doors of the lecture-room bolted. The chairman of the meeting had hardly been selected, before the sexton whispered to him that a fierce crowd was gathering in front of the building. After prayer had been offered, it was remarked that in view of the gathering of a mob, it would be advisable, while exercising all due deliberation, to proceed to business with becoming promptness; and the motion was made, seconded, and carried, that "we do now form the Anti-slavery Society of New York." A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, which (as is usual on such occasions) was found to be already prepared with care. This was read, article by article; two amendments proposed and accepted; and the whole adopted. Officers were then elected; a committee appointed to furnish an account of the meeting to the daily papers; and adjournment "without day," moved and carried. The meeting occupied thirty minutes.

During this time the crowd outside had increased rapidly in size and excitement; the sexton, as look-out, was reporting progress and advising expedition; the iron gates were besieged and stormed; the meeting inside deemed it prudent to retire through the secret passages of the old theatre to the other street; and just as the last man vanished, the mob burst in through iron, and bars, and bolts—no, not the last man, for Isaac T. Hopper quietly asserted that it was against his principles thus to go out of a back door unless thrown out, and he alone met the sweeping tide. With his usual success, however, he sustained no violence, being "nothing but a Quaker," as the crowd said; who, thereupon, proceeded to

call a mock meeting, forcing into the chair a negro, whom they had brought with them, and giving him the name of Arthur Tappan. From "Arthur Tappan" therefore they demanded a speech, and the frightened negro was forced to stand up and talk. He spoke as follows:

"Gemmun" (cheers, and cries of "Go it, Arthur," "Stir up the nigger," "That's it," "Three cheers for our side," &c., &c.); "Gemmun, I'se a poor, ignorant nigger. I am not, gemmun, I am not com-pe-tent to speak before such an assembliage as what dis is." (Cries of "Go on, Go on.") "Well, gemmun, if you *insists* that I go on, all I've got for to say is this, that my Bible tells me that God hath made of one blood all nations of men" (cheers and laughter); "and the Declaration of Independence, gemmun, says as that all men is created equal, and possessed of certain in-*ail*-nable rights, among which, gemmun, are life, LIBERTY, and the—" (shouts, cheers, cries, and immense good-humor, in which fortunate state of feeling the crowd withdrew).

Meanwhile, the "Committee on Publication" were hard at work preparing their account for the morning journals. Copies were furnished to the foremen about one o'clock—the efficacy of money demonstrated, and the next morning the Courier and Enquirer had two articles—an editorial headed, "GREAT PUBLIC MEETING!—THE AGITATORS DEFEATED!—THE CONSTITUTION TRIUMPHANT!" and an article giving an account of the "Formation of the New York Anti-slavery Society." The Journal of Commerce, in its editorial on the matter, used the following language:*

"These 'many Southerners' were probably a handful of 'Northern fanatics,' who, not content with enjoying their own opinions, and uttering them when and where they pleased, were anxious to prevent others from enjoying the same privilege. But whether Northern or Southern, they have mistaken the genius of our institutions, if they imagine a cause, be it ever so bad, can be permanently injured by such disgraceful proceedings. 'The blood of the martyrs,' it is said, 'is the seed of the Church;' and persecution in *any* form, or against any set of opinions, is very apt to produce reaction. In this

* Jour. Com., Oct. 3, 1833.

country there is no such thing as putting down error by physical force, or any thing equivalent thereto. If Fanny Wright and Robert Dale Owen, in their late mission to New York, had met with this kind of opposition, instead of being permitted to belch out their poison at pleasure, it is more than probable they would have found, both for themselves and their doctrines, a permanent lodgment among us. As it was, they soon exhausted their resources, and betook themselves to other shores, followed by the pity and disgust of almost our whole population. Let us not be understood as alluding to this case for the sake of invidious comparison, but only for the purpose of illustration. The immediate Emancipationists, though embracing but a small part of our population, enroll among their numbers many gentlemen of exalted worth, and who, whatever may be their errors on this subject, will be remembered and honored long after the tongues of their traducers shall be silent in the grave.

"But it is not upon this ground merely, that we condemn the proceedings of last evening. Though the individuals referred to were men of the feeblest intellect and of the most worthless character, we would still maintain that they had as good a right to assemble and make speeches, free from interruption and insult, as any of their opposers. What sort of toleration is that which bears with those who agree with us in opinion? Just such as may be found in Spain, or Turkey, or in the dominions of the Czar. The essence of toleration is, to bear with those who differ from us; and with opinions which we hold in utter abhorrence. There are plenty of men in this country, and plenty of editors, who are staunch advocates of toleration on paper, but the moment you touch a subject in which *they* feel deeply, their liberality has vanished into smoke. Toleration is very good when it applies to themselves, but when it is called for in favor of others, and when *they* are the persons to exercise it, that alters the case materially. It is no longer your bull that has killed one of my oxen. * * * * *

"We said that *common interest* required that public meetings should not be interrupted. For it is as easy to interrupt a Colonization meeting as an Abolition meeting. A very few persons suffice to accomplish the object. They have only to make more noise

than the speaker, and the work is done. And what enterprise, good or bad, has not its opposers? No one. Let, then, the principle be established, that any bevy of gentlemen or vagabonds may invade the peace of a meeting the design of which they disapprove (or profess to disapprove, for the sake of having a *row*), and what will be the consequence? Why, that all public meetings will be at the mercy of the evil-minded. There is no line of distinction which can be drawn. We say, then, that all parties, on all subjects, are interested in putting down the disgraceful practice.

"We are happy to believe that whoever else is implicated in the transactions of last evening, the Colonization Society is not. The 'Commercial Advertiser,' which is more the organ of that Society than any other paper in this city, foresaw the interruption, and entered its protest against it.

"After all, it appears that the immediate emancipationists outgeneralled their opposers; for while the latter were besieging Clinton Hall, or wasting wind at Tammany Hall, the former were quietly adopting their Constitution at Chatham-street Chapel. They had but just adjourned, we understand, when the din of the invading army, as it approached from Tammany Hall, fell upon their ears; and before the audience was fairly out of the Chapel, the flood poured in through the gates, as if they would take it by storm. But lo! they were too late; the Anti-slavery Society had been formed, the Constitution adopted, and the meeting adjourned! So they had nothing to do but go home.

> 'The King of France, with eighty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill, and then marched down again.' "

In reply to this, the "Courier and Enquirer" levied a blazing broadside, of which we present the following missile:

"The 'Journal of Commerce' is the principal organ of Fanaticism and Hypocrisy in this city; the advocate of every measure calculated, directly or indirectly, to cast a stigma on the character of our country, our people, our wives, our mothers, sisters, and daughters."*

* Courier and Enquirer, October 5, 1833.

In another number, the "Courier and Enquirer" had the following:

"There can no longer be any doubt of the objects of these Fanatics, nor of the tendency of their proceedings; and it becomes the duty of every good citizen to frown upon them, as dangerous to the harmony of the country, and hazardous to the property and lives of our Southern brethren.

"What, then, is to be done? Are we tamely to look on, and see this most dangerous species of fanaticism extending itself through society, until at length it acquires a foothold among us sufficient to induce those partaking of it to array themselves openly, as they now are secretly, against the Constitution of the United States? Or shall we, by promptly and fearlessly crushing this many-headed Hydra in the bud, expose the weakness, as well as the folly, madness, and mischief of these bold and dangerous men? We confess this latter course appears to us the most proper, and, under all the circumstances, the only one which can with safety be pursued."

After this, matters progressed without outbreak for several months; the Anti-slavery Society gaining more and more strength, and the papers keeping the public mind more and more exasperated. On Friday, 4th of July, 1834, the celebration of the Society at Chatham-street Chapel was broken up by the noise of a band of disturbers. That evening the colored people were to have heard an oration from one of their number, as their observance of the day; but this gathering was postponed till Monday.

During the summer, it happened that the New York Musical Society had rented the Chapel for Monday evenings, and on application to the trustees for its use by the colored people, they were referred to the directors of the Musical Society, who very readily consented, for a due consideration, and appointed their own meeting in the lecture-room, as the season of the year had reduced their gatherings to small dimensions. But unfortunately, the President of the Society was unaware of the arrangement, and entering the main room on Monday evening, was unexpectedly confronted by a crowded parquette of shining negroes, listening approvingly to an

orator of their own color. His antipathies were so outraged by the contrast to the scene familiar to his eye on Monday evenings, that after making some disturbance on his own account, he collected a band of about fifteen men, who, entering the building, endeavored to drag the colored speaker and his friends from the stage. But the negroes being rather stalwart and plucky, rallied against the intruders, and summarily pitched them out of windows and doors. This, of course, created a great excitement in the city, which was fanned into fury by the charge that the Musical Society had been defrauded of their regular meeting by the Trustees of the Chapel, for the sake of accommodating the colored people.

At this time there resided in the city a colored clergyman, a member of the First Presbytery of New York, born in Virginia, nearly white, well educated, and the owner of considerable property, by the name of S. E. Cornish. One Sabbath, on going to hear Dr. Cox preach, he was invited to take a seat with one of the members in the body of the church. This circumstance was regarded as an insult by other prominent members, who held a meeting after service, and expressed their indignation. Dr. Cox was a brother minister and personal friend of the obnoxious person, and moreover, as all know, a man of generous impulses and high sense of justice. It was inevitable that he should take sides with the hospitable member; and thereupon he preached, on a succeeding evening, a sermon on the division of mankind into the five races, for the purpose of dispelling race-antipathies by the application of the Gospel idea of the brotherhood of man, and illustrated the folly of judging men according to color, by saying, among other things, that the Abyssinians made their devil a *white* man; that Christ himself was not of our complexion; that He was of the dark Syrian hue, probably darker than his brother Cornish, and if treated like him, would be turned out of the church. Thereupon the "Courier and Enquirer" stated, with fierce comments, that Dr. Cox had said in his pulpit, that "the Saviour of mankind was a negro." It needed only one more vigorous rub to evolve sufficient electricity to fire the populace of the city. The saying was passed from mouth to mouth. The excitement was intense. A clergyman now in Europe told us, as illustrative, that he

heard a merchant at the time, in speaking of Dr. Cox, with clinched fist, say, "He's against slavery, and the South, and the Union! And would you believe it? he called *my Saviour* a nigger! G—d d—n him!" We hope to be pardoned these mystic letters, as nothing so well illustrates the queer mixture of religion, profanity, patriotism, and bigotry, which made up the controlling persecution of the time.

It did not take many days to bring matters to a head, especially as men from the South stopping at the hotels, and most of the editors vied with one another in fanning the excitement of the populace.

On Tuesday evening, July 8th, a debating society at Clinton Hall, which was discussing the slavery question, was broken up by a mob. On Wednesday afternoon, as Lewis Tappan was sitting in his store in Pearl-street, a colored waiter from the "City Hotel" touched him on the shoulder, and said in a hurried under tone: "Mr. Tappan, your house will be mobbed to-night." "How do you know?" "I hear the gentlemen talk so at dinner," and the unknown negro was gone. Before long some slight corroborating evidence came to Mr. Tappan, so that he left his store an hour earlier than usual, engaged a carriage, and pleasantly proposed to his wife and children to take a sunset ride, to which all happily acceded. The carriage went up Bowery, and on at last to Harlem, where supper was ordered by the indulgent husband. Then he told his wife of his fears, and the night was spent at the hotel. The next morning the first paper opened contained in staring capitals, "Great Riot—Lewis Tappan's House Sacked." The thing was done.

We have not space to describe the particulars of the riot. It was like all riots, which must be seen to be appreciated.

It continued through Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, increasing in intensity with its progress. On Wednesday night, besides Mr. Tappan's house, Chatham-street Chapel was mobbed, and also Bowery Theatre, because of an English actor, by the name of Farren, who had said somewhat offensive to American nationality. On Thursday night Dr. Cox's house and church were mobbed, and "Zion Church," occupied by a colored congregation. On Friday

night Dr. Cox's Church was "finished," his house saved only by a strong military force, who barricaded the street; the Church of Rev. Mr. Ludlow* sacked, and the windows and doors of his house demolished; St. Philip's Church (colored Episcopal), almost entirely destroyed, including a fine organ, and the furniture, which were brought out and burnt; the African Baptist Church sacked; the African Methodist Church totally demolished; and dwelling-houses torn down or emptied, which accommodated nearly fifty colored families.

On Saturday night it was planned to destroy all the Free Presbyterian churches, the offices of the obnoxious papers, and the houses of ministers and editors; for it should be understood that hatred of the anti-slavery party was not the only propulsion of the mob. It included hatred of Christianity, of temperance, and of all moral reforms. The Free Church Presbyterian system was making itself too manifestly felt by its aggressive movements, and it must be overthrown by violence. But by this time magistrates and property holders, of whatever sentiments, had become thoroughly alarmed, troops were ordered out in large numbers, and efficient measures taken to preserve the peace of the city, which proved successful.

In Mr. Tappan's house, adjoining the Friends' meeting-house in Rose-street, mirrors were broken; much of the furniture piled in the street and partially burned; parlors, bedrooms, and closets desolated; indeed, every room in the house, except one small apartment, where Mr. Tappan kept his anti-slavery documents, papers, and books, which was left unmolested. Mr. Tappan sent his family into the country, and slept at his store. And there stood his house, for weeks unrepaired, visited by tens of thousands, preaching its silent sermon. Dr. Cox's house suffered less than Mr. Tappan's. His windows were broken, and his parlor strewn with stones, but his family escaped uninjured, and he himself passed out of his front door through the crowd without molestation, receiving only a sprinkling of dirt and insulting language. Several of his friends had mingled in the mob, and by some ingenuity restrained them. Dr. Cox and his family

* Now Dr. Ludlow of Poughkeepsie.

soon went out of the city, and removed before long to Auburn, in accordance with the advice of friends.

But time brings strange changes. It is just that the present position of the chief actors in those scenes be noted. Dr. Cox has ceased to be an "agitator," and since 1850 has been a staunch defender of the "compromise measures," and is now a Vice-president of the "Southern Aid Society." Lewis Tappan and William Goodell have separated from the American Anti-slavery Society, and are now prominent supporters of the "American Abolition Society," which seeks the end of slavery through the political institutions of the country, as well as by moral means; while the Anti-slavery Society is consigned to Garrison, who would make "the exodus of the slave, over the ruins of the American Church and of the American Constitution." The Journal of Commerce has cleared its skirts of all taint of "Fanaticism," condemns all "slavery agitation," and saves the Union. The Courier and Enquirer supports the Republican party, which enlists most of the anti-slavery sentiment of the North; while Joshua Leavitt has clung to his position of 1833 with such immovable tenacity, that on-rolling public sentiment, at present so far from proclaiming him a "fanatic," is inclined to esteem him "the Conservative" among a corps of editors who control a leading religious newspaper.

CHARACTERISTICS.

We close with a brief criticism. Dr. Cox is a man of warm sensibilities, of ardent zeal, and great industry; and he is also a man of marked peculiarities of style and manner. He is one of those speakers whom to hear once is to know thoroughly. He displays himself frankly and unreservedly. The characteristics are so striking that one sees them at a glance, and would recognize them, robed and turbaned, in the desert of Sahara. His manner is earnest and forcible, indeed somewhat impetuous. He is faithful in probing the conscience and affecting in his appeals. He manifests deep solicitude in his preaching; and there is a sincerity and ardor in his whole

manner which touches the heart. He is vigorous in thought, and forcible in its presentation; and he always commands attention, not less by fervor of delivery than by exuberance of language and peculiar redundancy of remarkable words. He surpasses all in the outpouring of sentences, and in the abundance of quotations. His memory is wonderful, and he uses it without reserve. His quotations, though so profuse, are accurate, and remarkably appropriate; but he lacks logical order, or system of any kind; digressing, episoding, and returning upon his steps without law or method. As an example of his numerous episodes, we will allude to a sermon on the miracle of Christ, by which a woman was healed "who had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians." In speaking of this last fact, he pressed the point that the woman "rather grew worse." Checking himself, however, he insisted that he meant no disrespect to the "Faculty," among whom he was happy to number "valued, and esteemed, and intelligent, and scientific friends;" and so proceeding, delivered a long and glowing eulogy of the medical profession; describing the eminence it had attained, and the obligations of men and science to its astounding discoveries. When speaking of the woman's perseverance in touching the garments of Christ, he said, "as an old Latin author magnificently observes, '*aut viam inveniam aut faciam*,' or as the proverb expresses and eclaircises it—'Where there's a will, there's a way.'"

He himself says of his style, in the introduction to his principal book—

"With respect to the style of this treatise, it is, perhaps, full of peculiarities, and those who know the writer will find them all his own. He is conscious also of their blemishes and faults. All he asks of the critic is to consider that the profession, on the score of taste, is quite as humble as the performance. A man should be himself at all times: peculiarities, eccentricities, and even inaccuracies, are more tolerable than mimicry, affectation, and false consequence."

Dr. Cox is not only remarkable for quotation, but he is especially remarkable for quoting Latin. The classics are ever on his tongue, without regard to audience, time, or place. He evidently thinks in

Latin, and such is the bent of his mind that he uses derivatives and base Latinisms far more than Saxon words. But the very peculiarities to be condemned in a speaker make him the life of the social circle. Here there is no need of rigid logic or condensed discourse. With unfailing flow of words, animated manner, abundant wit, and excitable sympathies for one and all, he delights his companions by his illustrations, stories, and luxuriant expressions.

We think Dr. Cox has always suffered, more or less, from lack of stern discipline, both of heart and mind. He seems to have missed the advantages of thorough training, systematic elementary study, and, above all, the moulding influence which unceasingly radiates from the great good man, gently bowing the strength of youth to an attitude of reverence, humbling the pride of self-reliance, dispelling the conceit of boyish success, and transforming the presumption of impetuous youth into the docile spirit of the devout learner. For a long number of years he has been in public life; not only in the public life which the pulpit affords, a sphere somewhat walled up and exclusive, but in the wider, freer public life, which belongs to the speaker's platform and the publisher's press. During these many years he has neither been idle, nor retiring, nor silent. He has been an active, working man, whose voice is heard, and whose presence is felt wherever he is. His energy of character has ever urged him to the van, while his natural enthusiasm has inspired him to seize the standard and ring out the battle-cry. When the cool judgment of others reined them in, his zeal was spurring him on. While some prefer, in the retirement of the study, quietly to build up the life-character, he has been fashioning his by bustling work in all the turmoil of stirring life. He did not hew the stones and fit the beams for *his* temple afar off in the solitary mountains, "that neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, should be heard in the house while it was in building," but with the rough logs and unshapen rocks brought to his hand, he has been hewing and chiselling and hammering and rearing on Zion's hill, surrounded by busy life, and gazed at by all the passers-by, both of Jews and of Gentiles. Hence his name is a familiar word among all classes. While the retiring student is known only to the literary circle, and

at some publishing house or bookseller's stall; while the humble faithful pastor lives and dies the beloved shepherd of his flock, least known to others, most known to them; while the metaphysician moves among the stars of the literary firmament, recognized by the multitude only in some sleepy interval between days of work, as some wonderful and useless light in the mysterious distance; while almost every one has his favorite circle, Dr. Cox has in one way and another made himself heard and seen and felt throughout all classes. He is known in the literary world as the author of a large work entitled, "Quakerism not Christianity," and of several small and less important essays. He is distinguished in the religious world, not only as the theologian and divine, but also as a prime mover in the agitation of 1837, followed by the division of the Presbyterian Church; as a leading promoter of the Evangelical Alliance; as a professor in a Theological Seminary; as a lecturer upon Sacred History; and, finally, as a strong New School Presbyterian.

By his active participation in the cause of Temperance, his zeal in behalf of the Colonization Society, the Anti-slavery Society, and the Compromise measures successively, and by his prompt devotion to other great movements of the day, he has intertwined his interests with those of a large class of individuals who would perhaps be included in neither of the foregoing divisions. Finally, he is known and valued as the racy conversationist, the choice companion, and the faithful friend.

Yet, as Job says, "great men are not always wise;" and ardent men are not always safe. While the highest eulogium should be paid to the energy, the perseverance, the courage, the benevolence, and the zeal of Dr. Cox, we often think of the advice which he says was once given him by a good Quaker friend: "Samuel, thy mind is too active; if thee wants peace, I can tell thee how to find it. Get still, *get still*, and thee shall come to know the hidden wisdom in the quiet of the flesh. I tell thee, my dear young friend, get still."

FRANCIS L. HAWKS.

"Learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

*This eminent pulpit orator of the Protestant Episcopal Church was born in North Carolina, at Newbern, June 10, 1798. His grandfather came with the colonial governor Tryon from England, and was employed as an architect in some of the prominent public works of the State, and was distinguished by his liberal opinions in the Revolution.

He was graduated at the University of North Carolina, and prosecuting the study of the law in the office of the Hon. William Gaston, was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He continued the practice of the law for several years in his native State, with distinguished success. A memorial of his career at this period is left to the public in his four volumes of "Reports of Decisions in the Supreme Court of North Carolina," 1820–26, and his "Digest of all the Cases decided and reported in North Carolina." In his twenty-third year he was elected to the Legislature of his State.

His youth had been marked by its high tone of character, and his personal qualities and inclinations led him to the Church as his appropriate sphere. He was ordained by Bishop Ravenscroft, in 1827. His earliest ministerial duties were in charge of a congregation in New Haven. In 1829 he became the assistant minister of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, in which Bishop White was rector. The next year he was called to St. Stephen's Church in New York,

* For this biography we are indebted to "Cyclopedia of American Literature," by Evert A. Duyckinck and George L. Duyckinck; published by Charles Scribner.

in which city his reputation for eloquence became at once permanently established. From St. Stephen's he passed to St. Thomas's Church in 1832, and continued his connection with the parish till his removal to Mississippi in 1844. During the latter period of his brilliant career at St. Thomas's, he was relieved from a portion of his city parochial labors by an assistant, and devoted himself to a liberal plan of education, which he had matured with great ability, and the details of which were faithfully carried out. He established at Flushing, Long Island, a boarding-school, to which he gave the name of St. Thomas's Hall. The grounds were prepared and the buildings erected by him; a liberal provision was made for the instruction and personal comforts of the students. He introduced order and method in all departments. Substantial comfort and prosperity pervaded the establishment on all sides. Unfortunately, the experiment fell upon a period of great commercial pressure, and the fruits of the hearty zeal, labor, and self-denial of its projector, were lost by its financial embarrassments. The failure of this institution was a serious loss to the cause of education. Its success would have greatly assisted to elevate the standard of the frequently mismanaged and even injurious country boarding-schools. As a characteristic of Dr. Hawks's habitual consideration for the needy members of his profession, and of his own personal disinterestedness, it may be mentioned that it was his intention, when he had fairly established the institution, to leave it in the hands of appropriate trustees, with the simple provision that the sons of poor clergymen should receive from it, without charge, an education worthy the position due their parents.

Previous to his departure for the Southwest, Dr. Hawks had, in 1836, passed a summer season in England, procuring, in accordance with a provision of the General Convention, copies of important papers relating to the early history of the Episcopal Church in America. In this he had the assistance of the eminent dignitaries of the English Church, and secured a large and valuable collection of MSS., which have been since frequently consulted on important topics of the ecclesiastical and civil history of the country. While at Flushing, after his return, he printed considerable portions of them in the

Church Record, a weekly paper devoted to the cause of Christianity and education, which, commenced in November, 1840, was continued till October, 1842.* The Record was conducted by Dr. Hawks, and besides its support of Protestant theology in the agitations of the day, induced by the publication of the "Oxford Tracts," in which Dr. Hawks maintained the old American churchmanship and respect for the rights of the laity, which he had learnt in the schools of White and Ravenscroft, the journal made also a liberal provision for the display of the sound old English literature, in a series of articles in which its wants were set forth from Sir Thomas More to De Foe. In 1837 Dr. Hawks established the New York Review, for a time continuing its active editor, and commencing its valuable series of articles on the leading statesmen of the country, with his papers on Jefferson and Burr.†

While in the Southwest Dr. Hawks was elected Bishop of Mississippi, his confirmation in which office was met by opposition in the General Convention, where charges were proposed against him growing out of the financial difficulties of the St. Thomas's Hall education scheme. His vindication of his course in this matter occupied several hours at the Convention at Philadelphia, and is described by those who listened to it as a masterly and eloquent oration: clear and ample in statement, powerful and convincing in the noble appeal of the motives which had led him to the disastrous enterprise. A vote of acquittal was passed, and the matter referred to the Diocese of Mississippi, which expressed its entire confidence. The bishopric was, however, not accepted. He has since been tendered the bish-

* Three volumes of this work were published by C. R. Lindon, an ingenious practical printer, and since, the clever editor of the Flushing Gazette: two in quarto of the weekly, and a third in a monthly octavo.

† From the hands of Dr. Hawks the Review passed under the management of his associate in the enterprise, the Rev. Dr. C. S. Henry, the translator of Cousin, author of a History of Philosophy in Harpers' Family Library, and for many years Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the New York University. When Dr. Henry retired from the Review, he was succeeded by that most accomplished man of letters, the organizer and first librarian of the Astor Library, Dr. J. G. Cogswell, by whom the work was conducted till its close in its tenth volume in 1841.

opric of Rhode Island. In 1842 Dr. Hawks edited a volume of the Hamilton papers from MSS., confided to him by the venerable widow; but the undertaking was laid aside with a single volume, the work having been afterwards entered upon by Hamilton's son, with the assistance of Congress.* In 1844 he accepted the rectorship of Christ's Church in New Orleans, a position which he held for five years; during which time he also lent his assistance to the furtherance of the organization of the State University, of which he was made President. He returned to New York in 1849 at the request of his friends, with the understanding that provision was to be made for his St. Thomas's Hall obligations; the unabated admiration of his eloquence and personal qualities, readily secured a sufficient fund for this object, and he has since filled the pulpit at Calvary Church.

The literary publications of Dr. Hawks are two volumes of "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States," embracing the States of Virginia and Maryland; a volume of "The Constitutions and Canons of the Episcopal Church," with notes; a caustic essay on "Auricular Confession in the Protestant Episcopal Church," published in 1850; an octavo, "Egypt and its Monuments," in particular relation to biblical evidence; a translation of Rivero and Tschudi's "Antiquities of Peru," in 1853; and several juvenile volumes of natural history and American annals, published in the "Boy's and Girl's Library" by the Harpers, with the title "Uncle Philip's Conversations." Dr. Hawks is also the author of a few poems, mostly descriptive of incidents in his parochial relations, which have been recently printed in the North Carolina collection of poetry, entitled "Wood Notes." It is understood that he has in preparation a work on the "Antiquities of America," a subject which has long employed his attention. In addition to these literary pursuits, which have been but episodes in his active professional career, Dr. Hawks has delivered several lectures and addresses, of which we may mention particularly a biographical sketch of Sir Walter Ra-

* The Official and other Papers of the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton, compiled chiefly from the originals in the possession of Mrs. Hamilton. 8vo. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 1842.

leigh, and a vindication of the early position of North Carolina in the affairs of the Revolution. He has been also an active participant in the proceedings of the New York Ethnological, Historical, and Geographical Societies. Of the most important part of Dr. Hawks's intellectual labors, his addresses from the pulpit, it is enough to say that their merits in argument and rhetoric have deservedly maintained his high position as an orator, through a period and to an extent rare in the history of popular eloquence. A manly and unprejudiced conviction of Christian truth, a brilliant fancy, illuminating ample stores of reading, and a practical knowledge of the world; seldom seen physical powers; a deep-toned voice, expressive of sincere feeling and pathos, and easy and melodious in all its utterances; a warm Southern sensibility, and courageous conduct in action, are among the qualities of the man, which justify the strong personal influence which he has long exercised at will among his contemporaries.

CRITICISM.*

The pulpit is doubtless the field in which oratory exhibits its highest powers. It ever deals with a theme beside which all others sink into insignificance, and it illustrates the principles and the convictions which it seeks to establish, by means infinitely small, when compared with the results to flow from its success. All the usual aids of person, voice, action, composition, and comparison, which at the bar, or in the forum, contribute so much to the power of the orator—elevating and adorning the subject—placing upon it a fictitious importance, which may, and to an extent will, disappear in the calmer light of reflection, must by the preacher be held in subjection. The greatness of the business in which he is engaged must reign supreme, imbuing manner, tone, and language with humility. And this is equally a necessity, whether the feelings or the reasoning powers are appealed to. The deductions of a cold and unsensitive logic must yet be reached by a path, and in a manner, which

* For this criticism we are indebted to a friend.

never for a moment places the speaker upon a level with the mere debater. Otherwise dignity is imperilled.

The discourses of Dr. Hawks illustrate in a high degree this phase of pulpit oratory, while they are in themselves admirable as specimens of theological argumentation. To an active Christian humanity, which opens to him all the spiritual wants of his fellow-men, he unites the enthusiastic devotion of an historical and scientific scholar. His study is undoubtedly his favorite sphere. His productions are instinct with the spirit of a deep delver in the mines of knowledge. And to a man with colder impulses, and less imagination, there might be danger of an absorption of every other in the intellectual element. But, although each succeeding discourse accumulates evidences of new thought and reflection upon subjects we had deemed threadbare, we never hear one in which the broad understrata of fellow-feeling is not apparent. Every man and woman who hears him, though there may be arguments which some fail fully to comprehend, becomes sensible of his relation as a kind Christian teacher—a warm-hearted sympathizer—a man with and of them. His discourses reach all classes, and speak intelligibly to all capacities of understanding.

We regard Dr. Hawks then, although essentially logical and argumentative in his general style, as a preacher to the many, and not alone to the few, whom his great talents and his high attainments have drawn around him.

As to details, we distrust our ability to convey what we would wish to express. There are some champions in the cause of religious progress, whose efforts fill the heart of the Christian with a newer hope, and a deeper devotion, while they awaken a just pride in the invincibility of the great truths of our common faith—men whose dominion over the head and the heart we at once recognize, but whose power we also acknowledge ourselves unable to analyze. It is not the voice—many another has vibrated quite as harmoniously upon the sense. It is not the action, for we have sat almost unmoved before those great orators, whose very attitudes were full of speech and pathos. Neither is it the argument and the expressive beauty of the language in which it is draped; and, finally,

neither is it the illimitable field which these forces have united to illustrate. It seems rather to be that proportionate contribution of all these elements;—none so predominating as to furnish a mark for applause, none so obscure as to remain unfelt,—which drives us to conviction, and rouses feeling. The theme is too elevated for action, pathos, beauty of language, or eloquence, merely as such. And argument, though it command the admiration, and perhaps the conviction of the logical few, fails to reach the understanding of the feeling many. It is the harmonious working of this combination—the perfect proportion which each bears to the whole design—that constitutes what all will recognize as a great preacher. We remember to have long since raised Dr. Hawks to this place in our estimation, and we now find it difficult to say wherein he does not reach the standard.

Purity and correctness of intonation are eminently his. He utters the grand old Saxon in a manner which opens anew its capacities as a vehicle of expression. We feel the simple beauty and truth of the Church Liturgy, as it comes from his lips during the service. Every word bears its full significance, and every sentence is majestic with the dignity of its high office. The text is read with clearness; and with the modesty of a learned as well as Christian man, he commences his sermon. The preface may present a beautiful scene or a startling simile, like the initial chapter of a book, to fix the attention; and if so, he works it out elaborately, and gives it a finish which a perfect command of language alone would enable him to do. But this is usually the limit which he allows his imagination to act in painting what may be termed ornament. With a full, rotund, and exquisitely modulated voice, enabling every listener to hear distinctly—a studied correctness in pronunciation and emphasis which cannot fail to be understood—and an action which always aids and never obstructs his meaning, he strikes directly into the path of his argument. He rarely lingers in, and never leaves it, to offer to such of his hearers as are expecting the treat, those beautiful figures of speech which a vivid fancy is continually suggesting. He seldom, if ever, allows secular matters, however notorious or important, to obtrude themselves into his o-

dinary discourses; though, upon occasion, he betrays an intimate sympathy with all the political and social changes through which our country is passing, and the citizen and the patriot rises to sentiments almost Websterian in their grandeur. His reasoning exhibits traits of his education in another profession, but it is plainly clad, and he proceeds to deduce his conclusions with a logical closeness and an attention to detail which leave no outlet for escape to those who have admitted his premises and followed his argument.

But the first and the last, the ever-present element which holds the attention of the listener, is earnestness. His heart is full of the work. It sends out a strong, deep river of feeling, whose force, irresistible and ceaseless, almost carries the foundations of unbelief itself with its tide. It touches his graceful, Burke-like diction with a pathos and an affection which wins him a direct way to the hearts of those who cannot comprehend, and do not need argument.

We have said nothing of his extempore style. It does not differ; or if it does, it gains in graceful elegance of expression, and in a freer play of the imagination, though it may lose in the other attributes which render his written productions models in theological literature.

Much more should be said of one who for so many years has occupied such a prominent place in the world of letters, as well as in the company of divines. Less we could not say.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men."

The father of Dr. Bethune, an eminent philanthropist and Christian, was born at Dingwall, Rosshire, Scotland, in 1771. His ancestors were Huguenots. In early life he resided at Tobago, where his only brother was a physician. At the command of his pious mother, he left the irreligious island, and removed to the United States in 1792, and settled in New York as a merchant. He was largely engaged in importing. He joined the church of Dr. Mason, and became one of its elders in 1802. He died September 18th, 1824. He was a man wise in counsel, successful in business, an eminent Christian and philanthropist, and a prominent citizen. Before a Tract Society was formed in this country, Mr. Bethune printed ten thousand tracts at his own expense, and distributed many of them himself; a circumstance which has led Dr. Bethune pleasantly to remark, that he was the son of the first American Tract Society. He also imported Bibles for distribution. From 1803 to 1816, he was at the sole expense of one or more Sunday-schools. The tenth of his gains he devoted to the service of his heavenly Master. In his last sickness he said, "I wish my friends to help me through the valley by reading to me the word of God. I have not read much lately but the Bible—the Bible! the Bible! I want nothing but the Bible. Oh, the light that has shined into my soul through the Bible!"

Dr. Bethune's maternal grandmother was the distinguished Christian, Isabella Graham. This pious, charitable, and accomplished woman was born in Scotland, in 1742. In 1765 she was married

to Dr. Graham, and accompanied him to Canada, where his regiment was stationed. He was afterwards ordered to Antigua, where he died, in 1774. Mrs. Graham then returned to Scotland, and supported her father and four children by teaching a school for young ladies. In 1789 she came to America, where she again conducted a seminary with as much success as before, and connected herself with Dr. Mason's church. Though distinguished for personal endowments, she was peculiarly eminent as a public benefactor. In the year 1799, a society was formed for the relief of poor widows with small children, the original plan of which was formed at her house, and she was the principal manager. This society opened a school for the education of its orphans, which plan was developed into schools for poor children in various parts of the city, in the care of which some of Mrs. Graham's former pupils assisted, and also those of the widows who were qualified. She also established two Sunday-schools, one of which she conducted herself, and placed the other under the care of her daughter, Mrs. Bethune. Mrs. Graham was chiefly instrumental in organizing the first Orphan Asylum, and in 1811 she was chosen the first directress of a Magdalen Asylum, which office she held until her death. In the spring of 1814, she devoted her energies to establishing a society for the promotion of industry among the poor. She died in the triumphs of faith, on the 24th of July, 1814.

The mother of Dr. Bethune, who is still living, at the age of eighty-seven, was an efficient co-operator with her mother in all benevolent enterprises. In 1812, the trustees of the Lancasterian School solicited the attendance of pious ladies to give catechetical instruction one afternoon of each week. Mrs. Bethune attended regularly to that work. In another part of the volume we have alluded to her co-operation in sustaining schools at the Five Points. She was also equally efficient with her mother in organizing the first Orphan Asylum; and in the establishment of Sabbath-schools, and of organizations for the relief of the poor, she and her husband were devoted laborers. Their lives of noble benevolence are yet to be written for the guidance and encouragement of others.

George W. Bethune was born in New York, March 18th, 1805. He

received a liberal education, spending three years at Columbia College, and was graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1826, but in the following year joined the Reformed Dutch Church. His professional life was commenced at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, from whence he removed to Utica, where he founded a new church. In 1834 he went to Philadelphia, where he was connected with two churches, the second of which, like the one in Utica, was the successful result of a new enterprise. In 1849, he came to Brooklyn, at the call of a society which was newly organized with special reference to his connection with it. His people are very strongly attached to him.

In delivery, Dr. Bethune impresses one with the strength of his convictions, the honesty of their expression, and the energy and activity of his mental workings. In the reading of the Scriptures, he has a fulness of enunciation and a fervor of emphasis, united to a culture of expression, which is unusual. In the reading of hymns, he evidences the poet, and though to most his elocution is unexceptionable, yet to a severe taste it is carried one point beyond perfect simplicity. His manner would indicate the care and self-possession of a long experience in successful oratory. He has freedom and great vigor of gesture and action of body, and sometimes strikes his right hand firmly on the desk, or on the left palm, extended to receive it. He is peculiar for occasionally planting one or both of his hands on his side; for using an eyeglass, besides spectacles; and for putting back a long gray lock which falls over his face. In person, he is too large; and yet we cannot but use the expressive Arabic phrase, "May his shadow never be less!" His voice has force and clearness, and the management of it is noticeable, in that it is sometimes pitched on a high, strained key, through continuous sentences, and at the impressive words drops down an octave with effect. He does not speak frequently on the platform, and not so often as formerly. He is a favorite extempore speaker, not less by the manifestation of conviction and interest in what he is saying, and by energetic oratory, than by a felicitous wording, which unites a frank, happy humor with an accomplished style.

His church edifice is noticeable for receiving light from above,

which produces a very pleasant effect, and is also suggestive. The music of the church is unusually good. The choir numbers eight persons, who possess culture, taste, and power, without extravagance or protrusion of art.

Dr. Bethune is a fine representative of THE CONSERVATIVE. He is naturally repelled by "fanaticisms," or "ultraisms," or extra "reforms." He thinks that these progressive excitements work out more evil than good, through sad reactions. He is not what is technically styled an "anti-slavery" man, although he regards slavery as a moral, political, and social evil. But he looks upon the present anti-slavery excitement as produced by designing politicians, to subserve selfish ends, out of popular material which patriots should discourage rather than develop. He would severely condemn the advocacy by clergymen of sending "Sharpe's Rifles" to the people of Kansas.

So in the matter of Temperance he esteems the insisting on total abstinence, and on the support of a prohibitory law, as tests of true Temperance principles, to be "ultra," and the denunciation of those, who occasionally drink wine and doubt the policy of allying the Temperance movement with politics, as wrong. And though he never takes ardent spirits himself, and a glass of wine only occasionally, yet he would not drive stimulants from the earth. He regards the vine as a blessing, and thinks the Bible so teaches. And he would place his Temperance principles on the broad basis of his other principles; that virtue consists in self-control rather than in abstinence, and that sin consists not in the proper use, but in the improper abuse. So with enjoyment derived from art, music, flowers, and literature, he answers the "cui bono" criticiser by saying, they give *happiness*, and that is a sufficient good. Did God paint the flower, intending that we should put on green spectacles? Did He create the infinities of music, and then command us to put cotton in our ears? Did He profusely scatter the "good things for food" for mere tantalization? No; all these are good and to be enjoyed. It is only their abuse which is wrong. The two extremes in life are worldliness and asceticism. Worldliness results from indifference to religion; asceticism from self-righteousness. The latter is

as offensive to God as the former, and more difficult to eradicate from the human heart. And while he insists, of course, on the firm control of appetite, he regards self-denial as having a far deeper signification, in the substitution of Christ's will for one's own will. Such, we think, is a correct outlining of his position.

Uniting with these principles—which are held with fidelity and expressed with frankness—a high standard of honor, a fine humor, good sense, and unusual culture, it follows that his social excellencies are distinguished, and fortunate do those esteem themselves who can share his society, either on public occasions or in the private circle. His conversation is genial, suggestive, adorned with humorous and pathetic anecdote, and enriched from a memory well stored from many sources. He resembles John Sterling in that "his reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it; but he was of too joyful, light, and hoping a nature to go to the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. His piety was prompt and pure, rather than great or intense; on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. He had no fear in his composition; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of any thing. In no sense or epoch could he have been a church-saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine, looking at the 'three ells' of heaven high overhead. In sorrow he would not dwell; all sorrow he swiftly subdued and shook away from him. I should say, not religious reverence, rather artistic admiration, was the essential character of him."

Dr. Bethune is fond of country life, and especially devoted to "the contemplative man's recreation," being somewhat noted for excellently editing the first American edition of Isaac Walton's Angler, and for having gathered a remarkable collection of works on Fishing. His library is unusually large, and the appearance of his study reminds of Dickens's description of fog in London—books on the walls, books to the ceiling, books in the closets, books in the recess, books on the tables, books on the floor, books on books, books everywhere. In literature he is most fond of the classics and of the ancient phi-

losophers, deeming it fair to "spoil the Heathen" for the beautifying of the temple. His collection of Latin and Greek volumes is remarkable, both for size and value.

Dr. Bethune is the author of several works, written not so much for the public as for his own people, but which have attained much circulation: "The Fruit of the Spirit;" "Early Lost, early Saved;" "The History of a Penitent;" "Lays of Love and Faith, and other Poems;" a volume of "Orations and Occasional Discourses," and a limited edition of a volume of Sermons. The volume of Orations comprises funeral discourses on the death of Stephen Van Rensselaer, President Harrison, and General Jackson; Lectures and College Addresses upon Genius; Leisure, its Uses and Abuses; Age of Pericles; Prospects of Art in the United States; Eloquence of the Pulpit; Duties of Educated Men; Plea for Study; and the Claims of our Country upon its Literary Men.

Dr. Bethune's usual preaching is much of it exegetical or textual. He develops the idea of the chosen text, and does not use it as a motto simply. He explains and dissects the passage. His sermons on occasions are thoroughly elaborated and perfectly finished. His greatest efforts have been given before benevolent societies. One of the best was a sermon in behalf of the Foreign Evangelical Society.

The style of his sermons in some respects resembles Orville Dewey's. There is the same freedom from marring peculiarities, the same grace of movement and elegance of carriage, and the same simple ease, adorned with rich but not dazzling ornaments. The appellations are chaste, the illustrations are natural, and the expression possesses firm fibre and high polish. The enlightened are attracted by comprehensiveness of thought, and the refined by the care in elaboration, while the rude enjoy the simplicity, and are impressed by the earnestness.

In Dr. Bethune we see nothing of the business preacher, who goes to the altar as a mechanic to his bench, or a merchant to his desk; neither do we see the hireling preacher, driven, by a base lust, to and through a prayer and sermon; praying because he must pray, and preaching because he must preach—the laborer working by the hour. Neither is he the careless preacher, dashing recklessly and

impiously upon his duties, unprepared either by meditation or study. Neither is he the formal preacher, using set phrases which somebody formed before him. Nor is he the sectarian preacher—one more in love with his party than with the good and true—seeking to multiply the points of difference rather than of agreement between his own and other sects—preaching Self, and him exalted in the place of Christ and Him crucified. But Dr. Bethune is a preacher who is true to his calling in anticipating its public duties by diligent preparation, and in entering upon them with the freshness of their first and the seriousness of their last assumption. He is also true to his people, coming before them neither in the mask of a lengthened visage, nor tithing anise and cummin, nor resorting to feigned tones, nor in any way acting a part; but, in the simplicity of truth, ministering unto them, neither deceiving nor being deceived. He always aims, almost with exclusive care, to give the first prominence in his preaching to the doctrine of Christ and His cross. The last words of his father have doubtless had a marked influence over his whole life. When the noble Christian man was at the point of death, he turned his expressive eyes upon his son and his sons-in-law (who were preachers), and said, "My sons, preach the Gospel! Tell dying sinners of a Saviour. All the rest is—but folly!"

The following extract from a discourse before the Porter Rhetorical Society of Andover, on the "Eloquence of the Pulpit," gives a good illustration of the spirituality and forcible style of his sermons:

"Brethren, our only sure guide is the High Priest of our profession. Our only safety is in a continual 'looking unto Jesus.' Let us look to Him in the manger, in his baptism, his temptation, his agony, and his cross. Study his lowly demeanor, his constant activity, his gentle meekness, his unshaken confidence, his divine courage. Behold Him upon his throne, his mightiness to save, the glory of his reward, his beckoning hand holding forth the palm and the crown of the faithful unto death! We have a true teacher, an omnipotent support, a present divinity in that Holy Spirit, who baptized the humanity of Jesus, and strengthened his flesh and blood and human soul, for the susception and endurance of its mighty burden. That Holy Ghost is promised unto all that seek his grace, and may

be ours. He, and He alone, can so surround us in the study, the pulpit, and our daily walk, as to ward far from us 'each thing of sin and guilt.' Only live and move in Him, and by faithful invocation obtain his Presence to live and move within you, and your fidelity, your usefulness and reward are sure. 'Commit your way unto God. He will bring it to pass.'

"Rely not upon the world. It flatters for its own ends. The popularity it can give is evanescent, and those whom it applauds to-day, it will, when tired of its plaything, ridicule, scourge, and lie against to-morrow. If God makes you popular, receive the dispensation humbly as giving opportunities of usefulness; but remember it is a fearful gift, a most perilous elevation, exciting envy, presenting you a prey for base and carping spirits to hawk at, liable at any moment to a painful reverse; and worst of all, except you be most wakefully on your guard, sapping your spiritual life, and infusing through all your best thoughts and duties a detestable self-idolatry. If your lot be more humble, it will be more quiet, and need not be unuseful. Murmur not against it; but living for the best improvement of the influence you have, await your elevation as a faithful servant on that day, when the inequalities of time shall be more than compensated by the retributions of eternity.

"Rely not upon the Church. It is composed of converted sinners imperfectly sanctified; and you will find in it all the passions that agitate the world, though modified and restrained a degree. Expect not gratitude, no, not even justice. When most disinterestedly you contend against prevailing errors in doctrine and practice, or warn against encroaching dangers, you must not be surprised to find your enemies, your slanderers, your persecutors, even among the household of God; yes, and when the delusion is past, and time has justified your fears and your warnings, the stains of that unjust dishonor will remain upon your ministerial character, while your devotion to the cause of truth is forgotten.

"Rely not even upon those whom you have been the happy instrument of converting from death unto life, and of building up on the most holy faith. Well must you love them, and sweet must be the delight taken in their dear company; yet never be unwatchful even

against them; never allow your hearts so to lean upon them that your trust cannot be recalled, and you stand without their support. Not a few of these venerable men who surround us will assent, when I say, that the shafts which have drunk our heart's peace with the most venomed bitterness, have been aimed and urged by those whose spiritual infancy we have nursed and watched over with the most yearning affection.

"Trust none but God. Live supremely for Christ. Rely only upon the Holy Ghost, and look for your reward above earth and beyond time. If God bless you on the way, thank Him and enjoy the grace; but let not even blessing delay your onward speed to heaven, or seduce your contemplation from the joy which is eternal.

"Beloved Master, when we behold Thee leaving the throne of heaven for the manger of thy human infancy, the sorrows of thy life, the bitterness of thy passion; when we think of thy patience with the contradiction of sinners against Thyself, and thy long suffering of the lukewarmness of thy people; when we read of the stupendous economy and riches of thy grace; we wonder at the vastness of the sacrifice, and the infiniteness of the condescension; but, when we behold Thee on thy throne, thy victories all complete, thy people all brought home, thy Church perfect in thine image, and hear the swelling chorus of praise that resounds through the eternal years of God, we know that the purchase was worthy of its price, the reward, of the sorrow that earned it, and the joy, of the death from which it was born immortal.

"Brethren, companions in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, baptized with our Master's baptism, partakers of his cup, and followers of his ministry, what are all the labors we can endure, the trials we must encounter, the sacrifices we are called to make, compared with a fellowship in that glory, and joy, and reward! I cannot speak of the glory of the ascended Church when it 'shall shine as the brightness of the firmament,' or of the ascended ministers of Jesus, when they shall shine 'like stars' in that firmament 'forever and ever.' It is not given to man to know, nor to the tongue of man to describe the riches God has prepared for them that love Him. But God grant that this we know not now, we all may

know by sweet experience hereafter; and that all this Christian company, meeting around the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, may behold his face in righteousness. Then shall we be 'satisfied with his likeness,' 'for we shall see Him as He is.'"

We append a few specimens of his poetry:

"MY MEAT IS TO DO THE WILL OF HIM THAT SENT ME."

JOHN IV. 34.

Upon the well by Sychar's gate,
At burning noon, the Saviour sate,
Athirst and hungry, from the way
His feet had trod since early day;
The Twelve had gone to seek for food,
And left him in his solitude.

They come and spread before him there,
With faithful haste, the pilgrim fare,
And gently bid him: "Master, eat!"
But God had sent him better meat,
And there is on his gentle brow,
Nor weariness nor faintness now.

For while they sought the market-place,
His words had won a soul to grace;
And when He set that sinner free
From bonds of guilt and infamy,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy faith is faint,
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God that thou mayst peace impart
Unto some other human heart;
And thou thy Master's joy shalt share,
E'en while his cross thy shoulders bear.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

(AFTER HEARING MR. DEMPSTER SING.)

O! SING to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my father loved to hear,
The sangs my mither sung;
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee,
An' I wad na sleep, she sang sae sweet,
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes! sing the auld, the gude auld sangs,
Auld Scotia's gentle pride,
O' the wimpling burn and the sunny brae,
An' the cosie ingle-side;
Sangs o' the broom an' heather,
Sangs o' the trysting tree,
The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink;
The auld Scotch sangs for me!

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blythesome or the sad;
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
An' greet when I am glad.
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tears dim mine e'e,
An' the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing thae sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs;
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow i' the past,
Where memory loves to dwell;

Though hair win gray, and limbs win auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

SONG.

She's fresh as breath of summer morn,
She's fair as flowers in spring,
And her voice it has the warbling gush
Of a bird upon the wing;
For joy like dew shines in her eye,
Her heart is kind and free;
'Tis gladness but to look upon
The face of Alice Lee.

She knows not of her loveliness,
And little thinks the while,
How the very air grows beautiful
In the beauty of her smile;
As sings within the fragrant rose
The honey-gath'ring bee,
So murmureth laughter on the lips
Of gentle Alice Lee.

How welcome is the rustling breeze
When sultry day is o'er!
More welcome far the graceful step,
That brings her to the door;
'Tis sweet to gather violets:
But oh! how blest is he,
Who wins a glance of modest love,
From lovely Alice Lee!

RICHARD S. STORRS, JR.

"Now therefore, O God, strengthen my hands."

*Richard S. Storrs, Jr., is pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. He is now in his thirty-sixth year:—is the faithful, efficient, beloved pastor to one of the leading congregations in the City of Churches. As connected with a leading religious paper, as the writer of some very able reviews, as one popular among lecturers, and eloquent upon the platform; chiefest and best of all as a devoted preacher of great power and promise, he is well and widely known. Few clergymen of his years and vicinity, surpass him in general culture and ripe scholarship. Honest without affectation, and fearless without bravado, he is a fine type of the Congregational clergymen out of New England.

Dr. Storrs seems to have been ancestrally preordained to the Congregational ministry. The choice New England stock from which he springs, was clerical in its root and branches, sap and leaves. His father is Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., of Braintree, Mass. It is a name esteemed and venerable, of one who, for nearly half a century, has been pastor of the Braintree Congregational Church, and identified with all the most important religious movements that have taken place in New England during that time. Dr. Storrs's grandfather was Rev. Richard S. Storrs, who ended his days at Long Meadow, after having been for nearly forty years pastor of the Congregational Church in that place. His great grandfather was Rev.

* For this sketch of Dr. Storrs we are indebted to Stephen E. Burrall, Esq., of New York.

John Storrs, who for some time was pastor of the Congregational Church at East Hampton, L. I., and who afterwards returned to Mansfield, Conn., his native place, and there died. We once heard Dr. Bethune remark, at a dinner of the Congregational Union, "that New England people were forever talking about Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, yet were constantly leaving home, and you never could get them back there oftener than once a year, and Thanksgiving Day at that." So we take great pleasure in citing the case of Rev. John Storrs as one instance to the contrary.

Dr. Storrs was born in Braintree; and it is not a bad place to be born in, for it seems to make up for lack of mountains in its breed of men: we never should have known of John Hancock, the Adamses, or Quincys, if it hadn't been for Braintree.

We know but little of his boyhood, yet suppose any New England boy can guess it pretty nearly. For ourselves, we shall venture to guess only so much as this—that the very Shekinah of it were the words and prayers of a New England Mother. We will write that last word very slowly; and if our pen had a head, and wore a hat, it should write the rest of this article uncovered. Part of Mr. Storrs's preparation for college was done at the academy in Monson, Mass. He graduated from Amherst College in 1839, being eighteen years of age, and the youngest member of his class. After graduation, he read law for some months in connection with the office of Hon. Rufus Choate, and subsequently entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. Ill health obliging him to discontinue his studies for a time, he was engaged as one of the teachers of Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Mass. Returning afterwards to Andover, he there completed his theological course, and entered the ministry six years after his college graduation. Receiving soon after a call to be pastor of a Congregational church in Brookline, Mass., he accepted it, and continued at that place about a year. In 1845 he was married to Miss Mary E. Jenks, of Andover, Mass. In the month of November, 1846, he was installed as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims.

He was at this time in his twenty-sixth year, had had but one year's experience in the ministry, and was in delicate health. The

post to which he was called, would have been most trying for any man, whatever his age, ability, or character. Had it been an old and firmly established church, the position would have been most arduous. But it was a new edifice and a new enterprise. It was all important a right beginning should be made. The congregation was large and wealthy, the church edifice costly and unique in its architectural design, the whole position of things calculated to force both pastor and people into a prominent position before the community, and we can well remember now, the remark made us by a shrewd friend, soon after the subject of our sketch was installed, "that the place would either spoil or kill him." Ten years have well-nigh sufficed to prove the falseness of the prophecy.

Just at this point, it is but proper we should glance at the origin and history of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, there being many things in its rise and progress, which deserve not only to be mentioned but remembered.

It is probably well known, that the Congregational system of Church government, although more prevalent in New England than any other, had, until a comparatively recent period, made but small advances beyond. Several years before the Church of the Pilgrims was organized, the attempt had been made to establish a Congregational Church in Brooklyn, which had been peopled to a surprising degree by natives of New England. But the attempt had failed; and many even seemed to suppose that Congregationalism could not thrive upon any but a New England soil. As, year after year, therefore, the population of the city was increased by emigrants from the New England States, these united themselves to the various religious denominations already existing, the Congregationalist from Boston, or New Haven, or Portland, becoming, for the most part, the Presbyterian in Brooklyn. And yet there was all the while in many New England hearts an abiding love for the old Church of their fathers. With no disposition towards proselytism, no wish to quarrel with other forms of worship, or those who preferred them, they felt in their inmost selves "that the Congregational system was the best system—the best in itself, the best for the community and times." They loved its old simplicity, they hugged to

their hearts its fundamental idea, "that any body of Christians, associated together, and statedly meeting for the worship of God and the administration of Christian ordinances, constituted a Christian Church, was to be regarded as such, and was possessed of all the powers and privileges incident thereto." They revered its honored names of John Robinson, and Bradford, and Miles Standish, and the gentle Lady Arabella, "who took New England on her way to heaven." They loved its mossy memories of Holland and Delft Haven, and the May Flower's cabin. They could remember no Gothic pile, nor groined arch, nor trained choirs, nor pealing anthems; but dear memories they had of a temple built in the wilderness, and arched by a foreign sky. Its corner-stone was a rock at Plymouth; the snows of December carpeted its floor; and the bleak winds of winter, sighing through the primeval and leafless woods that were its columns, blended with the Pilgrim's song of praise to form the sublime ritual of that early Church.

Such a Church was thought worthy to be remembered and perpetuated, therefore, wherever the descendants of the Pilgrims went. And at length the feeling became so general, it needed only that some one should take the initiative, and the work was done. In the year 1844 "The Church of the Pilgrims" commenced its existence as an organized body. The first meeting preparatory to an organization was held upon a cold inclement January evening, with only a few present, and when the lawyer's office where they met had by some oversight "been left unlighted and unwarmed."

It was a small and feeble beginning, but a *beginning* nevertheless; and men who are at all thoughtful, and observing, do not despise the day of feeble beginnings. The handful that came together organized regularly, a committee was appointed to draft a plan for subscriptions, the time for another meeting was fixed, and all present determined to enlist others in the enterprise. In a very short time, and before ground had been broken, subscriptions were raised to an amount which it was supposed would cover the entire cost of the lot, building, organ, and the entire furniture of the house; for those engaged in the enterprise thought that churches could no better afford to be in debt than individuals, if as well; and that it was by no means ad-

visable, that while the Israelites were quietly engaged in the temple service, outside Amalekites and Hittites should be perfecting liens upon the temple itself.

The corner-stone was laid on the 2d of July, 1844, amid much real thankfulness, and much genuine humility; but here and there some ill-advised and ill-concealed exultations, whose key-note, in five sharps, was very speedily flatted. Contrary to all expectation, the church edifice was hindered in its completion by one unforeseen cause after another, and was not finally dedicated until the 12th of May, 1846. The estimated cost had been $25,000; but greatly additional means were required in the progress of the work, so that upon its completion the expense actually incurred was $40,000 in excess of this first estimate, and the church commenced with a debt of $18,000.

Moreover, in obtaining a pastor, many obstacles occurred, unexpected and almost unaccountable. Invitations to the pastorate were given, one after another, to those who seemed just the men for the place, but who, for various reasons, declined accepting. The post was important, the people longed for a leader, but none came. At this juncture Mr. Storrs received, and conditionally accepted, an invitation to become the pastor. Previously, and while making a brief visit to Brooklyn, he had been requested to preach for the congregation then worshipping in the lecture-room. He declined doing so, but consented to conduct the Sabbath evening meeting, at which he chose a text, and, without notes, gave what might be termed a lecture; and it is somewhat singular that this was the only time of his officiating before the congregation, prior to receiving the invitation spoken of. Yet, even when the call, as we have stated, had been conditionally accepted, it was afterwards feared it must be refused, and the hopes of the church, as often before, be again disappointed. Every hindrance, however, was at length removed, and he was installed, as already said, in the month of November, 1846. The responsibilities he assumed, the fears and hopes for him, are only known to those who rocked the infant cradle of that church; and in its days of present prosperity, when it cannot only stand alone, but leaps and sings in the pride of its strength, it can do no

harm to recur to those days when it crept feebly into being. From the time of his first entrance upon his pastoral duties, there has been a steady increase in the congregation, now among the very largest in the city. That he has been a constant and faithful worker, everybody knows, who knows any thing about him. The Sabbath-school connected with the church is large and flourishing, while the aggregate of subscriptions to benevolent objects, during the ten years of his ministry, is about $70,000. In January, 1848, measures were adopted by the church to free themselves from the debt we have already mentioned, and these measures resulted in the subscription, within the society, of the whole amount, before the first of April following. In the month of June, 1847, nine members of the church were dismissed, to unite with others in establishing the church of which Mr. Beecher is at present the pastor. It has likewise aided to form and build up other churches in Brooklyn and its vicinity, and has seen the denominational interest, so insignificant at the commencement of their enterprise, assuming rapidly a strength and character not to have been anticipated; and at which the church itself has often been surprised. We have alluded to the state of Dr. Storrs's health when he came to Brooklyn. In this there has been a steady improvement, and it is firmly established at the present time.

There are those who always wish to know how men look and seem. Mr. Storrs is tall, and of a frame naturally athletic. His countenance is intellectual, and what some call spiritual in its cast. In the pulpit he wears a gown, which *we* like. His manner has always been free from the affectation and display which are endured in elderly clergymen, ridiculed in younger ones, and liked in none. His enunciation is distinct, though very rapid, and occasionally marked by a slight mannerism. His delivery is very nervous, forcible, and impressive. A person once spoke to us of his delivery, "as being the worst for a very good he had ever known." It does for him, but would never bear to be imitated. Yet it is always effective: very often eloquent. His voice is remarkable for its depth and power, and when excitement calls it forth, it fairly rings upon the oaken ceiling of his church.

Mr. Storrs's discourses always show great care of composition.

The fault, if any, is of excessive elaboration. Many of us need handling without gloves; and the evils of this age call for home-thrusts. He has the faculty of saying what he wishes to, and saying it well. His illustrations are always wisely selected, and, together with his imagery—for which he has more than a slight fondness—are chaste, forcible, and often exceedingly beautiful. From the very beginning, his discourses have shown remarkable maturity of thought, and an admirable arrangement. He presents a subject very fully, and each portion would be missed from the completed discourse. It has seemed to us that he had a great partiality for developing subjects; for presenting them in different lights; for elaborating an idea once presented, instead of enunciating it boldly at once, and leaving the rest for his hearers; and that hence his sermons were not so suggestive as they would otherwise be. Sometimes, both in reading and hearing him, we have noticed a fondness for what seemed to be certain pet words, and occasionally for such as were unusual, and out of the way, when simpler ones would have answered just as well, if not better. A mind constituted like his, is in danger of regarding too much the drapery of ideas: of sitting too long upon the refining-chair, when it were better to jump straight down into the ore-bed, and do strong execution with pickaxe and shovel. And yet, if any person should conceive from the foregoing remarks that Dr. Storrs was a man all tropes and figures, we hasten to correct any such impression. We have listened to and read single discourses of his, that had in them body enough to keep the Rev. Charles Honeyman busy for two years in draping. Dr. Storrs is a strong man, though he has lived but thirty-six years. Men are not always weak because they are imaginative. Dryness is not always solidity, and mayhap he is as great a sculptor, who hews you the head of Jove, crowned with Olympian locks and with majesty on its awful forehead, as he who whittles out a bare, brainless, eyeless skull. We must say, however, we have sometimes thought Dr. Storrs's thoughts suffered from too little conciseness of expression, and that occasionally, when he was about to admit us into the contemplation of some grand and over-arching subject, he kept us standing too long in the doorway, namely, the text. They may

recommend this at Andover, rhetorical rules may insist upon it, but in the world's broad school there is sometimes a weight and pressure in a subject which should drive Dr. Blair into an exceedingly small corner, with his face to the wall. We do not care to be held too long at arm's end, to hear too many abstract propositions respecting subjects which touch us, our friends, homes, hearts—chiefest of all our duty; or if we do, it is an indulgence that should not be shown us: and what is lost in rhetorical completeness is gained oftentimes in the whole effect, we think, by laying bare the great, red, throbbing heart of a subject at two strokes of the knife.

But it is not in Dr. Storrs's written efforts alone, that his excellence as a preacher consists. Some of the most acceptable sermons to which his congregation has ever listened have been preached wholly without notes. He excels also as a platform speaker.

From some sermons and discourses before us we make the following extracts, not professing a very careful selection, but hoping they may give the reader some correct idea of Dr. Storrs's written style.

The first extract is from a sermon entitled "Congregationalism, its Principles and Influences," first preached before the General Association at Madison, and published in 1848. In speaking of one principle of the Congregational system, to wit, "That each local society of believers, having once by its own act, been constituted as a church, is thereafter self-complete, and self-controlling, rightfully independent of the jurisdiction of others," the writer says:

"A minor, and yet not altogether an unimportant felicity connected with it" (the principle above stated), "is this: it will facilitate the diffusion of Church Institutions.

"Wherever there is a company of Christians agreeing in their reception of the essential truth, and desiring to be associated for the worship of the Highest, there may a church at once be constituted. No magic episcopal grace is needful to the work. No aid, even, of presbyters is essential to its completion. There is no precise law and pattern of organization which must be adhered to, and deviation from which invalidates the proceeding. The whole is a matter of free consent and mutual adjustment. Upon the platform of their common faith, the associated disciples, by their agree-

ment with each other, erect their own church organization: an organization complete within itself, and rightfully independent of every other. Wheresoever, therefore, the Gospel goes, thither the Church of Christ may follow it at once. That Gospel may be carried, conceivably, to the remotest lands, by shipwrecked mariners, by the sailor-boy in his Bible. Borne upon the almost viewless tracts, those fleet and ærial messengers that are now sent forth on every wind, almost as the germs and blossoms of tropical fruits are said sometimes to be carried over seas and continents upon the pinions of the storm, the truths which constitute the essence of the Gospel—its tidings of redemption, its revelation of Christ—may reach the remotest regions of the earth; may be implanted, and may spring up in beauty, and may bring forth their fruit amid the islands of Central Africa, or in the wilds and fastnesses of that ancient empire whose walls, when Paul was writing, were hoary with the moss of centuries, or on some lonely and almost uninhabited island of the southern Pacific: in lands where no voice of the living preacher was ever heard, and to which no other ambassador of the cross has ever pierced; and distant as is that land, and unapproached and inaccessible, there may be constituted at once the Church of Christ in all its privilege and prerogative; with no more need of aid from without, in order to the perfectness of its development, than the germ would have, when once deposited upon the distant mountain, of the presence and aid of other germs to quicken it in activity, and mature it into a tree."

The next extract is from a sermon entitled, "Christianity: its Destined Supremacy on the Earth," which was preached April 6 and 13, 1851, before the Foreign Missionary Society of New York and Brooklyn.

After an inquiry into the nature of Christianity, and an argument for its supremacy in the earth, based first upon "*The very fact that God has established and introduced it to human knowledge.*" 2. "*That the interior structure of Christianity, its fitnesses to man, the reply which it gives to his deepest demands, also promise this supremacy.*" 3. "*That the accomplishment of this final supremacy of Christianity will nobly complete the circle of History; will*

give unity and wholeness to the annals of the Race; will show through their courses a sublime method." 4. "*That the specific declarations of God in the Scriptures assure us of that result;*" and, lastly, "*That the historic progress of Christianity among men, with the nature of the arena on which it now acts, gives assurance of its supremacy.*" The writer concludes as follows:

"How ought we then, my friends, to labor for Christianity? to spread its Truth, its Promise and Life? For this one practical lesson, I have brought to you the subject. Cheerfully, joyfully should we labor; with enthusiasm and confidence, and with the energy of endeavor which these inspire. We are placed at a critical point in the progress. Our agencies and advantages are vast for action. If we act vigorously, we send an influence far out on Time. If we now falter, and turn upon our course, if we think that Christianity is becoming effete, that some new force must take its place, that some manifestation of Christ in His glory must precede its supremacy—we are failing at the point, where of all we should be strong. The moral argument against such theories, derived from their influence in repressing Christian activity, is definite and just. The hostile pressure from the Scriptures and from the past, is enough to overwhelm them. Let us never allow them to hamper our effort. Our duty is TO WORK! with ardor and fidelity; not with passionate, fitful impulse, but with an energy that abides, and grows mightier as developed—

'Like the star—unhasting;
Like the star—unresting!'

"We ought to grapple Christianity ourselves, with a firmer faith, with a deeper attachment; to illustrate its beauty more brightly in our life: to enter more largely its truth and promise, and its spirit of grace. We ought to apply it more stringently to affairs. We ought to spread it more rapidly to others. As an age distinguished for the rapid extension of commercial relations, and the rapid advance of mechanic arts, this should be pre-eminently a missionary age. The resources God gives us, are to be used in His service. Let an unfailing trust direct their application. With every im-

provement which invention develops, our effort should increase; with every new field that opens before us, its reach should be wider. The press, the railway, steam-frigates, the voices that talk like genii in the air—they all must be subordinated, and more and more, to Him who cometh! They arise to us in God's Providence—this swift unwearying foot, this iron lung, this column of fire which carries as well as guides, this nerve of nations—and so they must be used, by God's people for His purposes. What the Fathers did with art, as it rose in the cathedral, as it blushed upon the canvas, that we must do with art, as it heaves in the engine, as it thrills on the wires. Amid these quick electric times, when knowledge is increasing, when many are running to and fro, when society is sensitive to every impulse, when God in His providence seems taking the masses, and shaking them asunder, that truth may reach them, when even across the seas He bares the kingdoms to the force of the Gospel, and breaks the archways beneath which we may bear the banner of Salvation. Now, more than ever, we should labor for Christ, and use every force for the spread of His system; so that the annihilation of distance upon the earth may teach men what Carlyle says it cannot, 'the winged flight, through immensity, to God's Throne;' so that the cheaper fabrics, the swifter railways, *may* 'help men towards what Novalis calls God, Freedom, and Immortality.' The penetrating despondency that enthralls some minds, as if Christianity were growing weak,—the subtle skepticism that binds the will with its fine filaments, and teaches men to doubt if the system can grapple the problems of our times, if it can master the resistances that here and there confront it, can work out freedom and truth among us, if it will not be lost amid politics and arts, if the personal coming of the Lord is not needed to renew it—let us cut sharply through this with the blade of God's promise! Let us lift ourselves above it, remembering the past! Let us *never* despond! no, not for an hour! We might have done that, under the terrible domination of the first persecution. We might have done that, when the sculptured sarcophagus of a system of Sacraments encased Christianity. But what have we to do with despondency, what with any thing but gladness, and the grandest activity, when

standing with the Scriptures open and free, with Christianity throned in them, and God on their side, amid an era so brilliant and propitious! Oh, if we have faith and a justified courage, if we use the resources God gives us so amply, if we draw down by prayer that aid which He has pledged—then may we see this truth progressing broadly, with vast rapidity, towards glorious predominance! The redemption of Christ, the glory of God, the beauty of Heaven, the grace of the Spirit—on all the troubled waves of life these shall shed their sweet influence. They shall kindle new joy throughout the race. Meliorations in society shall follow them as they go, responding to their impulse. They shall cover the earth with forms of beauty! By every hope that springs within us, by the confidence of prayer inspired of the Spirit, by the manifold voices of history and the present, by the promises that stud the arch of God's word—we know that to be possible! For that, Christianity was given and is fitted! For that, then, we should strive! until the Fact answers the Prophecy; until the dawn has brightened into day!

"For the last thought, my hearers, connected with this subject, how vividly does this come to us: *The personal obligation of each of us to submit from the heart to Christ's dominion!* The ancient legend of the Church, that Julian died exclaiming as he expired, 'Galilean, thou hast conquered!' is certain to be realized, for the substance of its history, in every soul not submitted to Christ. His rule at last shall be complete; and the period of that sway shall encompass eternity. How great then the privilege of now accepting Him; of entering through faith the kingdom He administers; of finding in that our permanent home! It is very observable in the scriptural disclosures, concerning the glory to be reached in millennium, that the blessedness of earth seems to shade away into the blessedness of heaven. The horizon of the Future to the inspired seer, instead of being sharp and defined against the embosoming eternity, as was that of the past, where time in its relations to man began, melts away into glory, and is merged in the infinite; as the edge of the cloud is dissolved beneath the splendor of the sun at his setting; and one can scarcely tell where earth has closed and heaven

begins. Ah, that shall be the felicity of the soul that has truly and inwardly taken Christ as its prince! It shall dwell on earth and dwell in heaven; on the glorified earth, bright with Christ's presence, amid the rapture of heaven, where He is enthroned! But in that last and glorious age—oh, let us feel this!—that age to whose perfection all others shall have contributed, and in whose glory they all shall be crowned; there will be found no place on earth, no place in heaven, for him who hath not bowed to Christ! The dominion of Messiah hath no premises for him!"

In a discourse entitled "The Civil Law—man's obligation to obey it," after what we conceive to be a most manly and masterly exposition of the subject, abstractly considered, application of the principles set forth is made to the particular case of the Fugitive Slave Law, and Dr. Storrs thus defines his own position in respect to the surrender of the Fugitive Slave:

"Nay, nay, my friends! I cannot do this essential injustice! Though the commands of the law were a hundredfold more stringent, I would not touch a hair of that man's head! Though its penalties were accumulated to tenfold greatness, they should not shut my doors against him! I will not resist the law by force and violence. I will even advise the man to flee it, if he can, and not resist it, although it hurls him back upon his right of self-defence. But I *will not* obey it, unless by bearing its penalties. The man who does otherwise is in peril of his soul. For eternity is grander than time and its scenes! The eye that shall search our life at the judgment is more terrible than that of the human tribunal! and he that hath done wrong shall meet it there! The omniscience of God will never forget it! I do not find that my fathers covenanted that I should do this act; but if they did, it must be cancelled. I cannot renew a covenant for such a crime. It is said that the Union is imperilled by such refusal. But consequences are doubtful, and right is definite. It is right to do what God's law bids us, in relation to our brother, though the world shake beneath us! I know the results that seem poised upon the Union. But if that is righteous, and is worthy of preservation, it cannot require such iniquity to its support. God certainly would not save it by the disregard of

his law. And he that does the right, under the government of God, is always safe. He falls in with the lines of God's purpose and requirement. He works towards the ultimate good of all! He is in harmony with that system whose law is holiness."

We had marked also for insertion here portions of an article in the February number of the New Englander for 1853, upon "The True Success of Human Life," and of a discourse delivered in 1854, on the occasion of the semi-centennial anniversary of Monson Academy, upon "The Relations of our Present and Coming Civilization to Good Letters and their Progress." But we have already exceeded our limits, and cannot insert them, although we long to do so. If Dr. Storrs had never published any thing but the Discourse last mentioned, it would, in our judgment, of itself have sufficed to give him a place as a writer in the very front rank of American clergymen now living, and that we know of, whether old or young. There is also before us, "The Report of the Committee appointed by the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West, to confer with the Trustees of Western Reserve College;" which was drawn up by Dr. Storrs, and has scarcely a figure of speech in it, but which our friend, the unimaginative critic, will find to be as patiently, judiciously, and ably prepared, as if Dr. Storrs had never made use of a metaphor since he was born.

One extract more we must make, however, from a platform address made before the American Bible Society, at its thirty-fifth anniversary, in support of the fourth and following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the translation of the Divine Word into the languages of man is a work of such difficulty, such liability to error, and such immeasurable importance, as properly to demand for those engaged in it the affectionate consideration of this Society, and the sympathy and prayers of all who love God."

Mr. Storrs thus speaks of our obligations to the present version of the Scriptures, and the influence it has exerted upon our literature:

"And now consider what influence this version has put into our literature—I might say into all the history and life of the English people. It comes to us with authority from our childhood. Its

words are heard amid circumstances best adapted to make them impressive—on the Sabbath, in the churches, in the family devotions. They have been taught in even the common-schools of our land, blessed be God for that! They have become wrought, we may say, into the very substance and texture of our thoughts, our associations, our earliest and most cherished expressions. And so they act mightily, as an educating power, on the popular mind. They have done so for generations. They act even upon the higher departments of literature. What delicate, fairy-like forms this tough and oaken Saxon, so skilfully combined with the more majestic Roman tongue, has been wrought into in hymns and the structures of poetry; in those beautiful 'Songs of Zion,' to which reference has been made! Who has not observed in the great senatorial orator of our times, that when he rises to the highest point of eloquence, the very pitch of his power, he reverts to the simple Biblical phrase that was familiar to us in childhood? And it is by that that he shakes the heart of his hearers with his wonderful force. For what would we give up the influences which this version has put in our literature? For what would we give up the version itself? There is a company of gentlemen, I believe, in this city who are desiring and endeavoring to put this out of use, and to substitute another for it, prepared according to their notions. I do not speak, certainly, as a member of a committee, or of any society, but simply as a Christian man, indebted too deeply to our most noble version to be willing to give it up, when I say, that no man, in my judgment, intelligently weighing this matter, would think for a moment of such an exchange. Give up our version, sir? Why it was nine hundred years in coming to its completion! It is hallowed with such memories as scarcely belong to another human work. It stretches back one of its far-reaching roots to the very cell of Bede. It strikes down another beneath the burnt ashes of Wickliffe. It sends another under the funeral pile of Tyndale. It twists another around the stake where Cranmer was burned. Give up this version for a trim and varnished new one! Nay, verily. Those broad contorted arms have wrestled with the fierce winds of opinion for two hundred years. The sweet birds of heaven have loved to come and sing among them;

and they sing there still. Their leaves are leaves of life and healing. There is not a text pendant upon those boughs but has the stuff of religion and literature in it. They have given of their ribbed strength to every enterprise for human welfare. Give up this version! It is our American inheritance. It came over in the May Flower; it was brought by Oglethorpe to Georgia; it has spread across our land; it has been the joy of generations to sit under its shadow. It will stand while the hills stand. Sir, I think we will not give up this oak of the ages for any modern tulip-tree, at present."

We have said that the Church of the Puritans (Mr. Beecher's) was an offshoot from the Church of the Pilgrims. It is, or used to be, very much the fashion, therefore, in the community where both minister, to institute comparisons between the respective pastors, some of which have seemed to us in no sort legitimate. To say nothing of the difference in age and experience, it is well-nigh impossible to conceive two individuals more unlike—physically, mentally, generally. They may be *contrasted*, but that sort of comparison, which makes either the standard by which to judge the other, is altogether incorrect, we think. Men are not required to labor their lives long, in destroying whatever individuality God may have given them, by servilely copying somebody else; on the contrary, they are required to be their own improved and perfected selves. The primeval oak would make but a poor ancestral elm. Mercury was not Mars, nor Juno, Minerva, yet the old mythology put them all upon Olympus. Mr. Storrs seems like one who knew books better than men: Mr. Beecher knows men as men know books. Mr. Storrs preaches subjects to men: Mr. Beecher, themselves to men. Mr. Beecher is intensely practical: Mr. Storrs, though he never visits dream-land, loves once in a while to think of it. Mr. Storrs can say witty things: Mr. Beecher cannot help saying funny things. Mr. Beecher is rugged and abrupt: Mr. Storrs polished and complete. Mr. Storrs is earnest and impressive: Mr. Beecher impassioned and explosive. Mr. Storrs excels in the richness of his rhetoric: Mr. Beecher in the richness of his ideas. Mr. Storrs uses fine powder and a smooth-bore rifle, silver mounted: Mr. Beecher double charges a rusty-looking creased-bore, with a

mixture of coarse and fine, and bites the bullet that never misses. Mr. Storrs has no lack of veneration: Mr. Beecher has no lack of the want of it. Mr. Storrs is not fond of controversy: but the scalding waters of debate could not even parboil Mr. Beecher. What then! Must the Arab courser become the English war-horse, or Richard's battle-axe, the Damascus blade of Saladin? Must the Corinthian column become Doric, or Lebanon, Sinai? Shall the material world be full of variety, and the mental and spiritual be flat and uniform? Shall not the key-bugle sound its own note, but would the walls of Jericho have tumbled, if Gideon's rams'-horns had imitated the sackbut? For our own part, we are thoroughly glad, that two men so unlike in temperament and mental character, so similar in catholicity of spirit, in loftiness of aim, and in consecration of purpose, should have been placed at such posts, and in juxtaposition. They differ widely—all others do, and it is best they should.

Mr. Storrs has of late appeared as a strong advocate of what is called, although not with entire correctness, a Congregational Liturgy. Some seem to suppose that the movement upon this subject contemplates a grafting of the Episcopal Prayer-Book, or certain portions of it, upon Congregational churches. We understand it to be, in the main, and simply, a movement in favor of Congregational worship: that is to say, of certain forms and methods of church worship, adapted to, and capable of being shared by the whole congregation.

In respect of this subject, the Episcopal Church seems to be at one extreme, and the Congregational at the other. The proper mean, it is thought, is between both of them. There can be no question that other denominations recognize very, very much that is most devout and beautiful in the forms of the Episcopal Church. Still they are thought to be too stiff oftentimes, and unyielding; not always adapting themselves to the wants of the congregation, or the exigencies of circumstances. This indeed is felt to be an evil, by some at least among Episcopalians themselves. In the Congregational Church, as a *rule*, the entire office of external worship devolves upon the clergyman at one end of the church, and the choir and organist at the other. Just here, then, the question arises, What is the grand

and primal object for which each Christian congregation meets upon the Sabbath day? Certainly not to hear a minister preach, or a choir sing; but for the appropriate public worship of God—the privilege, and duty of worship, belonging just as much to the child in the gallery, as to the minister in the pulpit. In this respect, the whole congregation stands upon the same footing: the true congregational idea of a minister, in its simplest elements being, a man chosen and set apart by the congregation, on account of the excellence of his attainments, the superiority of his character, and the purity of his piety, to be its leader, guide, and instructor in religious things. In no sense is he like the Jewish High Priest, going once a year alone into the inner sanctuary, making the offerings, and bearing the sins for the whole congregation. Nor is the church a religious lecture-room, with gallery and choir, but a temple for God's worship! Are, then, the true ends of the Sabbath assemblage best answered, by allowing minister and choir to perform the whole external act of a duty binding alike upon all? There are many ministers, whose extemporaneous prayers are always fervent and appropriate. There are others of devout spirit, and nice sense of propriety, who fail, nevertheless, in instant and fitting expression. There are others of fervent and fluent utterance, who not infrequently indulge in petitions, that shock the feelings of all assembled. But in the first case mentioned, the congregation cannot know what is to be asked for, until the words are uttered. In the second, the labor and difficulty of following the minister, interferes seriously with the enjoyment and benefit of the act of worship. In the third, an individual must make choice of one of three alternatives: either to unite in a petition which he does not approve, or to offer a different petition himself from the clergyman with whom he is supposed to be uniting, or offer none.

Would not, then, the true ends of the Sabbath service be better attained, by a form of worship only to be adopted by the congregation after careful thought and discussion, but which, when once adopted, all might know, and in which all might join? There is no Episcopacy about this. Episcopacy is surely something else

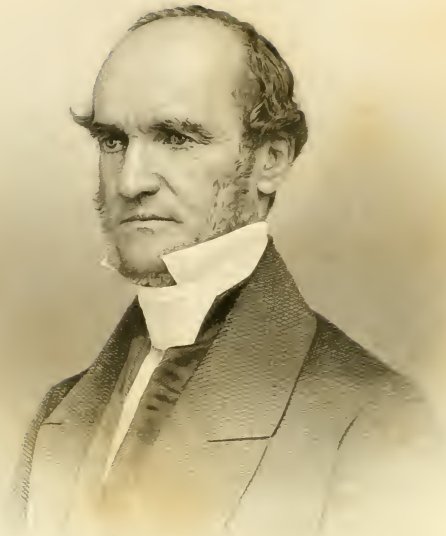
than a church where the entire congregation joins audibly in the service. Suppose, for example, any one church of the Congregational denomination, or delegates from an association of churches, should agree to have church singing, instead of choir singing; to have the portion of Scripture selected for the day, read alternately by pastor and people; to have the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed embodied into the service, and to recommend to all the congregation to join in these, with whatever further recommendations might be made, and we only mention these by way of illustration—and suppose that for these recommendations, were claimed only the weight, and authority, which the wise and careful counsel of a majority always should have, and which recommendations, if adopted, should in nowise interfere with the minister's liberty of extemporaneous prayer, whenever occasion required; would there be any thing contrary to the spirit of Congregationalism in this? Would not a form of service, based upon such recommendations, tend rather to increase the interest of young and old in sanctuary observances, to inspire increased respect for the word and the house of God, and be more in accordance with true ideas of Sabbath worship? The question, after all, turns upon this, for the right to adopt such a form is inherent in every Congregational church, and it is not legitimate to kill such a proposed change by the bare statement "that it is an innovation upon long-established Congregational forms." It was John Robinson himself who said, "If God reveal any thing to you, by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry, for I am verily persuaded, —I am very confident, the Lord has more truth yet to break out of his holy word." There was undoubtedly a tendency on the part of the first dissenters, who broke away from what they conceived the extreme of formalism, to rush themselves to the other extreme. The Pilgrims were men of the times, and for the times; although, in more respects than we can enumerate, men that have been unsurpassed since the world stood. But it from thence in nowise follows that Gothic temples should be defaced, or images broken, or witches hanged, or the Connecticut blue-laws re-enacted. Practically, too,

there has been innovation. Meeting-houses are churches, ministers are clergymen, congregations *do* join in singing, and—a worse sort of innovation—sit in prayer.

In these hasty remarks, we have in the main indicated the views which we believe are held by Dr. Storrs. The subject is interesting, and we should like to enter more largely into it, had we time.

We are sure, there is enough upon both sides of the question to deserve most careful thought and discussion. It must be met upon its own merits, if met at all. It cannot be killed by the sharp, but superficial statement, however skilfully flung, that the movement savors of Episcopacy. Before now, extremes have met, and we are sure there is a leaven of real worth in this subject, which is quietly but effectually working, and which will prove itself powerful for good, within a few close-coming years.

But we must close, even though we would gladly abide longer in the shadow of a good man. We can only say in conclusion, that few men are more genial and delightful in intimate social life than Dr. Storrs. There is a natural sensitiveness and reserve, apparent in general society, which disappears altogether when he is among those by whom he is best known. He combines very great simplicity of character, and gentleness of disposition, with the most thorough fearlessness, and presents in his own person a choice example of the Christian gentleman.



Stephen H. Tyng

STEPHEN HIGGINSON TYNG,

THE EXTEMPORE PREACHER.

"Whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye."

Dr. Tyng, as a representative preacher, should be discussed in three aspects—as an extempore preacher, a preacher to the young, and an impersonation of extreme "Low-Church" sentiments.

As an extempore speaker he has not his superior in the American Pulpit; and if, in comparative criticism, one includes all the particulars which enter into accomplished Extempore, he has not his equal. He excels in self-possession, in fluency, in command of language, in quotation, in local allusions, in keen thrusts, in denunciation, in fire of expression, in flash of eye, in force of gesture, and in climaxes of eloquence. Public sentiment regards him as Prince of Platformers.

In view of this it is a significant fact, full of encouragement to young professional men, that Dr. Tyng did not begin professional life as a remarkable extempore speaker. He was forced into Extempore by circumstances. During the first two years after taking orders he was obliged to teach school for a livelihood, and, having little time for writing sermons, was compelled to talk in the pulpit. And yet so seldom did he satisfy himself with the extempore expression of his thought and feeling, and so liable was he to failure, that for years Extempore was uphill work. But, from the outset, regarding this as the best way of preaching, he persevered against discouragements, and though cast down, would not be destroyed. He

reasoned that the pulpit is established, partly for instruction, but principally for the kindling of sensibilities, the rousing of affections, the awakening of the soul. The school is the place for instruction, and the pulpit for inspiration. And instruction, when used in the pulpit, is rather a means to inspiration than an end in itself. All thorough and precise elaboration of truth, which properly forms the foundation of a sermon, belongs to the study, and is best embodied in writing; but the application of that truth by illustration, by expression of heart-beatings, by personal appeal, by all the varied manifestation of sympathy and interest and love, is best expressed by Extempore, and can with difficulty be naturally and effectively expressed by reading or recitation. Expression must come fresh from the heart, to reach the heart, with all the dewdrops on it. The Quakers cling to a strong position, so far as the department of preaching goes. They insist on entire faith in the inspiration of the moment. The command, "Take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate," they obey. Hence their preachers, when destitute of education, of mental discipline, of culture, and of superior natural endowment, interest and move an audience to a singular degree. And when possessing the gifts and education which form the most effective preacher, they hold an audience in more thorough control than equally gifted preachers who rely on special preparation. In writing, one is too self-conscious, thought gives way to form, and rhetoric usurps the place of truth; but let a preacher, with self-forgetful consecration and reliance on God's help, cast himself on the waters of Extempore, full of his subject and fired with love, and he will inevitably speak "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Such, we apprehend, would be a fair statement of Dr. Tyng's views.

With this conviction of the importance of Extempore in the pulpit, Dr. Tyng held on against all failures and discouragements. As an illustration of this we cannot withhold an anecdote casually told, in a conversation on oratory, by a friend and brother clergyman of Dr. Tyng's. He said, "To illustrate what perseverance can do, I must tell you a fact about Dr. Tyng. You know his proud position as an extempore preacher. He has gained it by the power

of will. It was discouraging business to him for the first years; so much so, that, during the second year of his settlement at Georgetown, when attempting Extempore one afternoon in his pulpit, with distinguished members of Congress present, he became confused, hesitated, tried to regain composure, failed, stumbled on in the midst of embarrassment, finally forgot his text, and, after ten minutes, broke down completely. That was a hard experience for a young man; and on his way home the oppressive silence was finally broken by his wife saying, 'Now, husband, is it not clear that you should give up this preaching without notes?' 'Those words,' said Dr. Tyng to me, 'roused my whole nature.' 'Give up?' I said. 'No, *never*, with God's help!' and he didn't. And yet that man, fluent as he is, brave and self-reliant as he seems, never goes into the pulpit without painful apprehensions, sometimes even the most painful conviction of impending failure. He is sensitive to circumstance and surroundings, is easily disturbed, and even harassed by changes or interruptions, rarely if ever feels a comfortable satisfaction with a public effort, and more often is prostrated by discouragement at supposed failure."

Truly the life of the extempore preacher is a hard life to lead; yet, perhaps, the very sensibility of nerve, the very tremulousness of spiritual fibre, susceptible to such pain, is the essential of the extempore orator, who is called to thrill the duller hearts of others with the throbbing inspiration of his own.

There are special difficulties connected with pulpit Extempore. The limited time is a serious one. The speaker dare not enlarge as the thought develops, lest he speak too long, or be forced to omit the closing application. The customary length of a sermon is often too brief to pass from the foundation of calm exposition to the pinnacle of towering eloquence. This is especially the case with Dr. Tyng, who times himself by a clock in his pulpit, preaching usually thirty, and rarely more than thirty-five minutes. In neither of these ways is the orator of the bar or forum hampered. He may speak successive hours or even days; he may modify to-day the free expression of yesterday; he may enlarge, and enforce, and illustrate to the full satisfaction of an appreciating and fruitful intellect.

Moreover, the preacher's sense of responsibility—greater than the lawyer's—tends to paralyze rather than strengthen. A sense of personal superiority, too, promotes good Extempore, from which the preacher is debarred; because the difference is less between him and his audience than between a lawyer and his jury, and because his religion inculcates humility. Hence he is in danger of being dull by self-restraint if he be not foolish by freedom.

Yet the preacher has two advantages which overshadow all disadvantages—conviction of speaking the truth, and divine assistance, both promised and imparted. Let then the example of Dr. Tyng stimulate to effort. There is no peculiar gift in Extempore more than in writing, or acquisition, or mechanics. Every man, to be sure, has his calling. Some will succeed in one thing better than others. William Norris, of Philadelphia, for example, failed more than once as a merchant, and then said, passionately, "I will never try again: I was born to be a blacksmith, I always wanted to be a blacksmith, now I will be a blacksmith." And he kept his word; opened a shop in the country at first, and now builds the world-renowned locomotives, whose manufacture has yielded multiplied fortunes. Every man has his gift, but no more of speaking than of writing. Perseverance will win the prize for most. And is it not the highest object offered to the men of the New World—success as the EXTEMPORE PREACHER?

DR. TYNG'S SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

A second very interesting part of Dr. Tyng's character and life is his successful effort in Sunday-schools. The following sentences, culled from a sermon, will indicate his sentiments:

"The great object which we have in view in Sabbath-school instruction is—'to *plant*' the children of our land 'in the house of the Lord.' We wish to constitute true piety their pleasure and their home; to make the privileges and ordinances of the Gospel, the appointed channels of divine grace to man, the soil in which they are to grow, and the atmosphere from which they are to be nourished, by the blessing of God containing and imparting the vitality, the

life-giving spirit by which they are to be sustained, and through which they are to gain the gift of life eternal. This is the grand object of Sunday-school instruction.

"It is a well-known fact, that there have been already, in the Sunday-schools of this country, many thousand children spiritually renewed for God. There probably is not a pastor in our land whose affections, and time, and prayers have been given in any fair measure to this important part of his great work of winning souls, but can testify to the faithfulness of God in his blessing upon this interesting portion of the flock. There is no part of the pastor's charge which so readily and surely rewards him for all the toil and effort which he devotes to it as the Sunday-school. It has appeared to me, for several years, a remarkable and unaccountable oversight among many of the ministers of Christ, who, I doubt not, really feel an interest in the salvation of souls, that so little comparative attention has been given to what all my observation and judgment, as well as all my own experience, have united to convince me is the most pliable portion of the subjects of their effort, and the field which renders them the most speedy and abundant harvest for the labor which is bestowed upon it. Their minds are stored with the truths of the holy Word of God. They have acquired, and have laid up, a knowledge of the Scriptures—the facts, the doctrines, the instructions, the precepts of the Scriptures, which no other method ever devised could have imparted. They are thus, in their knowledge of spiritual things, wiser than their teachers could have been before this system of useful effort was established. This is an advantage of incalculable importance. The Bible is made to them a familiar book. Then the Bible is made to them a book of enjoyment. It is surrounded in their minds with the most attractive and pleasant associations. The way in which it has been brought before them has given to it a peculiar charm. Their acquirement of its instructions has been entirely voluntary. The connections of the Sunday-school have called into exercise the kindest feelings of their nature, and chiefly developed the most precious and purest affections of their hearts. There is nothing gloomy or repulsive connected with the word of God in the associations of their minds.

"Then, under this instruction, children acquire a love for the ordinances of public worship, the institutions of the Lord's house. They have no other associations than those of pleasure and happiness connected with the religious services of the sanctuary. The Sabbath has not been to them a weary day. Its successive arrival is attended with nothing that is repulsive. They grow up to the settled period and state of life with the feeling of gladness in going up to the house of the Lord more and more deeply engraven upon their hearts. They have been accustomed to find, and to look for, real enjoyment connected with it; and they expect it, even in the maturity of life, with no other anticipation. There has been no cultivation of the disposition to sit down with the scornful, or to unite with those who scoff at sacred things. Now, who can doubt the importance of this attainment? Who can fail to see how much and how effectually it prepares the way for the subsequent conversion of the soul, and the renovation of the character for God? What benefit, short of the actual spiritual regeneration of them all, can be greater or of more importance in its consequences to our youth, and to our land, than to surround the blessed and life-giving ordinances of the Gospel in their minds with attraction and pleasure. * * * *

"The American Sunday-school Union was never better prepared to meet the increasing wants of the country, or to expend with advantage the increasing pecuniary assistance of the Christian community, than now. Under the control of business-laymen alone, there is no possible danger either of ecclesiastical dominion or interference. If it is said to be a mere book concern, let it not be forgotten that the only stockholders are the whole community of Christians, and they reap all the profit of the establishment. Let the publications of this Union be examined, let the system upon which it acts be understood, let the results which it has accomplished be weighed, and I can hardly suppose that any Christian will come to any other conclusion than my own—that, for the special blessing of our rising generation, it is a precious gift of God to our country, and claims for its enlargement and support the united efforts of Christians of every name."

Of the great work which Dr. Tyng accomplished in Philadelphia

for Sunday-school instruction we shall not be able to speak, but confine our attention to the schools of St. George's Church, of New York.

The first marked feature of the Sunday-school system of this Church is, that Dr. Tyng preaches specially to the children every Sunday afternoon in the church. These sermons are prepared with care, but are simple, brief, illustrative, and pertinent in application. Many of them belong to courses of sermons, one of which extends sometimes through twenty Sabbaths. For example; one course was on the Zoology of the Bible, in which the animals of the Bible were discussed as illustrating traits of character. Another course was on the Horticulture and Botany of the Bible; another on the Mountains of the Bible; another on the Road to Zion; another on the Biographies of leading Bible Characters; and in these sermons, tree, plant, mountain, animal, man, were all made the instrument of impressing some important truth of religious or practical life. We give an outline of one sermon to children as illustrative:

The text is from 2 Kings, xix. 30. "Shall yet again take root downward, and bear fruit upward."

"In every tree there are two separate processes of growth. These are here described. The illustration is employed to exhibit the growth of the remnant of the house of Judah. But it may just as properly apply to the history of the inner man, as of the outer man. It may just as well describe the whole work of true religion in the soul, as the external prosperity of a nation. Let us so consider it. Here are two processes of growth.

"I. We may speak of the figure employed in the illustration. The Tree. It takes root downward, and bears fruit upward. These two results *differ* and *agree*.

"1. They differ much. One is secret, and cannot be exposed. The other is open, visible, and manifest. The one is the increase of real inward strength. The other of outward and apparent beauty and usefulness. The one increases under the power of trial and opposition. The more the winds shake the tree, the stronger its root becomes. The other requires protection and care. Heavy winds may cause its fall. The one is permanent, at all seasons the same. The other is occasional, and has its appointed times.

"2. But they also agree in much. The same sap and nourishment feeds them both. They partake of the same life. They are different manifestations of the same life. In the one, the nourishment received, gives increase of strength. In the other, the same nourishment furnishes increasing beauty and usefulness. But whether we look at the root or the fruit,—it is the same tree,—and both depend upon the same health and vigor in its being and growth.

"II. We may apply the illustration to the life of true religion in the soul. And here the root and the fruit agree and differ just as remarkably.

"1. They agree in much. The tree is one. The work of religion in the soul is one work. You can never separate the root from the fruit it is to bear. The one cannot live without the other. The real Christian is the same within and without, in heart and life.

"The ground is one. The same soul of man has both the root and the fruit. It is one work of God upon the soul, whether you look at one part of it, or at another. Religious principles and religious duties, must grow and live together in the same ground.

"The sap and nourishment is one. The same Holy Spirit gives life to the soul within, and fruit in the character without. It is His power which plants the tree,—and makes the root to strike down, in the experience of the heart within,—and then makes it to bring forth its fruit, in the holiness and usefulness of the life without.

"But the fruit is entirely dependent on the root, not the root on the fruit. There can be no fruit on the tree without a living growing root. The work of religion begins always within, in the power of the Holy Spirit there. All that is outward, is secondary and grows from that.

"2. But they differ also much. The root is the work of the Spirit in the heart. The fruit is His work in the life. A new and converted heart is the work of true religion. A holy, faithful life is its fruit.

"This root is secret. It cannot be seen or displayed. It grows in its hidden process, deeper every day. It strikes more and more into the soul. It is a deeper sense of sin in ourselves. A clearer view

of the guilt of sin. A growing feeling of humility and dependence. More simple faith in God. More real love for His character and His law, and holy will. More hatred of sin and desire for holiness. These are the root. The work of the Spirit in the heart. More simple dependance on the Holy Spirit. More real love for the Saviour. More desire for His forgiveness and acceptance. These grow downward. The heart is more and more engaged—we feel it—we are conscious of it—we rejoice in it. But others cannot see it. This is the witness which the Spirit gives to us.

"The fruit is open. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, &c. This is the fulfilment of duty in every relation in life, at home and abroad. It is gentleness, meekness, tenderness, faithfulness. Ah! these are blessed fruits. They are lovely in aspect. Precious and valuable indeed. They grow upon the tree which God has planted, and which the Holy Spirit nourishes in the soul.

"This fruit is for others, not for us. They gather it, and enjoy it. They see it and delight in it. We cannot. It makes the value of the tree in their esteem. We feel the root, but cannot see the fruit. They see the fruit, but cannot see the root from which it grows.

"This fruit grows upward. God is its motive and object. It is to honor and glorify Him. We are faithful to others for His sake. To please Him, we strive to do them good. And He accepts and blesses us.

"The root must always live. The fruit will not always be borne. Sometimes it is winter for the soul. We have discouragements—we can do nothing—we seem to be dead. But the root is still alive. The work of the Spirit may be still growing deeper within. We must never despond or fear because our apparent fruit for a season is less. Let us cultivate the root within, and watch around that. Let us strengthen that every day. This is our main work in religion. Keep the heart with all diligence, and life and fruitfulness will issue out of it."

2. Dr. Tyng meets with his Sabbath-school teachers every Friday evening, at which the lesson is developed to them as he wishes and expects that it will be taught to the pupils. He thus imbues the

teachers with his views of truth, and through them reaches every child of his congregation.

3. On the first Sabbath afternoon of every month the children are gathered in the lecture-room for a missionary meeting, with special exercises.

4. The Sabbath-schools include not only the children of the congregation, but hundreds gathered from among the poor by efficient missionary work.

5. The children are stimulated to the highest effort for increasing the Sabbath-school and contributing to missionary purposes. During the last year some children have earned, by minute accretions, as large sums as twelve dollars for missionary purposes, and we know of one little girl who contributed twenty dollars.

6. Each class has its name, with its illustrative text of Scripture and verse of poetry. At the end of the year the contribution of each class is published in a circular. From the report of last May we extract the following as specimens:

THREE RESOLUTIONS (Name of a Class),.....$36.00

1st. We will always give something.
2d. We will give as the Lord has enabled us.
3d. We will give cheerfully.

Motto—

"We have resolved with grateful heart,
In this blest work to bear our part,
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To swell the triumphs of our King.

"Soon may the nations join and sing,
'Christ is the Lord, the King of kings,'
Echo the sound from shore to shore,
That 'Jesus reigns for evermore.'"

HEBER ASSOCIATION,.....$26.56

Motto—"And this I pray that your love may abound yet more and more."—Philippians i. 9.

THE SOWERS,.....$12.00

Motto—"Let me go, for the day breaketh."—Gen. xxxii. 26.

"Whom shall we send, and who
For us will go to spread the Saviour's name,
With glowing zeal—with faith, with courage true,
And dying love proclaim?

"Servants of God, go forth,
From these beloved walls;
Go, preach his Gospel through the earth,
Till every idol falls.

"The holy fight maintain
Till death; with joyful trust
That ye shall wear the crown, and reign
Forever with the just!"

CASKET OF JEWELS,.....$10.00

Motto—"They shall be mine when I make up my jewels."—Mal. iii. 17.

TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,.....$29.00

Motto—"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—Isa. lx. 13.

"THE EPIPHANY,".....$40.00

Motto—"A light to lighten the Gentiles."—Luke ii. 23.

LORD'S HUSBANDMEN,.....$38.00

Motto—"We are laborers together with God."—1 Cor. iii. 9.

"The harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

"Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves."

SPRINGS OF WATER,.....$32.50

Motto—"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."—Prov. xxv. 25.

LORD'S ARMOR-BEARERS,.....$30.00

Motto—"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."—Eph. vi. 13.

"THOMAS STORM MISSIONARY SOCIETY,".....$15.00

Motto—A token of respect to a faithful teacher.

"A faithful teacher's name we bear,
And pray he may hereafter wear
A fadeless crown as his reward.
He shows us self-denying zeal,
Has taught us others' wants to feel,
And with sweet texts our mind has stored."

CHILDREN OF ISRAEL,.....$12.66

Motto—"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel that they bring me an offering, of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart, ye shall take my offering."—Exodus xxv. 1, 2.

The following is the summary of the report:

TO THE TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

My Dear Friends and Children: We have finished our Sixth Anniversary with great delight. The rain prevented the attendance of many of our Scholars. Yet the Church was completely crowded with our schools and friends. Our schools are now larger than ever before. The school at the Church has 57 Teachers and 1163 Scholars, making 1220. And the Mission-school has 33 Teachers and 433 Scholars, making 90 Teachers and 1596 Scholars. Total number of Teachers and Scholars, 1686. We have never had so pleasant and animated an Anniversary before.

Last year I reported to you our whole mission sum collected as $573.30; and the fund then in the hands of the Committee for Foreign Missions, $1494.11. Our school then resolved to raise for the year now concluded, *One Thousand Dollars.* We brought all our gifts together at the Anniversary, and they have amounted to *One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars.* I have paid this sum, of which

twelve hundred dollars was in gold pieces, to the Treasurer of the Foreign Committee. And now we have in the hands of the Committee, "to be hereafter appropriated according to your wish," *Three Thousand Three Hundred and Nineteen Dollars.* I now give you a report of the names and contributions of our various Missionary Societies. Let us be thankful for what the Lord enables us to do. How many poor heathen children may we bless and save! We shall get enough together in a few years, to build, and then to support, some School or Orphan Asylum by ourselves. Let us set out again, and work another year with energy and united love and zeal, and the Lord will bless us.

To these sums we have to add $113.44, from our monthly Missionary collections, and $100, which was collected at the Anniversary.

I shall hope to be much more with you, if the Lord shall permit, in the year to come. Until some new Superintendent shall be given to us, I shall take charge of the School at the Church myself.

And now, my dear children, may the Lord bless you and keep you. May He make you His own children and servants. May He make you a blessing to many. Try to love and serve Him. Remember, they who seek Him early shall surely find Him. And they who find Him, want no good thing.

Your affectionate Pastor and faithful Friend,

STEPHEN H. TYNG.

St. George's Rectory, New York, May 1, 1855.

Such are the statistics of the Sunday-schools of St. George's Church. *Sixteen hundred* pupils, nearly one hundred teachers, and one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars given to the cause of Foreign Missions in one year! It is an example to be considered.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

At the opening of this sketch, we spoke of Dr. Tyng as the impersonation of extreme "Low-Church" sentiments. Yet he should not be regarded as a representative of any portion of the Episcopal Church. He is not so esteemed by churchmen, he does not so esteem himself. If he be the representative of any Church, it is of St. George's Church. And this part of our description cannot

be better presented than in his own words. On the 15th of April, 1855, Dr. Tyng preached a discourse at the tenth Anniversary of his connection with St. George's Church, from which we extract largely. The text was, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." After stating the qualifications of the minister, he proceeded to say—

"Whether such a spirit has characterized my ten years' ministry among you, my beloved friends, you must judge for yourselves. That it ought to have distinguished it, I am bound to maintain. I have freely devoted to you, probably, the best ten years of my life. I am honestly conscious of having labored among you as earnestly and as assiduously as I have had strength to bear. I have habitually done this one thing, instant and unrelaxing in the work appointed me here. The pleasures of literature, the indulgences of general society, and even the occupations of mind which might have been made, in a degree, kindred to my ministry in the Gospel, I have cheerfully renounced, for the single purpose of giving my whole time and strength to you, and taking heed to my ministry to fulfil it. That I may be justly charged with many infirmities and errors in my work and walk among you, is beyond a doubt. But no man can charge me with eating any man's bread for naught, or with lording it over God's heritage, or with taking heed to the flock for filthy lucre's sake. I speak this in no vain-glorious boasting. And I shall make no apology for giving you a simple and concise account of my ten years' ministry among you, however personal its allusions and details may appear. Whether its results and course indicate the spirit of power, and of a sound mind, I leave you and others at perfect liberty to judge.

"I would first survey the history of our outward relation for the past ten years. It was an unexpected and singular providence which brought me here. For sixteen years before, I had ministered in Philadelphia; for the last twelve of those among a flock where I never heard one syllable of reproach or dissatisfaction, and among whom, growing up around me, as children around a father, I never saw one single instance of division, nor ever heard, on any occasion, the language of discord. I said I should die in my nest. Not the

remotest thought of my removal from them, as my own possible act, ever came to my mind; and never was such a removal more undesirable or more unlikely than when at last I was led to make it. The little, but important circumstances which made up that chain of manifest providence and obligation, I have not time to relate.

"The chief inducement which finally led me here was the proposed opportunity of vastly extended influence and usefulness in my Master's cause, in this new field of labor, which we have now occupied for the six years past. The proposal for such a work had been made by my venerated predecessor, Dr. Milnor, before his death. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have carried out the plan in some shape. And because I considered him, and not myself, the author of this scheme, which God has so prospered, I desired his monument should stand here, as it does stand, as a witness to others long after I am gone.

"I had been here nearly a year before all the difficulties in the way of this enterprise, and the various preparatory considerations which must be regarded, were sufficiently removed to enable the Vestry actually to undertake the work. In March, 1846, they determined to build; and, on the 23d of June, the corner-stone of this majestic temple was laid. On the 19th of November, 1848, we opened this edifice for public worship. The success which has crowned the undertaking has amply vindicated the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind, of those who so boldly undertook it. I need not refer to the difficulties through which the Vestry were compelled to force their way in the accomplishment of the work they had assumed. One of the most remarkable of all the features of the history, was the providence by which internal dissensions in the congregation, and outward hostility from others, in whose hands there was power to annoy, were made to arrest the premature sale of property of the corporation, and to tie it up, until such a change in its value as should fully relieve our obligations, had taken place. The opposition was meant for evil; God was pleased to overrule it for remarkable good. In the mean time, he gave to one faithful friend of the Church the ability and the will to meet the whole responsibility. And it must never be forgotten that, to his disin-

terested energy and noble conception of Christian duty, this Church is wholly indebted for the edifice in which we now worship. The subsequent appreciation of the property of the Church, and the complete overcoming of all the obstacles which were placed in the way of its successful sale, enabled the Vestry to meet all the obligations which he assumed. But the prospect of such a result, at the time when this burden was undertaken by him, the most prudent men would have been ready to think the least probable. Thus has God prospered our outward relations, that we have now the church, the chapel, and the rectory, the clear and unincumbered property of the corporation. The completion of the spires, according to the original plan, is now under contract and in progress, to be perfected within two years. For this, abundant and safe provision has been made.

"We may now turn to consider the pecuniary consideration of this corporation during the ten years past. When I became the rector of this Church, ten years since, the property of the corporation consisted of the church and rectory in Beekman-street, and of thirty house lots, received from Trinity Church, in the original endowment of St. George's, a part of that parish, as an independent Church. From these two sources the income of the corporation was derived. The whole pew-rent of the church, the year previous to my settlement, was less than fifteen hundred dollars. The income from the rents of the thirty lots was $5105. The debts of the corporation were about $20,000, making the whole net income of the church less than $5500. The value of these lots were estimated by a committee of the Vestry at that time at from $180,000 to $200,000. With these means at their command, the Vestry entered upon the work of this edifice. The lot on which the church itself here stands was the donation of Peter G. Stuyvesant; and made by no means more to improve the value of his large surrounding property, than to manifest his own deep interest in the evangelical principles on which St. George's was well known to stand. The residue of the ground we occupy was subsequently purchased from his heirs, at a cost of $10,000. Upon this ground the Vestry have expended upon the church and its furniture, about $228,000

Upon the chapel and Sunday-school rooms, about $11,000. Upon the rectory, about $21,000, making in all about $260,000. Of this amount every dollar has been paid. The additional cost of the spires will be $45,000; to which the bells and clock may be calculated as adding $10,000 more, making, in the whole investment in this enterprise, when completed, $325,000. For the contracted cost of the spires, provision has already been made in a lot of land valued at $20,000, reserved, and in an assigned excess of their annual income for a few years to come. And now, at the present period, the possessions of the corporation are, this whole property here, with its permanently completed edifices, and more than $100,000 in value of their original endowment still remaining in their hands. Against this they have no debts, and from this no interest or incumbrance to deduct. The present net clear income of this corporation is $10,500 from the pew-rents, and $5835 from their endowment, making $16,335, entirely clear of all exterior demands; from the annual excess of which over their expenditures, together with the reserved lot already referred to, the perfect completion of their great undertaking is seen to be easily anticipated and entirely secure. The fixed action of the Vestry, settled since March, 1851, has been, not to reduce the principal of their endowment, exclusive of the church and buildings in connection with it, below the sum of $100,000, but to finish all that remains of their work from means exclusive of this. And this may be now considered, therefore, the fixed and established property of this corporation."

The sermon proceeds to give the religious history of the ten years, and closes with humble acknowledgment of God's guidance and goodness. The contributions of the Church to benevolent societies are found to amount to $77,095, during the ten years.

The following biographical statement is copied from the United States Ecclesiastical Portrait Gallery. It is authentic:

"The Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng, D. D., was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 1st, 1800. He was the second son of the Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, a distinguished lawyer of that State, who married a daughter of the Hon. Stephen Higginson, of

Boston, a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. He was entered at Harvard University in 1813, and graduated in 1817. Having no particular taste for either of the learned professions, he entered upon a merchant's life with most encouraging prospects of worldly success. But in 1819, it pleased God to call him to the work of the ministry. His course of theological studies was pursued at Bristol, R. I., under the supervision and direction of Bishop Griswold. It was during Mr. Tyng's residence in Bristol, that a very remarkable revival of religion occurred in that place, commencing with St. Michael's congregation, and extending through the town.

"Mr. Tyng was ordained a Deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Bristol, on the 4th of March, 1821. After his ordination he removed to the South, and was settled the 1st of May, the same year of his ordination, as the minister of St. John's Church, Georgetown, D. C. There he remained for two years, zealously occupied in the discharge of ministerial duty, and not without witnessing fruits of his labor. A wider field opened before him, and he accepted an invitation to Queen Ann Parish, Prince George's county, Maryland. This was a delightful country abode, and furnished not only opportunities of improving labor in the best classes of society, but also the means of preparation for future and more extensive influence in the Church. It also opened extensive opportunities for missionary service, there being many districts in that and the neighboring parishes, especially in Virginia, where the scattered population seldom enjoyed opportunities for public worship in their vicinity. It was the custom of Mr. Tyng, in addition to his ordinary duties, to make extensive preaching tours in order to meet these wants. On one of these tours he travelled four hundred and fifty miles on horseback, in fourteen days, and during this period he preached seventeen times.

"After laboring six years in Prince George's county, he was invited to become the rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. He took charge of that church in May, 1829. Perhaps no church in Philadelphia has ever exhibited such thronged audiences, as did St. Paul's from 1830 up to the time of the resignation of its then

rector. It was not the tinsel glitter of a decorated style, nor the attractive graces of a superior elocution, nor the charms of a novelty that perishes in its earliest efflorescence which drew those crowds, but the solemn, thrilling exhibition of the great doctrines of the Gospel set forth with the fervor and earnestness of one who possessed a vigorous and powerful mind, who had made an entire consecration of himself to the Master he served, and who uniformly preached as though heaven and hell, the judgment-seat and eternity, were unveiled and directly before him. For about two years he held a daily six o'clock morning meeting in the vestry-room; and during the whole period of his ministry at St. Paul's preached regularly three times each Sunday, besides attending to his weekly Lecture, and making addresses for every benevolent society throughout the city that asked his services.

"It was during his ministry at St. Paul's, and at the annual commencement of Jefferson College in 1832, that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by that institution. Whatever mistakes have been made by our literary institutions of late years, in the lavish conferring of this degree, if sound learning, accurate scholarship, extensive theological acquirements, vigorous intellect, and very superior pulpit powers, with great devotion to the work of the ministry, constitute legitimate grounds for the bestowment of this honor, it was not injudiciously conferred in the present instance.

"Dr. Tyng continued his labors at St. Paul's until October, 1833, when he was elected rector of the Church of the Epiphany. In the spring of 1845 he came to New York."

Dr. Tyng has been twice married. His first wife was the daughter of Bishop Griswold, by whom he had four children. His present wife was Miss Mitchell, of Philadelphia, who is the mother of five children. His oldest son, Rev. Dudley Atkins Tyng, is rector of "The Church of the Epiphany" in Philadelphia, probably ranking next to "St. George's" in the number of communicants and general efficiency.

Besides the labors involved in the ministrations to such a large church, and the oversight of such a Sabbath-school—labors which

we have not attempted to depict, and which can only be realized by experience, Dr. Tyng has written much for the press. He is a voluminous pamphleteer; he is one of the editors of "The Protestant Churchman," and a generous contributor to its columns; and he has published several volumes;—"The Israel of God;" "Lectures on the Law and the Gospel;" "Christ is All;" "Christian Titles," issued by the Carters; and "The Rich Kinsman," just published by the same house, and republished in England; "Fellowship with Christ;" a volume on Confirmation, containing Prayers for Sabbath-schools; "Life of Dr. Bedell;" "Life of E. J. P. Messenger, Missionary to Africa;" and "Recollections of England." He is, besides, the main agent in the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, a prominent member in the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, and one of the most efficient officers of the Pastoral Aid Society.

CRITICISM.

Dr. Tyng came to New York, known as a leading member of the Low-Church party, to become the spiritual guide of a congregation also known as thoroughly Low Church; and appropriately took an early occasion to avow his faith and to propose his plan of ministry. He proclaimed his adhesion to the right and the privilege of extempore prayer; declaring that he should maintain the right always, and use the privilege whenever he thought best, even to the occasional and partial dispensing of the prayer-book.

His views on this subject are sufficiently revealed in the following extract from his work entitled "Recollections of England:"

"Wherever, in England, I met with faithful, pious brethren, I found them men of prayer. The prayers on all these occasions were uniformly extemporaneous." And he adds: "How destructive to the influence of true piety among us, and to the actual increase of the power of the Gospel, would be the success of their endeavors, who would shut from us the use of extemporaneous prayer! The converted soul must pray: and although our liturgy, for the purposes of strictly public worship, for which it is designed, is unri-

valled, and all that we want, it does not, and cannot, answer the purpose of many other occasions, when we need prayers most special and adapted. The attempt to make it the only vehicle of united prayers is the inevitable result of a formal spirit, and the parent of this spirit in others."

Thus holding opinions differing so widely from those embraced in the "Tracts for the Times," earnest, zealous, bold, and independent in their promulgation, regarding facts rather than forms, the spirit of the law rather than the letter, the living body rather than the superficial clothes, it is no wonder that he has become so mighty a champion of one portion of the Episcopal Church, as to be, to some extent at least, obnoxious to the other portion. Hence it is important that allowance should be made for the eulogies of friends and the disparagement of foes, by those who found their judgments of the man on mere report. Since his "defining of position," he has had frequent occasion to endorse it by public acts. On the test question, at the trial of Bishop Onderdonk, he was found on the side where all expected to find him; and not only on a question of Church government and discipline, but also in teaching and preaching, he is the same uncompromising foe to the monarchy of forms.

There is an earnestness in Dr. Tyng's pulpit ministrations which testifies that their warmth results from no artificial heat. His sermons are not, like some, warmed into life by friction between the conscience of the speaker and the necessity of his position, both, perhaps, hard enough. He does not preach because he has "taken orders;" but he has taken orders that he might preach. He uses a form, without being formal; employs a liturgy in prayer, without becoming liturgical in preaching; wears a surplice without being precise; reads the daily lessons without a tone; admires the common prayer-book without adoring it, tendering his love without his worship. Dr. Tyng has withstood the influence of forms, because he possesses the spiritual life which spurns formality, and the strong and nervous intellect which brooks no hampers. It is with the inner world of man as with the outward world of nature. It is the burning coal upon which no ashes rests. It is the torrent starting from the liv-

ing spring, which is never icebound. Hence, depending on individual and inward growth, ordinary subjects reveal beneath his touch manifold relations. Let him direct his creative intellect towards the most barren subject, and it teems with life and beauty; as beneath the warm spring sun, myriads of blades of grass and gorgeous flowers start forth from the winter-browned fields.

His mind is under control. Pycroft compares his mind to his dog, in its proneness to wander, and says: "There is a way to make my dog obey, change his wandering nature, *down*, when I say, down, and pass without a glance every thing but the game I choose to hunt." Dr. Tyng has well succeeded in that which Pycroft desired. And still there is a point of excellence unattained by him. He sometimes loses sight of the logical order. He does not give over the pursuit of his subject, but "gets on the wrong scent." Still his mind is well trained; it "passes every thing but the game he chooses to hunt."

Dr. Tyng's style is close, and no objectionable superfluity is countenanced; still there is some luxuriance, but it is the luxuriance of a well-trimmed hedge, rather than of a South American jungle. His sentences are methodical in their construction, and rounded in their completion. In this finish of execution he excels Mr. Beecher, with whom he often comes in contrast at public meetings. He has more refinement, a higher polish, and better grace, and yet is not as forcible, to a certain order of mind, which enjoys the manifold efflorescence of genius more than the fruits of talent. Beecher is the child of nature, Tyng the pride of art.

Dr. Tyng moves the feelings, but not by a graphic description, affecting representation, or thrilling word, but by the forcible representation of truth, illustrated, if at all, by metaphor rather than by description. The truth he has in hand he turns round and round, inside and out. Instead of bringing the strong lights of illustration to bear upon it, he takes it to pieces and passes it around to his hearers.

In his complete, well-formed sentences, and accurate choice of words, nay, in the grand style in which he rolls them out, there is something truly Ciceronian about Dr. Tyng; while the speeches of Mr. Beecher, with their short sentences, pointed words, and popular

appeals, are Demosthenic. Both have emotion in the pulpit, without grossly discovering it. Dr. Tyng has his feelings, like his mind, under stern control. We have seen him stand for a moment, silent and statue-like, a tear starting from his eye, and then go on with a voice as clear and ringing as before. His manner is described to a great extent by reference to his style. It is not always that the style and thought and manner all harmonize as they do in the case of Dr. Tyng. There is the same precision and accuracy; the same force and energy; the same boldness and independence in each. He pronounces each word by itself, distinctly and heavily, so that his voice reminds of the regular beat of a cannon-ball in descending a flight of stairs. He is erect, dignified, and rather stately in his public appearance, speaks with quite enough fire and fervor, gestures earnestly, emphasizes decidedly, has a flashing eye and a clear voice. Both in style and manner he frequently reminds one of a man on trial. He defends himself, justifies his own acts, not directly, to be sure, but impliedly. One feels that he has been receiving anonymous letters, condemning some speech; or the advice of some kind friend, hinting at a better, more prudent, more politic course; which, coming to a man with a path marked out, and a resolve to follow it, serve but to irritate and wound. He never dodges responsibility or affects modesty by using the pronoun "we," when he means "I." In fact, the "I" is slightly prominent throughout his discourses, not painfully so, perhaps not excessively so; but still one is not apt to lose sight of the man in the interest of the subject. The truth was deeply interesting, but *Dr. Tyng* presented it.

But it is on the platform that Dr. Tyng best proclaims discipline of mind, power of language, and oratorical talent. There is the same precision, the same finish, completeness, force, and logical order in his Extempore as in his written addresses. Never at a loss for a word, and the right word too, he talks on with the steady flow of an unfailing fountain. In fact, he extemporizes with such perfection, with such rounding of periods and finish of sentences, that one is apt to suspect previous preparation, and ascribe success to a wonderful memory; but those who know any thing about it, know that when he pretends to speak extemporaneously he is doing so. There

is no sham about it. Perhaps he never was more eloquent and impressive in his life, and never clothed his thoughts in more beautiful or forcible language, than on the occasion of an Anniversary in Broadway Tabernacle, when he was called upon to speak until another gentleman, appointed for the occasion, should arrive. He spoke ten minutes admirably, fully developed his thought, and would have sat down; but the expected speaker had not come; the audience insisted on his proceeding; and another ten minutes he poured out a strain of still more impassioned eloquence. Still there was no arrival, cries of "go on," "go on," again prevailed, and he started forward on "the third heat," bearing away the hearts of all in their admiration of his burning words; eclipsing in his last effort all previous displays, and accomplishing, in that most difficult task of "speaking against time," the greatest feat of platform oratory. No, this "smell of the lamp" is not the result of special studied preparation, but of that preparation which has been going on through a lifetime of study; at the academy, the college, the seminary, in professional life.

He has, to be sure, a wonderful memory, which not only brings whatever word at his bidding, but contributes anecdote, quotation, and fact in abundant and apt manner. As an illustration of its power, we may mention, that it is not uncommon for him to read the chapter at family prayers without opening the Bible; and he often, at church, at the close of the sermon, gives out the hymn, and recites the first verse, while searching for the place. But his memory is not used, in extempore, to recall special sentences prepared for the occasion. He carries also fewer notes to his pulpit than any preacher described in our collection, except Mr. Milburn. We presume he has not preached ten written sermons during the last ten years; and even including those written for publication, which belong to the department of authorship, and not of oratory, we venture to say, that during a ministry of thirty-five years, in each one of which he has probably preached two hundred times, he has not written more than five hundred sermons. It is a great pleasure to hear him extemporize, for one is never made nervous from fear of failure. The hearer feels assured that the right thing will be presented

in the right way; and the only disappointment is in the result being greater than expectation.

Dr. Tyng is indeed a strong man—strong in mind, strong in self-control, strong in feeling, strong in will; and, finally, he is a man who makes strong friends and strong enemies. Indeed this cannot be otherwise with a man of decided character. Strength, coupled with independence, is destined to opposition. It is difficult oftentimes to decide when this is deserved, and when it is not. Moreover, Dr. Tyng is impetuous. In the excitement of public speaking, impelled on by the interest of the subject, the applause of a delighted audience, and an ambition to please, he is induced to make sweeping assertions. For example, we heard him use these words in a public meeting, held in the New York Tabernacle: "I believe a Church to be nothing more than a collection of sanctified individuals united together for the good of mankind." He may, in calm moments, subscribe to this, and he may not. This impulsive character is of itself fruitful of opposition. Moreover, we are inclined to think that he likes battling; and many a man honored in the Church has liked battling before him. Luther relished it: he would go to Worms, though there were as many devils there as tiles on the houses. Paul, too, did not object to making a sturdy resistance when principle was concerned; and the great Head of the Church himself, told his disciples that He came into the world "not to send peace, but a sword." It is doubtful whether a man of sterling principle can go through the world without some battling. There are "foes without and foes within;" and he is to be congratulated who can get some comfort out of the operation.

But his prominent fault comes from his energy of will. He is imperious and exacting. He at times forgets politeness in the mastery of purpose. As a soldier, he would throw himself into the "imminent deadly breach;" as a member of the English House of Commons, he would be in the opposition; as a politician, he would lead his party; as a statesman, he would be a ruling spirit on the floor of the Senate; as a churchman, he stands where—all know he does. He is considered by the High-Church party radical and schismatical; by the Low-Church, the defender of Church purity and principles. He

is a man who, in times of national revolution, would come upon the surface of the troubled waters to guide and sway. The people would yield to his determined will, shout to his eloquence, and glory in his talents. At the close of a life full of work, excitement, contention, and responsibility, he may repeat, with peculiar emphasis, the words of the great Christian champion of old—"I have fought a good *fight*."

EVANGELICAL CATHOLICITY.

Some account has been given of the interesting movement towards a reunion of the Evangelical and Unitarian Congregationalists. We regard this as one indication of a tendency among Christians to multiply points of agreement rather than points of difference, towards that fusion of conflicting elements into one organized body, the Church, under one Head, the Lord Christ; to which the eye of Christian faith looks hopefully. Among other indications of the same tendency we include the movement of the Methodists to secure an educated ministry; and of other denominations to appropriate the advantages peculiar to lay and to extempore preaching; the movements of the Presbyterians, Reformed Dutch, and Congregationalists, towards the adoption of forms of worship; and, finally, the movements of the Episcopalians towards a relaxing of their liturgical system. As Dr. Tyng says: "It is a significant circumstance, that while our Church is discussing the propriety of liturgical relaxation, some of the other Churches are expressing their sense of the need of a fixed ritual of worship. While we are asking for gates, they are crying out for fences. It is a proof of the increasing unity of sentiment and feeling among Evangelical Christians. Scripture Protestantism is becoming every year more perceptibly and organically one. Love is fusing and clarifying an opaque sand-heap into a crystal globe. May the blessed Spirit carry on the good work, until we all come into the unity of the faith!"

Of the Methodist movement in one direction, and that of other

denominations in the opposite, enough has been said. The Congregationalist tendency to a liturgy has been noted in the sketch of Dr. Storrs. At the head of the Reformed Dutch movement, in the same direction, stands Dr. Bethune; at the head of the German Reformed movement stands Dr. Schaff. It is evidenced in the efforts for a revision of their liturgies by committees of the Synods. In the Church of Scotland Dr. Cunningham is strongly committed to the liturgical scheme. The "Princeton Review," the organ of the Old School Presbyterian Church, in the July number of 1855, publishes an article advocating the preparation of a book of Common Prayer for the Presbyterian Church, to be optional, and not authoritative in its use. And it enumerates among the advantages; 1st. "It would be a great assistance to those who are not specially favored with the gift of prayer, and thus tend to elevate and improve this important part of public worship;" and, secondly, it would supply a form for the thousands of occasions where religious services are essential and no clergyman is present. And the article adds:

"It is a very common impression that any attempt to construct a Book of Common Prayer would be playing into the hands of the Episcopalians. First, because it would imply a concession in favor of liturgies; secondly, because no book which could now be framed would be likely to compare favorably with the English Prayer-book; and thirdly, because it would be impossible to give to any new book the authority of sacredness, which ages have conferred upon that. We cannot believe that any thing which would really improve our public service could operate unfavorably to the interests of our Church. There would be no concession to Episcopal usages, even if Presbyterians should return to the custom of their forefathers, and introduce a liturgy into all their churches."

In the last year has also been published, "Eutaxia, or the Presbyterian Liturgies; by a minister of the Presbyterian Church"—a book which has excited a good deal of discussion—in which the author seeks to demonstrate, by historical proofs, 1st, That the principles of Presbyterianism in nowise conflict with the discretionary use of written forms; and secondly, that the practice of Presbyterian Churches abundantly warrants the adoption and use of such

forms. Some months ago, also, more than one of the Unitarian periodicals, particularly the Christian Inquirer, of New York, contained able articles on liturgical forms, in favor of the expediency of employing them as guides and aids in public religious services. We may also add, as another indication, that St. Peter's Church (Presbyterian), of Rochester, New York, has the last year adopted "The Church Book," as it is called, containing "The Order for Public Worship, the Order of Administering Baptism, the Order of publicly receiving Baptized Persons, the Order of Administering the Lord's Supper, the Marriage Service, the Funeral Service, Morning and Evening Prayers for Families, a Psalter, the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, and Psalms and Hymns, with Tunes for Congregational Singing."

But the tendency of Episcopalians in the opposite direction is more remarkable; and of this we present a brief history, without presuming on a thorough discussion.

At the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in October, 1853, the following memorial was presented:

To the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Council Assembled:

Right Reverend Fathers:

The undersigned, presbyters of the Church of which you have the oversight, venture to approach your venerable body with an expression of sentiment, which their estimate of your office in relation to the times does not permit them to withhold. In so doing, they have confidence in your readiness to appreciate their motives and their aims. The actual posture of our Church with reference to the great moral and social necessities of the day, presents to the mind of the undersigned a subject of grave and anxious thought. Did they suppose that this was confined to themselves, they would not feel warranted in submitting it to your attention; but they believe it to be participated in by many of their brethren, who may not have seen the expediency of declaring their views, or at least a mature season for such a course.

The divided and distracted state of our American Protestant Christianity, the new and subtle forms of unbelief adapting themselves with fatal success to the spirit of the age, the consolidated forces of Romanism bearing with renewed skill and activity against the Protestant faith, and as more or less the consequence of these, the utter ignorance of the Gospel among so large a portion of the lower classes of our population, making a heathen world in our midst, are among the considerations which induce your memorialists to present the inquiry whether the period has not arrived for the adoption of measures, to meet these exigencies of the times, more comprehensive than any yet provided for by our present ecclesiastical system: in other words, whether the Protestant Episcopal Church, with only her present canonical means and appliances, her fixed and invariable modes of public worship, and her traditional customs and usages, is competent to the work of preaching and dispensing the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men, and so adequate to do the work of the Lord in this land and in this age? This question, your petitioners, for their own part, and in consonance with many thoughtful minds among us, believe must be answered in the negative. Their memorial proceeds on the assumption that our Church, confined to the exercise of her present system, is not sufficient to the great purposes above mentioned—that a wider door must be opened for admission to the Gospel ministry, than that through which her candidates for holy orders are now obliged to enter. Besides such candidates among her own members, it is believed that men can be found among the other bodies of Christians around us, who would gladly receive ordination at your hands, could they obtain it, without that entire surrender which would now be required of them, of *all* the liberty in public worship to which they have been accustomed—men, who could not bring themselves to conform in all particulars to our prescriptions and customs, but yet sound in the faith, and who, having the gifts of preachers and pastors, would be able ministers of the New Testament. With deference it is asked, ought such an accession to your means, in executing your high commission, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," to be refused, for the sake of

conformity in matters recognized in the preface to the Book of Common Prayer as unessentials? Dare we pray the Lord of the harvest, to send forth laborers into the harvest, while we reject all laborers but those of one peculiar type? The extension of orders to the class of men contemplated (with whatever safeguards, not infringing on evangelical freedom, which your wisdom might deem expedient) appears to your petitioners to be a subject supremely worthy of your deliberations.

In addition to the prospect of the immediate good which would thus be opened, an important step would be taken towards the effecting of a Church unity in the Protestant Christendom of our land. To become a central bond of union among Christians, who, though differing in name, yet hold to one Faith, the one Lord, and the one Baptism, and who need only such a bond to be drawn together in closer and more primitive fellowship, is here believed to be the peculiar province and high privilege of your venerable body as a College of Catholic and Apostolic Bishops *as such*.

This leads your petitioners to declare the ultimate design of their memorial—which is to submit the practicability, under your auspices, of some ecclesiastical system, broader and more comprehensive than that which you now administer, surrounding and including the Protestant Episcopal Church as it now is, leaving that Church untouched, identical with that Church in all its great principles, yet providing for as much freedom in opinion, discipline, and worship, as is compatible with the essential faith and order of the Gospel. To define and act upon such a system, it is believed, must sooner or later be the work of an American Catholic Episcopate.

In justice to themselves on this occasion, your memorialists beg leave to remark that, although aware that the foregoing views are not confined to their own small number, they have no reason to suppose that any other parties contemplate a public expression of them, like the present. Having therefore undertaken it, they trust that they have not laid themselves open to the charge of unwarranted intrusion. They find their warrant in the prayer now offered up by all our congregations, "that the comfortable Gospel

of Christ may be truly preached, truly received, and truly followed, in all places, to the breaking down of the kingdom of Sin, Satan, and Death." Convinced that, for the attainment of these blessed ends, there must be some greater concert of action among Protestant Christians than any which yet exists, and believing that with you, Right Reverend Fathers, it rests to take the first measures tending thereto, your petitioners could not do less than humbly submit their memorial to such consideration as in your wisdom you may see fit to give it. Praying that it may not be dismissed without reference to a Commission, and assuring you, Right Reverend Fathers, of our dutiful veneration and esteem,

We are, most respectfully,
your brethren and servants in the Gospel of Christ,

W. A. Muhlenberg,	C. F. Cruse,
Philip Berry,	Edwin Harwood,
G. T. Bedell,	Henry Gregory,
Alex. H. Vinton,	M. A. De Wolfe Howe,
S. H. Turner,	S. R. Johnson,
C. W. Andrews,	F. E. Lawrence,
	and others.

New York, October 14th, 1853.

This memorial deserves to be noted in several particulars. 1st, As indicating a sense of inadequacy in the Protestant Episcopal Church to meet the wants of the people. 2d, As suggesting two modes of relief, the relaxing of the constraints of a Ritual, and the extension of the privileges of ordination. 3d, As not definite in its expression, but suggestive. 4th, As signed by both High and Low Churchmen. And, lastly, as successful, in that the object of the memorialists was gained, through its reference to a Commission, by an almost unanimous vote; the four voting in the negative being two extreme High Churchmen, and two extreme Low Churchmen.

The memorial was followed by an elaborative "exposition" from Dr. Muhlenberg, of which we shall speak in another place.

The Commission, to whom was referred the memorial, presented a list of questions for consideration. Among which were, "Ought

we or ought we not to have itinerating evangelists as well as settled pastors?" "Could changes be advantageously made in our liturgical services?" "Ought the conditions now imposed on candidates who have been licensed or ordained in the Protestant communions to be relaxed?" &c., &c. To these, various replies have been received and some published. Among them was one entitled "A Few Thoughts on the Duties, Difficulties, and Relations of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by Catholicus," in which the leading points are: "It is a disastrous error to suppose that the clergy are the only religious instructors of mankind." "The efficiency of the clergy would be promoted by any thing that shall lead them to acquire some knowledge of the practical part of their profession, while studying its theory." "They should be free to exercise any gifts which they possess in extemporaneous preaching, and in extemporaneous prayers." "The Sunday-morning services of the Church are much too protracted." "It is obvious that the framers of the service expected and intended extempore prayer. This is the only hypothesis upon which the service, with its want of variety, and its remarkable omissions can be explained."

Another reply more recently published, written by Rev. Edward A. Washburn, of St. John's Church, Hartford, presents the whole matter in a form adapted to our purpose. He begins by saying that "this memorial is no work of individual fancy or party radicalism; it comes from many, nominally of different sides in our communion, and utters a common conviction;" and "that our chief need at this day is to ascertain what we mean by the Church system, its laws of life and processes of growth, in their bearing on such a movement."

The writer proposes "to consider the work of a Church calling itself a branch of the Catholic Church of Christ in America; and to compare with this the position of the Protestant Episcopal body, and seek to prove thence its want and its duty."

His first premise is, that "it is the essential principle of the Holy Catholic Church that it is built on no fragment of doctrine or institution, but embraces in its large fellowship all who are receivers of the simple Catholic faith, and baptized into its body."

"As such a Church, complete in theory, it ought to be, therefore, above all bodies of men called Christian, most complete in its action. It should have, here in our America, as throughout all the world, an organic growth; as a communion, not for one class of men, not for one section of the country, but for all; it should be in its spirit and methods, as well as in its claims, the Church of Jesus Christ in this continent."

This organic growth, he affirms, "involves a certain *changeless unity*, and again a certain *manifoldness of action*. As we hold both, and know the relation of each to the other, we are severed on one side from a false conservatism, and on the other from a false radicalism. As such, it has a *spiritual* principle: it is 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' And this is the soul of its Catholicity, as the Gospel of redemption to the universal heart. But, as such, it has also a *body*, the organic form of its life—existing in certain authoritative, perpetual truths and institutions. Its landmarks are, the Holy Sacraments, the two centres of all Christian communions; the Ministry its living order; the Faith, as embodied in the Holy Scriptures, the statute-book of all time; and in those creeds of the Apostles and Nice, which are, above all formularies, the voice of the whole Church.

"But while Catholic Christianity is thus essentially the same in any and all ages, its unity of life is put forth according to the *relations of the time and the social world in which it dwells*. We affirm that manifoldness of action is necessary to the Church. We do not use here the word development; for while the term is innocent and significant, yet in the hands of Newman on one side, and Rationalists on the other, it has gotten an ill-omened and suspicious sound. Words are nothing, if we can have things. The essential unity of the Church, then, we affirm, can never imply uniformity of method; nay, such uniformity is the surest sign that no life exists, as a hundred stone pillars may be built the same in stature and proportion, but a hundred trees are each specifically unlike."

He goes on to say: "We sometimes forget, in our zeal for preserving intact the apostolic three-fold system, that the system had its origin in the wants of the Church of that very time. We talk

of bishop, presbyter, and deacon, as if these orders were cast-iron mechanism; as if, because we keep them, we can therefore have no more. It is thus again, as history fully shows, that a cultus, or liturgical worship arises as a natural outgrowth. At first Christian men worshipped with no written form, but only the interpreted word, and the sacraments with a few very simple formulæ orally repeated: from these sprang the various liturgies, alike in essential unity of ideas and some common expressions, yet all differing in detail; and as such came from the mind and heart of believers, there grew a ritual of Alexandria, of Antioch, of Rome, of Gaul, and the rest.

"A church creates, of necessity, a liturgy, but that liturgy is not inspired, primitive, absolute, or unchangeable; it may be wise to keep it, dangerous to change it; it may be bound up with the affections and devotional wants of men, but it is very useless to rest it on a ground so unreasonable. Our only true position can be that such a system must have a living growth, and a living adaptation to a people.

"If, then, we have settled these principles, we may at once apply them to the work of the Church in America. It is indeed altogether a new phenomenon in Christendom; for as there was from the first no national Church, like those of England and France, born with the dawn, and growing with the growth of civilization, so this country has no established Christianity. All sects and systems are left to work in their own way. That worship which we hold dear is an exotic, transplanted from English soil, but never thoroughly grafted into the wild stock of American character. But if any Christian faith gain a national power, it must have a national growth; it must so far admit the action of a living principle as to give it a proper adaptation to American needs; and to this end it must, in its early stages, amidst a population wholly indifferent to the forms of England, or Rome, or any other, fall back as far as possible on essentials, and make its methods flexible. We can as soon build a York Minster in a Western clearing, as make the mass of American society accept a finished Anglican worship. There should be, first, an adaptation of the ministry to the people. A settled parochial clergy must be, of course, the chief reliance; but

there should be, besides these, an order fitted by a proper culture to minister to the multitude, not trained in the Church system. It is wanted directly around us for labor in half-organized parishes, or among the ignorant and poor who cannot be now reached. It is wanted for missionary work; and when we say this we do not mean, as too many imagine, some little suburban province of church action. For a century to come our main labor in this continent is emphatically of the missionary character; our country is the valley of the West, and the broad fields now opening before us to the Pacific. Such a class may be created without detriment to learning or regular order; and to suppose otherwise is as absurd as to say that an army is spoiled by the organization of a corps of light infantry. We want both a highly educated clergy and a clergy for the people; and instead of lowering the standard, we exalt it by a right division of labor. Its influence will be a living one, to carry the Church into the heart of society. Thus Wesley preached, and began a work which the Mother Church, in her cold narrowness, would not appreciate, but hardened her heart against him, and forced thousands, who might have been loving children, into separatists. But, next, there should be an adaptation of worship to the same necessity. The very notion of one rigid ritual for every class, drilled in its use from infancy, or utterly unaccustomed to it, is an absurdity. Such modifications should be, and may be, consistent with the keeping always of the essential features of the liturgy, with soberness and good taste; the self-same service will remain for the trained churchman; but the vast class without the Church, from whom she must have her recruits, should see and hear her in her Catholicity. She must show her willingness and capacity to meet their wants, to use every mode consistent with essential unity: she must make manifest her living, active, and generous spirit.

"We come now to the second topic of our essay. Is the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States such a body, and so fitted to Christianize this continent?

"We answer, that it is so in its theory, but not in its practical workings, and we shall here seek to unfold the fact and its causes.

"Instead of a Church Catholic, it is not to be mistaken that we

are in position a sect. It is true that we are among the most respectable of Christian bodies in education, refinement, wealth, and piety. Our growth has been considerable; our moderate doctrine, free from theological heat; our broad communion, our attractive ritual, Protestant, yet without the bareness of New England worship; our dignified and sober character, our conservative tone amidst the whirl of religious and social reforms, have given us great influence. But our growth has been, and is, of a special character, mainly by secession from radical bodies, of men affrighted by the influx of unchecked opinion or wild piety; men of conservative feelings and good taste. This is all well, and, to a certain degree, may be said to show the influence of the truths we possess over one-sided sectarianism. But in another and much more frequent sense, we have won those who care not a rush for the Church, but who find in her liturgy and sober ways a comfortable refuge. It is for them a pleasant *Hotel des Invalides*. Our system does not reach the mass of the American middle classes. We do not mean, of course, that it excludes them altogether, but that a comparatively small portion of them enter its communion. Methodist and Baptist take hold of such classes, but we do not. Can the fact be denied? We challenge the proofs; we challenge any to go through the parishes of our communion in city and country, and reckon the proportion. Where we have become a church for such classes, it is because certain new features, the first-fruits of the harvest which we would more fully reap, *e. g.*, the free-church system, have been introduced. To the vast multitude of the people we are a Church of England, not of America; an exotic, not an indigenous and native Christianity; a church of rigid and foreign ceremonies. But if it even be allowed that our influence is equal to that of the sects about us, which we by no means grant, the very allowance is the most feeble argument. If we be a Catholic Church, we should not be content with this; we should 'do more than others;' we should meet every class. As it is, we stand virtually on the same platform with the Presbyterian, a church for the upper ranks; wealthy, decent, with our peculiar exclusive distinctions, not Catholic attractions; a little less rigid than they in theology and social habits, a little more so in worship; in

fact, held by the world as in a kind of unstable equilibrium between Calvinist and Unitarian. There are enough who talk of 'the Church;' but to call it so in any practical sense, as having such a position or influence over American character, is simply absurd. Even in comparison with Rome, we have far less practical efficiency: her system acts with a vigor we cannot have on the poor and half-educated; and men begin to fear that she may be 'the Church' of America, while they have no fear whatever about us. Here, indeed, in the East and Middle States, we do not so fully feel the want, since our long establishment, our wealth and social resources, satisfy us; but in the Valley of the West, and the larger part of our vast continent, it is a patent fact. It is very easy for our complacent churchmen to shut their eyes, and say, 'We are going on very fairly as we are: we need nothing better.' The signs of the times cannot be mistaken; the Memorial does not fabricate, but speaks a profound conviction of many of every party. The movements in convention for a new order of deacons, the confessed dearth of clergy, the demand for special missionary work, are proofs that the need exists and is felt. It cannot be laughed down, or frowned down, or put out of sight, by any who, like the old Aristotelian, will not look into the telescope for fear he may see.

"What then, we ask, is the cause of the fact? We shall not fear whatever the distaste of any to the statement, to say that the chief cause is the uncatholic practical working of our Church. We freely acknowledge all other partial and possible causes. True, America is a vast country, and Christian work hard and slow; nor can we 'put a girdle round the globe in forty minutes;' true, there is a spirit of lawless unbelief abroad at this day; true, there is a false prejudice against our Church from the surrounding bodies. But with all this, we affirm that the large share of the evil lies with ourselves; and a glance at our history will show the ground of our charge. We were a colonial daughter of England when as yet no American nation was born; and that original type has never changed; but while Presbyterian and Puritan have adapted themselves to the nation, we have been, and are, a stereotype copy of England still. Let us not be misconceived in this remark. We

have no ultra-American prejudice against England; with her we are bound by ties that can never be broken; we love her faith and communion, and most unfilial were the heart that would not honor such a mother; but we are not the Church of England; we are the Church of Christ in America. Our fault has been that we have forgotten this. We have been an English establishment merely; we have repeated her imperfections as well as her excellences, her habits, her local characteristics, her parties. Many are content to be a high and dry church of very respectable Christians, distinguished from the Presbyterian by the absence of extempore prayers, of revivals, and lamps for evening service; from Methodists by a sober liturgy that regulates the 'Amen,' and the fashion of written discourses. Or, on the other side, they are a wealthier class of Evangelical Christians, abominating Tractarianism, and preaching 'justification by faith,' but not soiling their skirts by descending to their vulgar brethren, who hold the same 'doctrines of grace,' but not 'our scriptural and venerable liturgy,' our 'chaste and dignified worship.' This feeling is embalmed in our practical system. We have a noble clergy of scholars and gentlemen, and we want them; but we have none save of one training; here and there a Wesley, but no class of Wesleys. They are all honorable men at their sermon manufacture and parochial routine, but all scholarly gospellers. We have a diaconate, but it does not deacons' work; it aims only to 'purchase to itself a good degree' in a twelvemonth. We want the preachers and priests of the people. Nay, it is one of the most striking facts in this connection, that little fruit has come of the late canon for an order of working deacons; scarce any will join the number. It has been alleged, as proof, by our stiff conservatives of the extreme right, that they are not wanted; but to us it proves the very opposite, that there is a lethargic feeling prevalent which makes void even wise means. Our worship, again, repeats the same monotone. We cannot too highly reverence the liturgy as a monument of English devotion, free from Roman follies, and a bulwark against sectarian license; but we affirm plainly, that as a system for all occasions, and for every congregation, it is far too rigid and inflexible. We are fully aware that we risk the censure of

those who call themselves loyal; we too are loyal, 'not a whit behind the chiefest;' but a true loyalty is not blindness. It were an ungracious task, indeed, to dwell on the imperfections of the liturgy; to show, by historic proof, that our morning service, as used on the Lord's day, is an ill-adjusted pile of several distinct offices; to point out the unfitness of the calendar for weekly occasions, the meagerness of our collection of chants and hymns, and the rest. We should prefer to bring forward its rich beauties. As the standard of liturgical services, the general norm of practice, it is unequalled; it has, in the phrase of Hooker, 'a sensible excellency, correspondent to the majesty of Him whom we worship;' unity and harmony pervade it; confession, absolution, chant, lesson, and prayer, move onward in one swelling chorus; its collects are the utterance of the Christian heart in its devoutest ages; its seasons of festival and fast bear us from mystery to mystery of His Divine Life, who is the Type of His Church; its baptismal and communion offices are witnesses of Catholic faith and devotion.

"But we may surely say all this, and yet, without fear of being called blasphemers, hold that our system demands some modification. The difficulty lies not so much in the liturgy itself as in our too rigid use of it; it is absolutely imperative in every detail amidst all the changing circumstances of ministerial work. We are so far from conservative in this, that we have lost its original method; we have not at all the varied hours and varied offices of those who framed the liturgy. It was never meant to be the same routine for all occasions; we have made it such, and deadened it by our own stiffness. Devotion wearies with the repetition morning and evening, not only on the Lord's day, but in every daily prayer and special service, of the same form of 'linked sweetness long drawn out.' But the defect is felt far more with the missionary among those who have not the trained habit of worship. Imagine St. Paul in cassock and surplice haranguing the crowd of Athens or Lystra; in every discourse, at every fresh station, beginning with his 'dearly beloved brethren;' reading Venite and Te Deum when he found no music; making his own responses; and so through Litany and Ante-Communion, service on service, Ossa on Pelion, before he could speak

one hearty word of the kingdom of God. It is no caricature. Not a missionary meeting in western wilds, not a handful of countrymen untrained in liturgies, but, hungering after truth, can listen without these preliminaries.

"The work of the Church Catholic is committed to us. What have we done to accomplish it? Somewhat, doubtless. But we have been mainly occupied with our own peculiar differences, our rival interests borrowed from the mother church. Two great parties have divided us, and thus far our history has been their conflict. Each has had its godly men and its earnest aims, but each has given up to party what was meant for the Church. The Evangelical side has been battling against the errors of Rome and Oxford: it has preached justification by faith, and in many cases it has uttered needful rebuke; but it has been chiefly an opposition, and in its one-sidedness has severed the Church from the Gospel. We do not here confound the Church with its parties; we rejoice to believe, apart from these, that there is a unity of earnest minds who hold its truth. But we would see that unity more manifest. The Church asks to-day reality, not theory; it wants men to come out of these old one-sided positions and unite in its principles; to hold, to teach, to toil for the Church, not ignore it; but the Church in its living Catholic meaning, in its broad Catholic activities. Hence we hail this memorial as a sign of the times; as, in the words of a Bishop lately, alas! too soon taken from us, 'the noblest movement of the American Church since its formation.' It is not merely as a scheme of church extension that we regard it; it shows that principles are at work, that men are feeling a want; it carries in it aims, and noble promises greater than any rubrical changes; it is a step in the direction of practical action."

After this remarkable statement of the needs, deficiencies, and mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Mr. Washburn gives it as his conclusion that the needed reform is embraced in "*the creation of a clerical order for extra-parochial and missionary work, and the allowance of a greater variety in worship.* This may be accomplished by an increase of forms of service, of more stately harmonies for solemn seasons, of simpler modes for simpler uses. Or it may be

done by the admission of a power, duly limited, of preaching the word and ministering the sacraments with less rigid enforcement of the rubric. These modifications will not break down the barriers of order. No material changes need be made in the ordinary service of our parishes; and in every case, while greater freedom is allowed for special occasions, we should preserve the essential features of our liturgy, *e. g.*, the creeds, the absolution, the Lord's prayer, the necessary formulæ of the baptismal and eucharistic offices. Psalter, lessons, and collects may be left open for selection. Very far are we from those who would surrender our worship for random extemporizing; we want 'a well-regulated liberty.' There will be those who doubt the practicability of some plans proposed by certain of the Memorialists, as the admission of ministers from the Christian bodies around us to orders with but few liturgical restrictions. Such a scheme may, indeed, have a wrong as well as a right side; yet we can conceive no difficulty in making such restrictions, though few, sufficient to preserve the faith and principles of the Church. Certainly at present our Episcopate has more the aspect of a denominational peculiarity than a Catholic institution; and we shall do well to consider in what practical way we may restore its Catholic function."

The careful reader of the Memorial has not failed to observe that its author had in view a more comprehensive purpose than the relaxing of forms of service and the creation of a clerical order for missionary work. Dr. Muhlenberg, who may be esteemed as at the head of this whole movement, is consecrated to a principle which underlies all proposed reforms—the principle of Evangelical Catholicity, or the building up a Church out of evangelical denominations, which shall have the universality, the concentrated strength, the flexibility, the unity, and the historic power of the Roman Catholic Church, stripped of its heavy burdens of forms, of errors, and of recorded crimes. This idea Dr. Muhlenberg launched on its first voyage a number of years ago, in 1836, we think, in a little volume entitled "Catholic Union," in which he proposes a Council of Evangelical Churches—to be called The Council of Peace—to agree upon a common creed, a common church government, and a common

order of public worship; which shall be so general as to be capable of adoption by the confederate churches, and yet leave each denomination to indulge its peculiar forms or favorite tenets; the advantage of the union being unity of action in missionary enterprises, expelling of rivalries, freedom of exchange between pulpits, and promotion of Christian love by nearer contact in Christian work and in Christian sympathy.

A great difficulty in the way of such a union lies in the matter of ordination, or what shall constitute the essentials of an ordained preacher. Dr. Muhlenberg seeks to obviate this difficulty, by proposing that the form of ordination for the ministers of the confederated Church should only include those particulars in which all denominations are agreed; and that if Episcopalians will meet other denominations to that extent, it would be very proper for other denominations to consent that the ordination shall come from the Episcopal Church; inasmuch as this ordination is esteemed by all as valid as any, and by Episcopalians more valid than some.

In the promotion of this idea of Union, Dr. Muhlenberg has more recently (during two years) edited a periodical entitled "The Evangelical Catholic." Indeed he esteems the central idea of this movement to be the emancipation of the Protestant Episcopate, so that ordination may be conferred on any person or minister of other denomination desiring it, who shall bring the essentials of a blameless life, evangelical belief, and ordinary qualifications, without requiring conformity to the rubrics and regulations of the Episcopal Church. As Dr. Muhlenberg expresses it: "Whenever, then, a Bishop is satisfied that a Christian man of sound mind, asking of him the ministerial commission, will so preach and teach (as the disciples did); will so baptize in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and consequently inculcate obedience and love to the three Persons and one God, in their several relations to man, and in their essential unity; and further, will instruct those who believe in the will of Christ contained in His word, the Bishop is *free* to give the commission—nothing may hinder. Canons, customs, or usages, if they are in the way, are to be scattered as chaff before the wind. They

are impertinences coming between the mouth of the Lord and the will of His servant."

We have thus indicated the leading points of the movement, without attempting to present the elaborate arguments for and against it. It will be observed that it ignores the standing division into "High Church" and "Low Church." It cuts the loaf the other way, from the top to bottom. Members of the old parties find themselves on either side. "The Episcopal Recorder" of Philadelphia (Low Church) advocates the movement; "The Protestant Churchman" of New York (also Low Church) opposes it; while "The Church Journal" (High Church, or perhaps we should say more correctly, *broad*-church), so far as it has revealed itself, sympathizes; and "The Churchman" (High Church) opposes. Yet none of these papers (it should be understood) favors the movement to the extent of advocating the liberal principle of ordination propounded by Dr. Muhlenberg. This movement has also its counterpart in England, but of that our limits forbid speech. It excites universal interest and discussion through the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is not as yet a school or a party. It is simply a vitality, a movement, a tendency. Its essence is Christian Democracy. Its great propulsion is the power of The People. It is a progressive movement towards Liberty. At the next Triennial Convention, held in October, it is likely to assume some organized shape, or, at least, concentrate its forces preparatory to an organization. To that time we look with interest.

JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER.

THE OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN PREACHER.

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

We acknowledge a peculiar hesitation in attempting a sketch of Dr. Alexander. It is a serious work to discuss the life and character of any man. To present a truth is not so serious; because its isolation from personal and social existence lessens the delicacy and responsibility of the task, and the truth wrongly apprehended by one is set right by another. The distortion of to-day gives place to the accurate portraiture of to-morrow. To define a principle is not so serious, for the principle can be contemplated till every fibre is outlined, and every phase radiant. To paint a landscape is not so serious, for its permanence affords continued contemplation and consequent accuracy; winds cannot sweep away its identity, and cloud-shadows leave no marring footsteps. To fashion a statue is not so serious, for it embodies but one sentiment, conceived by the artist, which genius enables him to set forth, without failure in the enduring and eloquent language of Sculpture. But how difficult, fully to describe a man, the truths of whose being are infinite in number and ramified through social life; the principles of whose character are ever changing by growth; the facts of whose experience are so numerous, and the most essential so sacredly guarded; who includes such a variety of sentiments, of thoughts, of opinions, of desires, that the bosom-friend has read but part; whose nature the cloud permanently darkens; or

the prosperous sunshine warps, or temptation's storm disfigures or destroys.

But the description of certain characters is specially difficult, because of the perfections which render description so desirable. A character, harmonious, balanced, disciplined, pruned of excrescence, is respected and loved, but not so much talked of. Moreover there is a sacredness surrounding a true and harmonious character, which exalts it above the sphere of every-day discussion, and shields it from the ken of curiosity.

But while completeness of character disheartens one who attempts description, it also inspires in the same proportion. It is felt that the task, though serious, is a worthy one. The desire that a larger number should know such a character, is a constantly impelling power. It does not seem right that a favored few should monopolize the knowledge of its existence, or one cherished circle receive all the advantage of its example; that humility should limit the circle of appreciation, and modesty silence the tongue of praise. Yet we would not speak of such a one when on the world's highway, surrounded by the rushing strife for gold or glory, but rather when no cares of business were harassing, and no wild desire for wealth or honor inflaming; when ambitious thoughts and proud designs were banished, and longings for better things were felt; and when we should be inspired to press on in the path of right, by contemplating the example of an upright man.

Thus would we talk reverentially of this religious teacher. We would not discourse of his achievements in eloquence or of his contributions to literature, neither would we recount strange circumstances of his life, for its calm surface has scarcely been rippled, though its depths have been at times agitated; neither would we describe his appearance on some great occasions, for on great occasions he is not present: but we would talk of his gentleness, his modesty, his devotion to the cause of truth, his Christian love; and we would read together from his discourses and learn of him by his writings. And still, if we were holding such converse, we would not eulogize, for we would bear in mind that eulogy is specially distasteful to him. Indeed, modesty, genuine Christian modesty, is a

marked characteristic. He does not thirst for the praise of men, but rather loathes it; he does not strive for publicity or prominence, but rather shuns it. His highest ambition is to "do the will of his Father, and to finish His work." On entering the ministry he seems to have banished all thoughts of self-aggrandizement, nay, to have forgotten self, and only to have remembered that he was "bought with a price," and it was therefore his duty and his privilege to "glorify God in his body and in his spirit, which are God's." Such disenthrallment from all worldly ambition, such forgetfulness of self in the love of the truth, such freedom from all desire of distinction, even on account of the influence it insures, and the consequent advantage to the cause of truth—a desire generally deemed laudable—is not often seen in this world. We all love it when we see it: we prize it the more highly for its rarity. It specially becomes preachers of that Gospel first proclaimed by the "meek and lowly one;" and among them will it more frequently be found.

But this characteristic does not trench upon independence of opinion, or make individuality of thought subservient to prevailing notions. Dr. Alexander is far from manifesting timidity in declaring an opinion which is demanded, or hesitation in defending one which is assailed. He is alike removed from the excessive readiness in propounding individual sentiments which savors of conceit, or the perseverance in their defence which betokens obstinacy.

Nor does his modesty spring from self-depreciation, which roots out all originality and dries up the energies of self-reliance. He is conscious of mental strength. And knowing what it is, he recognizes it and respects it in others. He forms his own opinions, and forms them by his own investigation. They are the result of a careful scrutiny of facts, and are based upon philosophical principles. When thoroughly established and suitably grown, they are sent into the open day where the world may see them, without hesitation. They are never recalled because of the strength of opposition or the well-meant advice of politic friends. Their author only disowns them when a clearer reason shall have revealed their fallacy, or a deeper philosophy demonstrated their unsoundness. It is very seldom that a man who loves the truth, and is honest and faithful in

its search, is arrogant or timid in proclaiming opinions, or is obstinate or hesitating in defending them. Modesty and decision are the two graces that mark the good, great man. Respect is shown, not subserviency; regard felt, not adoration; modesty exhibited not servility.

Dr. Alexander is not confined in his researches to one class of subjects. His mind does not plod round in a beaten track, always grinding out the same kind of juice. His range of investigation is remarkably extensive and comprehensive. In subjects strictly theological he is well versed, as becomes a theologian. But in addition to this, he is an accurate scholar in other departments. He is thoroughly read in ecclesiastical and general history. He has made extensive literary acquirements, and has a refined literary taste. He is on friendly terms with German writers, as well as with the chosen of his native tongue. He has gathered stores of learning and gems of thought from most of the departments of the intellectual world. He is remarkably familiar with the current literature of the day, keeps a watchful eye on the popular magazines, and does not allow political or general intelligence to pass unheeded. So extensive and varied has been his reading, that few subjects can be introduced upon which he does not, in his unobtrusive manner, appear perfectly at home, or scarcely an author mentioned about whom he has not formed one of his well-grounded opinions. If one meets him in the arena of theology, he would pronounce him to be a good theologian; if in the broad field of history, an historian; and if literature and belles-lettres are the prominent theme of discourse, it might be supposed that to them he had devoted undue attention. Moreover, he has a keen appreciation of the beauties of works of art, and exercises thereupon a discriminating judgment. We speak of this wide comprehension of the literary pursuits of Dr. Alexander because of its unusual existence among the members of his profession. Ministers are quite enough inclined to be theologians, and to be nothing else but theologians. There is a tendency in the profession to exclusiveness of pursuit, and to confinement of thought. No man doubts that theology is the noblest of sciences, and the most exalted of studies, but to be suitably apprehended it may not be exclusively followed. The man

who pursues any one study to the exclusion of all others, can hardly fail to become a narrow-minded man and a bigot. The religious teacher, above all other men, should be generous in his notions, far-reaching in his views, wide-embracing in his acquirements. Religion has such an intimate relation with the whole man—it so manifestly involves the perfection of the whole being, that its exemplars and its dispensers should specially attain thorough and complete development. They should do this for the good of their congregations. Every congregation is made up of individuals whose pursuits, tastes, mental powers, associations, embrace the widest varieties. The true Christian minister wishes to reach the inner being of each one of these, and mould it. He can only do it by meeting each on his own ground. This one is gained by close reasoning, that one by an appeal to the feelings. The truth is made vivid to this one by an illustration from science, to that one by an historical fact, to the other by an analogy drawn from the existing events of real life. Politics, literature, poetry, can all be made subservient to the enforcement and elucidation of religious truth. The preacher must be "all things to all men."

And the Christian minister should do this for his own sake. He needs to divert his thoughts at times from the main object of their devotion for relief, else his mind will become morbidly affected. It cannot continue vigorous and healthy when it is bent down, year after year, to one absorbing task. It is not unlikely that the freshness and force of Dr. Alexander's intellect, after years of severe unmitigated application, are so excellently retained in consequence of the wide scope of his studies.

Dr. Alexander's life has been a quiet, pastoral, student life. He never appears on platforms, nor in crowds, nor at thronged anniversaries. He is constitutionally timid and retiring, and exquisitely delicate in his tastes and refined in his sensibilities. He is the model old-school Presbyterian; devout and reverential towards God; thoroughly orthodox in belief, and thoroughly believing in orthodoxy; wise in counsel and conservative in sentiment; brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers; revering Princeton, and contributing to its

Review; a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," "zealous towards God;" "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

In most of our sketches we have taken some pains to state individualizing sentiments; but we do not propose to develop at length the opinions of Dr. Alexander. In saying that he is a worthy old-school Presbyterian, we define his position so distinctly that additional words might only obscure it, and additional description possibly awaken controversy. Yet there are some in the community upon whom the theological discussions of the last half century have been entirely lost, and perhaps in no more graphic or accurate way could such be enlightened than by advising them to take the somewhat extended description of Mr. Beecher's views, sentiments, and sympathies, and over against all, which are not adopted by the great body of evangelical Christians, erect their opposites, and you have the views, sentiments, and sympathies of Dr. James W. Alexander. Contrast Mr. Beecher's disrespect for theologies, with Dr. Alexander's reverence for the Princeton faith; Mr. Beecher's loving approach to the Deity, with Dr. Alexander's awe; Mr. Beecher's theory that the terms of the New Testament are addressed to the affections through the imagination, with Dr. Alexander's conviction that they are addressed to the intellect with the precision of philosophical terms, presenting an harmonious, elaborated, complete, and perfect religious system; Mr. Beecher's presentation of the truth by figures, with Dr. Alexander's presentation of the truth by precise propositions; Mr. Beecher's pictures of every-day life with Dr. Alexander's profound exegesis; Mr. Beecher's conversational Extempore, with Dr. Alexander's finished discourse; Mr. Beecher's careless grace, with Dr. Alexander's cultivated elegance; Mr. Beecher's daring anti-slavery, with Dr. Alexander's considerate conservatism; Mr. Beecher—the child of nature, the easy companion, the platform orator, the people's preacher, with Dr. Alexander—the scholar, the elegant conversationist, the recluse, the old-school preacher;—thus, at repeated and various points, bring these two into contrast, and each is seen with unmistakable distinctness.

Dr. Alexander has not the rugged strength of Mr. Beecher—nor does he awaken the conscience by those thrilling bursts of elo-

quence in which this orator abounds. Dr. Alexander touches the "harp of a thousand strings" with a greater delicacy; Mr. Beecher with a bolder, freer movement; both with uncommon skill. Mr. Beecher will bring music out of an instrument that has lain unstrung for years; Dr. Alexander requires a certain preparation of the heart and intellect on the part of the hearer. Mr. Beecher's eloquence flashes and startles like an exploding meteor; that of Dr. Alexander burns with the planet's calm and healing light. After hearing Mr. Beecher, striking and detached sentences are the more readily recalled; one admires the general bearing of a sermon by Dr. Alexander. Both preach with great solemnity; both present the truth in its length and breadth, without any trimming to fit peculiar tastes, or any smoothing for the accommodation of delicate sensibilities. Both appeal to the conscience with the directness that is always solemn, and sometimes fearful. Dr. Alexander imparts more instruction than Mr. Beecher. The latter strives to awaken the mind rather than to feed it. Mr. Beecher would attract the larger circle; Dr. Alexander the choicer one. Dr. Alexander would not be called an orator by the many; Mr. Beecher is not called an orator by a few. Both are independent thinkers, bold proclaimers of opinions, and unflinching defenders of their views of truth.

Differing thus essentially in style, they differ even more in their manner of delivery. Mr. Beecher uses his muscular arm vigorously and freely. He abounds in energy, enterprise, and action. Dr. Alexander's gestures are not unfrequent, but are considerate and proper. He brings his hands together fervently, yet not with a ring. He regards the proprieties of the pulpit to perfection.

Dr. Alexander's writings are characterized by a completeness which allows no irregularity, and a finish which leaves no excrescence. With Dr. Tyng there is a fulness of language and rounding of sentences which mark his style: Mr. Beecher's sayings come with a momentum which startles, with a brilliancy which dazzles, or with a strength which subdues: Dr. Cox has repleteness of language, but in his style there is a discrepancy, a waywardness, and a luxuriance; withal, a force, point, and energy, which amuse, provoke,

please, and instruct at once, but in such a chaotic way, that one is left quite in a puzzle whether to approve or condemn. But with Dr. Alexander there is wealth of expression, but wealth prudently distributed. He does not employ a redundancy of words in expressing any one idea. The redundancy is rather in ideas. Any and every subject opens and widens under his inspiring touch to such an extent, that it is difficult to compress; and yet he does not wander from the highway of his main thought, turning into every lot where the bars may be left down, as Dr. Cox is so apt to do—who even takes down a length of fence to make a lively turn in some pleasant meadow, when he should be moving right on to his journey's end. Dr. Alexander rarely has digressions, and never episodes. If he stops by the way, it is but for a moment to gather some fruit, or pluck some flower, which it would have been hard to have passed unnoticed. And he never stops for even these, however nourishing or beautiful, unless they conduce to a better progress. His principle of association is logical, that of Dr. Cox emotional or verbal. Yet there is no stateliness of style, but ease; a play of parts knit together; a liberty under law. It is this elegance, united with grace and strength, which distinguishes his style. He indulges but little in illustrations, and devotes less attention to adornment by imagery. Yet the illustrations and imagery employed are apt and choice. In illustrating abstract truth from nature, we apprehend that the minds of Dr. Alexander and Mr. Beecher work in opposite directions. The former clearly apprehends the truth, and then seeks in nature for its illustration: while to the latter Nature is ever, by manifold analogies, suggesting and illustrating the spiritual truth.

He pronounces each word fully and clearly; and while completely finishing the articulation of the one before commencing another, he does not carry distinctness to such an excess as to leave each word to shift for itself, unsupported by its neighbor. He has variety of inflection and a happy modulation. The upward inflection predominates, which imparts a cheerful air. In his tone of voice, pronunciation, and modulation, he reminds us somewhat of Dr. Orville Dewey. He speaks with much the same deliberation and emphasis and variety of intonation. But in this variety there

is nothing extravagant, overstrained, or unnatural. He manifests a warm interest in his subject, which often rises into fervor, not only by emphasis and intonation, but also by forcible and frequent gestures. He manifests *vigor* in his pulpit—vigor of mind and of body —and vigor of heart also. One feels that a strong man is speaking—one who thinks thoroughly and feels fervently. Though he always delivers written discourses, yet there is a naturalness, freedom, and earnestness in his preaching which partakes of Extempore. Thus does he combine, to a limited extent, the advantages of both forms, the strength and finish of preparation with the grace and directness of Extempore.

In personal manner, Dr. Alexander is dignified, without arrogance; polite, without formality; familiar, without bluntness; and affable, without condescension. His manner, with its freedom from oddity or fault, fitly types his symmetrical and complete character. He has culture of conversation: his flow of words charms like the music of a summer stream. He has unusual refinement of expression and finish of pronunciation. He infuses into his sentences a rhythm and an harmonious modulation that never weakens their force, while it arrays them in the fair adornment of poesy. His fertility of thought is exuberant, and words are willing ministers to his thoughts.

Our sketch would be incomplete did we not allude to the devotion of Dr. Alexander's approaches to the throne of grace. It may be said of Dr. Alexander, that "in prayer he steeps the seed of the word which with prayer he scatters." Those who hear him have felt their thoughts exalted above this world, and inspired with the holier breath of Heaven. At the family altar his ministrations are specially gifted—so clearly does he apprehend peculiar wants, and so beautifully adapt the words. Perhaps in this act of public worship, even more than in his preaching, does he manifest the solemnity with which he regards the duties of a Christian minister, and the weight of responsibility which he feels as one of those who "watch for souls as those who must give account."

BIOGRAPHY.

Dr. Alexander was born on the thirteenth of March, 1804, in Virginia. He was graduated at Princeton College, 1820. He entered the Theological Seminary in 1822, and was graduated in 1825. He preached first in Virginia, as a kind of evangelist, and labored during a portion of the time at Lynchburg, through the progress of a great revival, when he preached ten times within the limit of one week. He afterwards took charge of the First Presbyterian Church in Trenton, from whence he went to Princeton College to enter upon the Professorship of Latin and Belles-Lettres. He remained there till 1843, when he was called to the Duane-street Presbyterian Church, of New York. In 1849 he was appointed by the General Assembly to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in Princeton Theological Seminary, where he remained two years, during which time his people in New York had erected an elegant edifice at the corner of Nineteenth-street and Fifth Avenue. He accepted a call to return to his old church in 1851, during which year he went to Europe. His church is strongly united in him, and is an efficient, generous, and wealthy society, coupling ability with readiness in good-doing. The Sabbath audiences are large, and it is very difficult to find a seat which can be permanently secured by purchase or rent. The public services are noticeable for being conducted without a choir. One man, standing in front of the congregation, assisted by a superior organ, leads the excellent congregational singing.

Dr. Alexander has written much for publication, but for the most part anonymously. His articles in the Princeton Review, if collected, would fill several volumes. He is the author of "Life of Dr. Archibald Alexander;" of "Consolation: in Discourses on Select Topics, addressed to the Suffering People of God;" "The American Mechanic;" "Words to a Young Communicant;" "Family Worship;" "Good, Better, Best;" and Sabbath-school books and anonymous volumes amounting probably to the number of thirty.

Of Dr. Alexander's ancestry we may say, that about the year 1736 the Alexander brothers emigrated to America from Ireland. They were of the Scottish race, their father having removed from Scotland. They were well educated: one of them was a teacher. One of the brothers, Archibald Alexander, settled first in Pennsylvania, and after two years removed to Virginia. Dr. Archibald Alexander thus speaks of him: "The appearance of my grandfather I remember very well. He was rather below the common height; but was thick-set, broad-breasted, and strongly built. His face was broad, and his eyes large, black, and prominent. The expression of his countenance was calm and benignant, and his manner of speaking was very kind and affectionate. He raised a company of men called Rangers, and, as their captain, performed a term of duty on the Great Kanawha and the Ohio; he received, in connection with other officers, several thousand acres of land in Kentucky. Perhaps no man ever left behind him a higher character for uprightness and benignity than old Esobell Alexander, as he was called by the Scotch people."

William, son of the first Archibald Alexander, was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and married Ann Reid, the daughter of a wealthy landholder of the same Presbyterian colony. She was a retiring and humble, but affectionately pious woman. Dr. Archibald Alexander, the father of James, was their son. Rev. James Waddell of Virginia, Wirt's "Blind Preacher," was the grandfather of James.

Of the descriptions of Dr. Archibald Alexander—of whose noble and pure life Dr. James Alexander has written with such attractive simplicity, united to such filial piety—we present only such passages as shall illustrate at once the characters of both father and son, as we apprehend the points of resemblance in the midst of some points of difference:

"Though his tell-tale face generally revealed his feelings, he had a great talent of silence. There were some things of which he never spoke; as of his pecuniary affairs, his invitations to important posts, his devotional exercises, his success in preaching. Secrets confided to him were buried in the grave.

"That he was reserved, is certain; that he was sometimes silent and distant, has often been said; but it ought to be added, that in such silence there was no assumption of dignity, and not a vestige of sullenness. When he shrunk into himself it was from some great burden on his spirits; for in the presence of the very same persons he would suddenly come out of his temporary gloom with a spring and suddenness as fitful as the moods of infancy. No man had less of what may be called moroseness. His powers seem to have attained maturity in the morning of his life.

"Experimental, casuistical, practical, consolatory preaching, may be said to have been the field of his strength. In dissecting the heart, unravelling long trains of experience, discovering hidden refuges, holding the mirror up to self-deceiving souls, and flashing rays of hope on the lingering and self-righteous, he was equalled by few. He gloried in preaching a free Gospel. The longer he lived the more wide, cordial, and generous was his offer of Christ to the chief of sinners.

"In the period when he made preaching his great business, his labors were everywhere owned of God to the awakening and conversion of many souls; and all through his life such tokens were granted to him from time to time. Yet it is believed that his work was far more remarkable in edifying the body of Christ, simplifying and enforcing the statements of doctrine, removing scruples, nourishing faith, stimulating to holy life, and consoling the tempted and distressed.

"His piety was to a remarkable degree blended with his system of truth. In his mind doctrine and experience were inseparable. This was consistent with the high place which he always assigned to spiritual understanding and to faith.

"Prudence was a prominent trait in his character. That this did not sometimes degenerate into excessive solicitude and caution, we will not assert.

"Hence he passed a long life, almost absolutely free from strife with any fellow-creature. If he had enemies, they are unknown to us. In all the circle of his acquaintance he was not more truly reverenced than loved."

We hope not to transgress the limits of propriety if we venture to repeat what Mr. Kirk once said—of whose beautiful friendship with Dr. Alexander we have spoken in the early part of the volume.

"My love for Dr. Alexander is my earliest and tenderest. He was a bright, studious, mischievous boy. I was like him in the last quality, but always was aware that he was my superior in the other qualities. He is a true-hearted nobleman; and grace has but ripened and refined all his natural excellence. He loved play, but he loved knowledge about as well. Our youth was much of it passed in romance. We dreamed together of life, and revelled together in our fancied prospects. The trees around Princeton may yet bear the names of Laura and Petrarch, Juliet and Romeo, carved by two tender-hearted swains. All our amusements, all our studies, were performed and enjoyed together for many years. And the remembrance of that youthful friendship is to me of the brightest. We studied chemistry together as amateurs, and once commenced a course of lectures in the shed behind his father's kitchen; but, I think it was the very first lecture, when my friend was holding forth to the admiring audience (composed of the family), that his brother William overturned a phial of sulphuric acid on his hands, clothes, and face. That put an end to our efforts for the advance of science in that direction. On another occasion we took to the histrionic line; and after much preparation of our parts, our costumes, and the general arrangement of the theatre—just as we had fairly commenced the performance, the venerable form of his father was seen entering the door. He stood a moment and regarded us with a frown, and then drily remarked, 'All those who do not belong to this house can go home.' The entertainment was closed with great abruptness.

"In college-life we were three—James Alexander, George Butler (now of Port Gibson), and myself. Ah! the value of those early and college friendships, the consciousness of loving and being loved; of love growing even stronger and mellower as age advances; the wonder of grace intervening to sanctify and stamp with immortality those delightful bonds—these are blessings for which my inmost soul thanks God!"

GEORGE BARRELL CHEEVER,

THE CONTROVERSIALIST AND PREACHER.

"As he reasoned, Felix trembled."

George B. Cheever was born at Hallowell, Maine, on the seventeenth of April, 1807, being the child of Charlotte Barrell and Nathaniel Cheever. He is one of a family of four sons and three daughters, of whom only four have arrived at adult years. His grandmother, by the father's side, was sister of the Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, Mass., and a woman of strong mind and true piety.* His paternal grandfather, Nathaniel Cheever, of Salem, Mass., died early, but was noted among his townsmen as a man who "feared God and eschewed evil."

His maternal ancestors were of the Barrell and Sayward family of York, Maine, the grandmother being the only daughter of Jonathan Sayward. She was eminent for her virtues as a woman and a Christian; and the mother of eleven children, nine of whom were successfully reared to adult life.

His grandfather, Nathaniel Barrell, Esq., was the oldest of twelve sons; and for several years before the American revolution was one of the councillors of Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire. After embracing Christianity he adopted the religious views of Robert Sandiman, which he practically exemplified, and held with inflexible tenacity to the close of life, at the advanced age of ninety-nine.

* Life of Nathaniel Cheever.

The father of George B. Cheever died, at the early age of forty, of pulmonary consumption, in the hopes of the Gospel, at Augusta, Georgia, where he had gone in pursuit of health. He had acquired an honorable competence for the support and education of his family, in the industrious exercise of his profession as printer, editor, publisher, and bookseller; and he had won among his fellow-citizens a worthy repute for high integrity, energy, and public spirit.

The religious character of George B. Cheever was developed at an early age. He was trained up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." From childhood he was seriously disposed. Watchfully nurtured by his pious mother, his Christian life seems to have commenced almost with the first unfoldings of his spiritual nature. At an early age was also engendered a reverence for the office of the Preacher, and an apprehension of the responsibility of the religious Teacher. Yet he did not unite with any church till after college life, and not until theological studies were commenced at Andover, about which time he decided to enter the ministry. He entered Andover, partly to gratify his mother, and partly to fulfil what he himself esteemed a complete course of study.

He was graduated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, September, 1825, was licensed to preach in 1830, and was first settled as a pastor over the Howard-street church of Salem, Mass.

Dr. Cheever's life is a life of eras. It cannot be told in regular narrative; but must be presented in a series of striking events. Like Vesuvius, it sends up its circling wreath of smoke quietly, day after day, and year after year, an evidence of inward fire; and then suddenly it bursts forth, so that the heavens are illuminated, and the wide encircling country looks earnestly upon it.

The first eruption poured hot lava on "Deacon Giles's Distillery," and buried it. Dr. Cheever was then a quiet pastor in the peaceful town of Salem. It happened that he was invited to give an oration on the Fourth of July, and in accordance with a characteristic, of which we shall speak anon, he discussed, in the progress of the oration, the somewhat remarkable topic of the inadequacy of the Unitarian faith to produce the highest excellence in literature. This proposition was argued from the nature of the case, and from

accumulated illustrations. It was addressed to an audience, of whom the majority were of the criticised faith, gathered from a region of country which prides itself on its superior culture. It is not strange that it produced excitement; that it was not only denounced as false in logic, but as offensive in statement; as, indeed, an attack upon a dominant denomination, unwarranted by the position of the speaker, by the character of the occasion, and by the facts of the case. The fiercest criticism was excited. Private circles arraigned and condemned; newspapers discussed; and Rev. Mr. Upham, a Unitarian clergyman, challenged to a newspaper controversy, and challenged in such a way that "The Salem Register" was compelled to publish a series of articles from Mr. Cheever, stoutly defending the original position, and pouring out more of the burning lava. All this put the Unitarian denomination in a sensitive state with respect to Mr. Cheever, and, as will be seen, partly accounts for the excitement produced by the publication of "Deacon Giles's Distillery," for which Dr. Cheever was tried, on the charge of libel, condemned and imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days, during the month of December, 1835. The two sharp points of this "dream" were, that Deacon Giles "had a little counting-room in one corner of the distillery where he sold Bibles," and that on the Sabbath "he went to church and heard his minister say that God could pardon sin without an atonement, that the words hell and devils were mere figures of speech, and that all men would certainly be saved." It happened, by one of those curious coincidences for which dreams are notorious, that in that region of country there dwelt a man whose name was not Deacon *Giles*, but Deacon ——— (on the whole, we omit it), who worked a distillery, in one corner of which he had a little counting-room where he sold Bibles, and who, unfortunately, did belong to a Congregational church of the Unitarian faith. Deacon ——— took to himself this temperance dream, and, feeling aggrieved, applied to the courts for redress. The trial was long, and, on the appeal of the dreamer, was renewed in a higher court, upon which our fiery mountain delivered his own defence, and improved the opportunity to heap on more lava, not only by restating and insisting on the main

points of the allegory, but by energetically justifying it, on the ground that the monstrous absurdity of keeping a Bible-house and a distillery in the same building, exposed the perpetrator thereof to the inevitable ridicule and reprobation of the community. The defence, neither in spirit nor tone, was calculated to conciliate antagonists or mitigate judgment. The quiet pastor became a temperance martyr; the preacher, dreaming, won immortal fame; and the deacon, dreamed about, immortal notoriety.

But this excitement subsided like all excitements. The Salem pastor was loosed from prison, and soon went to Europe, in 1836, where he spent two years and six months. Soon after his return, he was installed over the Allen-street (Presbyterian) church of New York.

During this time the country has somewhat forgotten its Vesuvius. But now comes another eruption; not, as before, of burning stones and lava, but of fructifying, beautiful streams of crystal imagery and radiant illustration and glowing pathos. "Lectures on John Bunyan" are given every Sunday evening, and retired "Allen-street church" cannot contain the throng which comes to hear. The chosen of the city concentrate there. The occupants of Bedford and of Salem jails are heroes together. But this excitement dies away like its predecessor; only now Vesuvius is regarded as an established fact, from which eruptions are to be expected, and to be looked for, perhaps, not without apprehension.

In 1841, the discussion of the subject of Capital Punishment was waged with zeal through the newspapers of New York, and enlisted the attention of the public. Without describing preliminaries, we only state that John L. O'Sullivan and Dr. Cheever found themselves facing each other on the platform of "the Tabernacle," for several evenings, before an audience of three thousand people, as champions of the respective parties on the leading question of the day. We mean no disrespect to the cause of the abolition of capital punishment, which enlists the support of some of the best men of the age, nor to Mr. O'Sullivan, for whose accomplishments and ability the esteem is universal, when we say (what was generally conceded at the time), that our Vesuvius was "too

much for him." He had great faith in a great cause, but he had not the faith nor the power sufficient to "remove mountains."

After a while this excitement subsided, and then came the question of the Bible in the Public Schools. The Catholics demanded that the reading of the Bible should not be obligatory in the public schools, where both Protestant and Catholic children were collected. Dr. Cheever thundered again, and became the champion of Protestantism, and the scourge of Bishop Hughes and the Catholics.

Finally, the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, and stream on stream of lava has been poured with scathing effect on that ever since.

Besides these, there have been several minor eruptions, which would have been very noticeable in ordinary volcanoes; such as the denunciations of the running of Sunday trains by a prominent Railroad Company, of Judge Kane for the imprisonment of Williamson, &c., &c. But of these our limits forbid us to speak. The fire is there to-day. Occasion may let it out at any time.

Dr. Cheever's sermons are like his life, replete with eras. They break out with startling illustrations or reverberating truths, which absorb attention, or kindle admiration, or strike upon the conscience with an overpowering beat. If we may be allowed to illustrate from Pyrotechnics, we should compare the style of Dr. Cox to the multiform, fanciful, lawless, dazzling, abounding emanations from a revolving wheel; the style of Dr. Tyng to the rocket, one steadily, swiftly-mounting, brilliantly-defined, glowing rush of light, abruptly closing at the climax; and the style of Dr. Cheever to the Roman-candle, an ordinary jet of flame, not specially brilliant or intense; but ever and anon there is a pause, a crouch, a gathering of force, a *burst*—and far up towards the heavens shoots the ball of bright, pure fire. These balls of fire are sometimes vivid illustration, sometimes a word of glowing significance, sometimes a denunciation of unsparing severity.

Dr. Cheever's convictions are intense, and his conscientiousness predominant, and it never occurs to him to refrain from the expression of what he believes.

He has a remarkable combination of fancy with logic. He succeeds equally well in allegory and in argumentation. His keen

analytic mind would have placed him at the head of the New York bar, while his lectures on Bunyan, which best exemplify his cultivated imagination and experimental religion, are unapproachable. He uses legal terminology, and quotes poetry with equal affluence and accuracy.

Dr. Cheever deals in "the terrors of the law." He has a great fondness for the old prophets. He delights in the denunciations of Haggai and Jeremiah. He inclines to the supernatural and the terrific, like Jonathan Edwards. In the discussion of the subject of Capital Punishment, he planted himself on the Old Testament, from which no power could dislodge him. He has an absorbing sense of justice. His compassion flows out towards the oppressed rather than towards the guilty.

Dr. Cheever is remarkable for the intensity with which he pursues a subject. The amount of argument with which he demolishes the positions he assails, is beyond precedent. He brings every thing to bear. For the time being he is absorbed in the one question. Hence his preaching will be for weeks of one prevailing type. He thinks and dreams and preaches and prays the one subject which fills his horizon at the time; and one may be sure that on the topic of the Bible in the Common Schools, on Sunday railroad travelling, on Capital Punishment, or the Fugitive Slave Law, his people are most thoroughly indoctrinated. And this leads us to speak of the prominent criticism which he excites, namely, the uneven merit of his sermons. If we should take the two extremes, we would say that for *range* of excellence he was unequalled in America, unless by Dr. Bacon. These two men can probably succeed in preaching the poorest sermons of any preachers of equal capacity in the country. "Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus" must sometimes be said of our Vesuvius. And the reason is the same with Dr. Cheever as with Dr. Bacon. They devote to the Newspaper, to the Periodical, to the Review, to the Quarterly, to the volume, the mental energies and research and interest which, if consecrated to the pulpit, would always insure good sermons. And it is well that they do. Their influence is multiplied a hundred fold.

These two divines resemble each other in other respects. They

both have the same analytic and logical characteristics of mind, yet so far diverse, that while Dr. Cheever would have excelled at the bar, Dr. Bacon is by nature a statesman. They are also alike, as being considered champions of New England principles, New England government, and New England theology.

In this connection it is suitable that we express a regret that circumstances have prevented the preparation of a sketch of Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, who, as the preacher at the "Tabernacle," the church of the strangers, and as the principal editor of the "Independent," is, in some respects, esteemed as specially a representative man of the Congregationalists, especially of what some style the "Progressive Congregationalists." Mr. Thompson is remarkable for the vitality and elasticity of his mind, and for the ease and good nature with which he accomplishes the greatest variety and amount of work; which work, of whatever character, is executed with a remarkable uniformity of excellence, and that excellence of a high order. We know of no one who so invariably escapes failure or even mediocrity. His sermons are always good, his editorials always to the purpose, his lectures always interesting, his extempore speeches always pointed, his conversation always entertaining. The power of his mind for rapid and successful execution is enviable, and peculiarly fits him for accomplishing the double duties of the preacher and the editor.

Dr. Cheever differs from Dr. Bacon in his attacks on the Ritualists. Dr. Bacon aims his shot mostly against the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, and the regard for rubrics and liturgies. He irritates and nettles with sharp-pointed ridicule. He feels towards the Episcopalians as Dr. Cox does towards the Quakers. But Dr. Cheever is not so opposed to Episcopalians as he is to all Ritualists. Against the Romanists, Bishop Hughes, and the Pope, he fires the heaviest broadsides, loading his guns not only with huge round-ball, but with grape, cannister, chain-shot, old iron, any thing and every thing in the way of metal that his stores of amunition furnish. We once heard a distinguished editor, whose widely-circulated journal has published more, either of praise or severe criticism, concerning Dr. Cheever than concerning any other preacher, say in conversa-

tion: "I went to hear Dr. Cheever yesterday in his own church." "How did you like him?" "Well, well (with characteristic intonation), malignant, but *good*." This is the impression he makes upon those who do not agree in sentiment with him. There is such on-rolling, crushing, unsparing, Juggernautic logic and denunciation, such merciless beheading of the arguments of opponents, with a swoop of the Damascus blade, that one inevitably exclaims, "*malignant, but good*."

Dr. Cheever is remarkable not only for the momentum of his logic, but for the extent to which he drives it, beyond, far beyond, the point at which a conservative mind, accustomed to look at all sides, and allow full force to balancing considerations, plants itself. Dr. Cheever's mind is logical, but not philosophical; and his logic, usually faultless and conclusive, is sometimes careless. As a notable, though infrequent example, we once heard him preach from the text, "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house," and say: "From this text we see, in the first place, that Paul was not an Anti-renter;" the force of which logic we leave the reader to analyze.

The fundamental trait of Dr. Cheever's character, which is the key to his preaching, is his sense of RIGHT. He detests compromises; he abhors oppression; he magnifies justice; he contends with all systems which bind, or enslave, or deteriorate, whether of governments, or forms, or laws, or institutions. He does not regard expediency, or consult consequences. Fear is a feeling utterly unknown to him. He becomes fired with indignation against all Austrias and Judge Jeffries. His fullest sympathies go forth towards the oppressed Bunyans, or the pilloried Baxters, or the exiled Kossuths, or the imprisoned Williamsons. His manner partakes of his character. He dwells with intensest emphasis on certain words, so as almost to press the life out of them. His hearers will recall the particular stretch of intonation with which he says, "It is a-bom-i-na-ble, ho-r-r-i-ble in the ex-tr-e-me." Yet he is not rash, headstrong, or reckless, but quiet, unconcerned, straightforward, guileless. Hence he has no worldly prudence, no management, and little sense of the adaptations of time and place. This was

illustrated in the Fourth of July Oration, described above. He has a simplicity, and frankness, and humor, like Luther, which makes him delightful in conversation. And he is not to be entangled by sophistry, because he is always truthful. Such is Dr. Cheever —volcanic, controversial, conscientious, strong in directness of statement, in earnestness of conviction, and in clearness of apprehension.

We add a review of his principal works, and criticism of his style.*

Dr. Cheever has gained an enviable position in American literature. He is not a simple elevation in a mountain chain, nor a single tree-crowned hill, rising into a sunny sky; but a bold peak dwelling apart in its own shadow, hiding in its sides oracle-caves and echoing back the thunder and the storm.

In allegory he surpasses all our writers. It is as easy for him to speak in metaphors, as it was for Watts to rhyme; indeed, we sometimes wonder if, like that English painter who thought of men and women only as "figures" for his landscapes, he does not regard all the people he meets as merely symbols—the objectives of his mental states. Still, there is a wide difference between the two. The painter merged humanity in art; Dr. Cheever makes his word-pictures minister to humanity. His books, as well as his sermons, are essentially the coin of the intellect, and not of the heart. If any thing could move him to warmth of feeling and expression, it would be Bunyan's Allegory. In 1843, he issued his "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life and Times of John Bunyan." He took to it as naturally as a lark takes to the air, and, upborne on the wings of its author's inspiration, rose in rapturous circles, only less high and free than his whose prison-born song awoke the morning.

A less intense and fervid nature than Bunyan's never could have had the experience necessary to the production of his immortal Dream. Cheever might, while

* For the remainder of this sketch we are indebted to "The Independent's" correspondent, "Dean."

> "Writing of the way,
> And race of saints in this our gospel-day,
> Fall suddenly into an allegory
> About their journey, and the way to glory,"

and give us a book full of logic and truth, and of manful getting over the difficulties in the road to the heavenly land. There would be in it the "City of Destruction," and "Evangelist," and "Mr. Worldly Wiseman," and "Mr. Legality," and the "Wicket Gate," and the "Interpreter's House," fuller perhaps than Bunyan's, and the foul fiend "Apollyon," and "Vanity Fair," and "Ignorance," and the "River of Death," and the "Celestial City;" but, although his soul glows at every experience of "Christian's," we doubt whether he would conceive of the "Slough of Despond" and the "Palace Beautiful," in which "the Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sunrising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang," and of the "Valleys of Humiliation" and the "Shadow of Death," and of "Giant Despair," and the "Delectable Mountains," and the "Land of Beulah," "where the Shining Ones commonly walked," and the tender, loving "Hopeful," who sustained "Christian" in the terrors of the River.

"Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress," has an unpleasant sound at first. We are averse to comments upon world-books. We think we would as lief see the Venus de Medici dressed in French silks and laces, or the Parthenon turned into a modern hotel, as to see a digested, explained Pilgrim's Progress. But when we take up Dr. Cheever's rendering, our prejudices disappear. It is itself becoming a world-book—widely popular as it is in our own country, and having been translated into several foreign languages. As one who would not dare try his voice unaided, is so strengthened when upon a harp a master strikes the preluding chords and plays the air with a sustaining harmony, that he sings in perfect time and tune, and even improvises brilliant variations which were not in the composer's dream, linking in the remembrance of every hearer, the music and the singer; so Dr. Cheever, supported by Bunyan's genius, and catching its glow, has given us a book in perfect unison with

the old, and associated his name forever with the Baptist Preacher of Bedford.

Out of the numberless extracts we might make as illustrative of what we have said, we select the following from the Lectures on the Life and Times of Bunyan.

"If, in his time, great qualities and great capacities of virtue existed, there were great flames to try them; sharp tools and terrible to cut and polish the hidden jewels of the Saviour. Into this age Bunyan was thrown; a great pearl sunk in deep and troubled waters, out of which God's Spirit would in time draw it, and place it in a setting where its glorious lustre should attract the admiration of the world.

"Bunyan never heard of Thomas Aquinas, it is true, and he scarcely knew the philosophical meaning of the word logic any more than a breathing child, whose pulse beats freely, knows the place of its heart or the movement of its lungs; but Bunyan wrote the Pilgrim's Progress for all that; which, indeed, is itself the sweet logic of celestial love."

"You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and laboring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost; but there again you behold her in the quiet sunshine; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly; or in a fresh and favorable gale she flies across the flying waters. Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder, storms coming down as sudden, almost, as the lightning; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbor, the haven of eternal rest; yea, you see her like a star that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven."

What in the English language is finer than this description of Bunyan's evening in the prison.

"Now let us enter his little cell. He is sitting at his table to finish by sunlight the day's work, for the livelihood of his dear fam-

ily, which they have prepared for him. On a little stool, his poor blind child sits by him, and with that expression of cheerful resigna tion with which God seals the countenance when He takes away the sight, the daughter turns her face up to her father as if she could see the affectionate expression with which he looks upon her and prattles to her. On the table and in the grated window there are three books, the Bible, the Concordance, and Bunyan's precious old copy of the Book of Martyrs. And now the day is waning, and his dear blind child must go home with the laces he has finished, to her mother. And now Bunyan opens his Bible and reads aloud a portion of Scripture to his little one, and then encircling her in his arms and clasping her small hands in his, he kneels down on the cold stone floor, and pours out his soul in prayer to God for the salvation of those so inexpressibly dear to him, and for whom he has been all day working. This done, with a parting kiss he dismisses her to her mother by the rough hands of the jailer.

"And now it is evening. A rude lamp glimmers darkly on the table, the tagged laces are laid aside, and Bunyan, alone, is busy with his Bible, the Concordance, and his pen, ink, and paper. He writes as though joy did make him write. His pale, worn countenance is lighted with a fire, as if reflected from the radiant jasper walls of the Celestial City. He writes, and smiles, and clasps his hands, and looks upward, and blesses God for his goodness, and then again turns to his writing, and then again becomes so entranced with a passage of Scripture, the glory of which the Holy Spirit lets in upon his soul, that he is forced, as it were, to lay aside all his labors, and give himself to the sweet work of his closing evening's devotions. The last you see of him for the night, he is alone, kneeling on the floor of his prison; he is alone, with God."

In after time, when Dr. Cheever's name, like the minister's of Bedford, shall have become a memory, how many will read his book with tearful eyes, and say, as they lay it down, "Ah! that was a great soul, and worthy to walk in John Bunyan's company!"

His "Voices of Nature" was published in 1852. In his preface he says, "By material objects, or rather by suspension at one end *from* such objects, analogies are bridges to spiritual truths; by

things they swing the mind forward to thoughts and ideas, and sometimes to discoveries high above the point of starting." This is what he aims to do, to give to every natural sight and sound a spiritual meaning. He looks at Nature with a philosopher's, and not with a lover's eye; she awakens in him thoughts rather than emotions, and it is always intellectually that he portrays her. His calm, reflective tendencies are seen in the selections at the head of the chapters, most of them being from Coleridge, Wordsworth, John Foster, and our own poet, Dana. Always clear and unimpassioned, he sees and hears and describes, never falling through excess of feeling into confusion of figure or redundancy of expression. He lacks receptivity. He never becomes absorbed in what he is describing; but is always himself, deducing principles from facts. We read what he says of the seasons, and we admit the truth of his pictures, and receive into our minds the lessons he draws from them; but we have not heard the patter of April showers—nor found violets under the hedges—nor listened to the sweet whispers of the wind among the young leaves—nor inhaled the breath of roses—nor lain all day on grassy banks, lulled by bird-note and water-fall—nor gloried in the purple and gold of September skies—nor been thrilled with the waning loveliness of the Indian Summer—nor wept at the melancholy moan of November winds—nor seen the snow-wreaths white about our door—and *so*, been led "through Nature up to Nature's God!"

We receive vivid impressions from contrast. In order to make our meaning clearer, let us quote first from Cheever's "Voices of the Autumn," and then from the "Mid-October Days" of Henry Ward Beecher, who is his opposite in this regard, being for the time a part of what he describes, as are also his readers:

"The woods, indeed, are splendid, when they have been reddening in the October sun. A beautiful sight it is, for a little time; but sweet Nature almost plays the harlequin when she puts her long-cherished, lovely foliage under the finishing touch of the Frost. It is only because the sight is so transitory that it is so splendid and attractive, for it would not continue to please, if it lasted.

"And here we remark the exercise of Divine Wisdom and Good-

ness in the permanent color which He has chosen for the array of nature, to suit the organization of our mortal frame. What a difference there would have been in our moral and intellectual character if instead of green being the habitual color of nature, the landscape had been dressed every day, and all the year round, all the warm months, in the gay variety of the woods in autumn!"

"When the sacred writer says, Her leaf shall be green even in drought, he means *always* green, through *all* the seasons, ever in the same grateful, refreshing, simple, and modest coloring. And this is one of the first points that may be noted in the character of a righteous man, that it is made of what are called *fast colors.* There is the hue of principle, and it does not change. There is neither glare, nor glitter, nor intrusive show, but a simple, quiet green all the year round. It is an EVERGREEN that is thus presented as the picture of a righteous man."—*Voices of Nature.*

"I stand alone upon the peaceful summit of this hill, and turn in every direction. The east is all a-glow; the blue north flushes all her hills with radiance; the west stands in burnished armor; the southern hills buckle the zone of the horizon together with emeralds and rubies, such as were never set in the fabled girdle of the gods! Of gazing, there cannot be enough. The hunger of the eye grows by feeding.

"Only the brotherhood of evergreens—the pine, the cedar, the spruce, and the hemlock—refuse to join this universal revel. They wear their sober green straight through autumn and winter, as if they were set to keep open the path of the summer through the whole year, and girdle all seasons together with a clasp of endless green. But in vain do they give solemn examples to the merry leaves which frolic with every breeze that runs sweet riot in the glowing shades. Gay leaves will not be counselled, but will die bright and laughing. But both together—the transfigured leaves of deciduous trees and the calm unchangeableness of evergreens—how more beautiful are they than either alone! The solemn pine brings color to the cheek of the beeches, and the scarlet and golden maples rest gracefully upon the dark foliage of the million-fingered pine.

"Before October we sought and found colors in single tones, in flowers, in iris-winking dewdrops, in westward-trooping clouds. But when the year, having wrought and finished her solid structures, unbends and consecrates the glad October month to fancy, then all hues that were before scattered in lurking flowers, in clouds, upon plumed birds, and burnished insects, are let loose like a flood, and poured abroad in the wild magnificence of Divine bounty. The earth lifts up its head, crowned as no monarch was ever crowned, and the seasons go forth towards winter, chanting to God a hymn of praise that may fitly carry with it the hearts of all men, and bring forth in kindred joy, the sympathetic spirits of the dead."—*Star Papers.*

Cheever's "Voices of Nature" is a portfolio of drawings in India ink, geometrically correct in outline, and clear in light and shade, but cold and lifeless as an herbarium, and therefore expressionless too, but for the written "morals" beneath the pictures. The rural letters in Henry Ward Beecher's "Star Papers" are a series of paintings in oil, all life, and glow, and motion—where the clouds drift, and the winds blow, and the trees sway to their anthems, and purple mountains kiss the sky, and green valleys sleep tranquil at their feet, and brooklets sing and foam, and children, like those of Gainsborough's landscapes, frolic in the sun, and the wide air is full of fragrance and melody—and these are not texts for any homily, or set sermon, but, nevertheless, are all made sweetest teachers of the love, and goodness, and glory of God.

We have dwelt thus long upon Cheever's Pilgrim's Progress and Voices of Nature, because they indicate most truly his mode and range of thought. His book on "The Bible in our Common Schools" is a clear and logical presentation of the argument in favor of the free use of the Scriptures. He delights in expounding laws, and in settling vexed questions. He is a kind of gospel Mr. Legality. No Mayflower-Puritan ever had a clearer apprehension of principles, or applied them more rigorously to life, than he. His most recent work, "The Powers of the World to come," shows the depth and solemnity of his Christian character, and the sense of personal responsibility that accompanies his ministrations. And in all his

writings, though you are not dazzled by his brilliancy, nor fired by his eloquence, nor subdued by his pathos, you are strengthened by his power, and calmed by his tranquillity, and incited to self-denying and lofty views, by his earnest and vigorous presentations of truth.

We subjoin a list of Dr. Cheever's works:

	Published in
American Common-place Book of Prose,	1828
American Common-place Book of Poetry,	1829
Studies in Poetry, with Biographical Sketches of the Poets,	1830
Selections from Archbp. Leighton, with an Introductory Essay,	1832
God's Hand in America,	1841
The Argument for Punishment by Death,	1842
Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress,'	1843
Hierarchical Lectures,	1844
Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Yungfrau Alp,	1846
The Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth,	1848
The Hill Difficulty, and other Allegories,	1849
The Windings of the River of the Water of Life,	1849
Voices of Nature to her Foster Child, the Soul of Man,	1852
Right of the Bible in our Common Schools,	1854
Lectures on Cowper,	1856
The Powers of the World to Come,	1856

Dr. Cheever, in earlier years, was a contributor to the "United States Literary Gazette," "The Quarterly Register," and "The New Monthly Magazine." He has written articles of great ability for "The Biblical Repository," "The New-Englander," "The Bibliotheca Sacra," and "The Quarterly Observer." He was a valuable correspondent of the "New York Observer" when in Europe, and editor of the "New York Evangelist" during 1845 and 1846. He is now writing a series of articles for "The Bibliotheca Sacra," on the Judgment of the Old Testament against Slavery, which evince characteristic argumentation combined with remarkable philological investigation. He is a contributor of "The Independent." His works have a considerable circulation in England.

Albert Barnes

ALBERT BARNES,

THE EXPOSITOR AND PREACHER.

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. For to one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; . . . to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit."

Albert Barnes has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia during more than one quarter of a century. In these days of individuality of tastes, and license in their expression, an individuality and a license of which the settled pastor of a people is not an exempted subject; when the bond of union between the shepherd and the flock is so slender that any discontented spirit may slip in a wedge which will sunder it entirely; when ordinations are so common that they fail to excite solemnity; when transits of ministers are so frequent that the pastor has become the evangelist, and home is a word which he understands only by reference to the dictionary, or to some fond remembrance of early days, scarcely seen in the twilight dimness of the distance—in times such as these, it is refreshing to rest the mind on a pastorate which has withstood all the shocks of time, and now stands serene in the reverence of age. The long life of such a connection implies ability and faithfulness exercised by the one party, together with appreciation and devotion returned by the other. These it implies, although these it does not necessarily involve. A pastor may be retained because the "smooth things" of his preaching have oiled away all friction between himself and his people; because of the shiftlessness of a church, which

dreads a change more than it realizes an evil, and prefers a lazy, though painful endurance, to an active, though joyous separation.

> "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But smoke with wind; and the rank mists they draw
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread!"

But in the present instance the union is built upon the corner-stones of fidelity and gratitude, and it will stand, "for it is founded upon a rock." The church of Mr. Barnes love him as their spiritual father, as their faithful counsellor, as their trusted guide, as their consoler in the hour of sorrow, as their sympathizing friend in life. They ever speak of him in terms in which the dignity of respect is mellowed by the grace of love.

On the other hand, he has always preached the truth with a boldness which allows no suspicion of reserve from fear of rousing displeasure, and with a tenderness which shows that love for his people, and no ambition to display a reckless independence, moves him to the utterance of pungent and faithful appeals. Indeed, the manly boldness of this minister of truth is worthy of special regard, united as it is with an affectionate gentleness, and a discriminating delicacy, both of character and manner. Mr. Barnes is independent without being self-sufficient, and bold without being dogmatic. We think that it can be said of him, though it is a great thing to say of any man, that he never withholds the expression of what he deems true principles, and never disguises well-established opinions, because his view of truth, or his opinions, may not harmonize with the views of his people or of his party. He is not governed by motives of expediency, when expediency might seem to forbid the utterance of belief. Strength of character and the spirit of a martyr, as well as clearness of apprehension and a thorough establishment in one's opinions, are required for the open manly utterance of convictions of truth, which may offend the prejudices or startle the suspicions of friends and associates. But the true man has this to do, and, above all, the true preacher cannot recoil from this position. And yet the temptations to a surrender of a true independence, which press upon our clergy under the "voluntary system," are fearfully great. When

a man is dependent for his daily bread upon a class, it is hard always to regard the interests of the truth as paramount to the wishes of that class. And when respectability and the support of a family will also be endangered by the utterance of opinions, it is hard to declare them with calm intrepidity. The proverb says, "If you can control a man's stomach, you can control the man." "Take note, take note, O world! to be direct and honest is not safe." When we consider the weight of these temptations, it is noteworthy that the clergy of this country are characterized by so much boldness, independence, and faithfulness. Let them be honored, cherished, loved, for these traits, and let them be encouraged by the example and the experience of their brother, whose pastoral connection, and whose boldness for the truth, have, side by side, been growing stronger and stronger for twenty-six years.

The reliance on the truthfulness of his own convictions, rather than on the deductions of others, from which this boldness springs, was early manifested by Mr. Barnes. In youth he accustomed himself to reflect and examine. His mind was early marked by a healthy skepticism, which led to rigid scrutiny of opinion before adoption, and to the exercise of his own reason, rather than weak dependence upon the conclusions of others.

Albert Barnes was born at Rome, New York, December 1st, 1798. His father was a tanner, and in youth he worked at his father's trade. In the retirement of his village home he had leisure for reading, and this privilege was faithfully improved. His tastes led to the selection of works of a serious and theological character. But the spirit of investigation raised him above the confines of a creed. He felt free to roam the broad field of truth, and he has always maintained this unshackled freedom—searching for himself, deciding for himself, acting for himself, independent of dogmas, until they were commended to his own unbiased judgment.

After suitable preparation Mr. Barnes connected himself with Hamilton College, joining the senior class, and was graduated in 1820.

In November, 1820, he entered the Theological Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey, where he remained till the summer of 1824, passing nearly a year as a resident licentiate, in addition to the reg-

ular course. He was licensed to preach April 23, 1824, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and was ordained and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Morristown, New Jersey, the 8th of February, 1825.

Previous, however, to this settlement he had a discouraging experience as a "Candidate." Some small places declined to give him a call. He went to Morristown through the influence of Judge Gabriel Ford, who, when in attendance on the Supreme Court, at Trenton, happened to hear him preach, recognized the quality of the man, and advised the people of Morristown to give him a trial. They did so, but for several Sabbaths he made but little impression; and it was only by the persuasion of Judge Ford that they were induced to extend the term of probation. Before he went from Morristown to Philadelphia, six years after, the devotion of his people became a proverb; and it was said that he could not walk the street without every parishioner running to the window, with the exclamation, "There goes our minister, Mr. Barnes."

It was through the instrumentality of Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., of New York, that Mr. Barnes was led to go to Philadelphia. Dr. Skinner was travelling for his health, and stopping at Morristown for the Sabbath, attended the church of Mr. Barnes. At that time the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia was seeking a pastor: Rev. James P. Wilson, D.D., who was settled May 1st, 1806, and had discharged the duties of his office with zeal and efficiency, had been forced to decline further regular service on account of broken health. Dr. Skinner, who was pastor of the Arch-street Presbyterian Church, had preached somewhat at the First Church, as a temporary supply, and knew the requirements of the people. Thus, on hearing Mr. Barnes, he was impressed with his adaptation. At his suggestion a committee was sent to Morristown, who heard the pastor, as Dr. Skinner had, *incognito*, and, what is singular, heard the sermon entitled "The Way of Salvation," which afterwards made such a sensation throughout the Presbyterian Church. The result was that Mr. Barnes received a call, and was installed by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, June 25, 1830

This installation, however, was not effected without difficulty and excitement. The sermon on "The Way of Salvation" had been published at the request of some individuals, and was attacked for containing heretical doctrines. This resulted in a protest entered before the Presbytery of Philadelphia against his installation, on the ground of heresy, which, however, was defeated. But the heresy-hunters, though foiled in this first experience, were not less solicitous for the integrity of theology; and when Mr. Barnes's "Notes on Romans" were published, new occasion was discovered for alarm and difficulty. The result was that Mr. Barnes was arraigned for heresy before the Presbytery, in 1835, and acquitted; then before the Synod, by which he was condemned, and silenced. For six months this faithful, godly, successful pastor was shut out of his own pulpit, against the wishes of his own people, for holding to a theological opinion differing so slightly and non-essentially from the opinion of his accusers as to defy any but a metaphysical mind to discern the difference, and on which the orthodox Presbyterian Church continues to this day divided, with no very promising prospect of agreement.

Thus did Mr. Barnes with true Christian composure listen to ministers from his own pulpit for six months, until an appeal to the General Assembly happily resulted in his acquittal. But sad to say, his trial before that body resulted in its dismemberment in the following year, and the division of the Presbyterian Church into the "Old School" and the "New School." That our readers may see the theological points which led to all this trouble, we give the leading charges.

THE CHARGES AND THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Barnes was charged with maintaining "that faith is an act of the mind, and not a principle, and is itself imputed for righteousness;" with denying "that God entered into covenant with Adam, constituting him a federal or covenant head and representative to all his natural descendants;" with denying "that the first sin of Adam is imputed to his posterity;" with

denying "that mankind are liable to punishment on account of the sin of Adam;" with denying "that Christ suffered the proper penalty of the law, as the vicarious substitute of his people, and thus took away legally their sins, and purchased pardon," &c.

From the defence of Mr. Barnes, presented before the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, at his trial from June 30, to July 8, 1835, we make the following extracts, as indicating the spirit of the accusers, revealing the temper of the accused, and setting forth some of the principles on which the commentaries have been prepared:

"The charges here alleged are ten in number, for erroneous doctrines taught and published in the 'Notes on the Epistle to the Romans.' Before proceeding to answer them at length, it may be proper to advert to three remarkable circumstances in regard to the manner in which they have been brought.

"The first is, that the prosecutor and the accused belonged to different presbyteries, and to different synods. In my own presbytery I was in good standing, and enjoying, so far as I had, or still have any reason to suppose, the confidence of my co-presbyters. I was pursuing peacefully the duties of a most arduous pastoral charge, requiring all my time and strength; and indeed exhausting the vigor of my life, and rapidly undermining my constitution by arduous and incessant duties. I was surrounded by a church perfectly united and harmonious; having confidence, so far as I know, in my ministry, my character, and my orthodoxy. It is not known that the voice of complaint had been heard among the people of my own charge of any dereliction from the doctrines which had been taught in the First Presbyterian Church in the United States, for a period of one hundred and thirty years. Charges similar to these had been alleged against me—not indeed in a formal and regular manner, but in an *irregular* manner by the Presbytery of Philadelphia. Those accusations had been laid before the General Assembly, and the highest judicature of the Presbyterian Church had fully acquitted me of them. The agitations of that time had died somewhat away. I was permitted to return to my labor with the hope that I might pursue it in peace.

"These charges are substantially of the same nature, and are not pretended to be different by the prosecutor himself. In the midst of my labors, and my plans for the welfare of my pastoral charge, my attention has been arrested, and a demand made on my time, and patience, and strength, to answer again substantially the same accusations. They are brought by a member of another presbytery, and another synod. To Dr. Junkin I had done no injury; I had made no allusion. His opinions I had not attacked; nor in the book on which these charges are based, have I made the remotest allusion to him, or his doctrines. I admit indeed the right of any minister of the Presbyterian Church to bring charges of heresy or immorality against any other minister; but the question instinctively arises, in looking at the circumstances of this case, Why should *Dr. Junkin* feel himself called on to stand forth as the defender of orthodoxy, and as the accuser of his brethren? Why should the president of a literary institution feel himself called on to bring solemn and grave charges of error against a pastor in another presbytery? Why should *he* feel it to be his duty to excite suspicion, and disturb the peace of a church of Christ, and unsettle their confidence in their pastor, and allege charges fitted, and designed doubtless, to depose him from the ministry—to blast his good name, and arrest his schemes of labor, and put a period to the little good which he might be doing? Why should *he* be the man to tear open old wounds scarcely healed, and raise again the cry of alarming heresy, fast dying away, and throw the Christian community again into agitation? There *may* possibly be such an eminence of talent, learning, piety, eloquence, as to constitute a man a guardian of the orthodoxy and the peace of the churches. But it is a very material question, whether it is wise for a man to put forth any thing which can be construed into any such claim of ecclesiastical pre-eminence and guardianship. On *any* consideration of this subject, it is not easy to see why the president of Lafayette College should have felt himself called on to allege these charges.

"A second circumstance that is remarkable is, the manner in which these charges have been brought. * * * *

"A third circumstance, not less remarkable, is, that even when

the charges had been brought, no charge of *crime* was alleged, nor even of *heresy*. * * * * * *

"The Notes on the Epistle to the Romans, against which these charges are alleged, were written in pursuance of a plan formed several years since. That plan was, to prepare a brief explanation of the New Testament in a style and manner adapted to popular use, and especially to the wants of Bible Classes and Sabbath Schools. The want of such a book was everywhere deeply felt, and it became apparent that this want must, from some quarter, be supplied. The demand was supposed to be, not of a work deeply learned and profound; not stating the critical process by which the meaning of the Sacred Scriptures is arrived at, but the *results* of such an investigation; and such heads of practical remarks as might furnish topics of useful illustration to be enlarged on at pleasure by instructors in Sunday Schools and Bible Classes. A part of that plan was executed in the publication of 'Notes on the Gospels;' and although I felt deeply that there were many defects in the execution, yet the consciousness that such a work was demanded, that I might be contributing in some degree to form the views of the rising generation to just views of the oracles of God, encouraged me in my work. Amidst the anxious cares and responsibilities of an important pastoral charge, the work was prepared for the press; and the favorable reception of that portion of the work by the Christian public, favorable beyond my most sanguine expectations, showed how much such a work was demanded, and how ready the Christian churches were to avail themselves of any effort, however humble, to diffuse just views of the interpretation of the New Testament.

"The Notes on the Epistle to the Romans are a part of the same general plan, and having the same design. Their character is varied only as the nature of the subject is varied, and as the difficulties of the book required a somewhat more labored exposition. The fact, also, that, as supposed, some important erroneous views had prevailed respecting the true interpretation of the epistle, that it had been explained under the influence of erroneous philosophical opinions, required additional labor to remove the influence of that

philosophy, to leave, if possible, nothing but the simple sense of the inspired writer. The primary design was not to attack any system of philosophy or religion, but to arrive at the simple doctrines of the apostle—an object which necessarily led to some of the statements in reference to which these charges are brought.

"In preparing the notes, which have given occasion to these charges of heresy, I was not ignorant that the exposition of the epistle was attended with great difficulty. It was known that this epistle had been regarded as the great *arena* of controversy, and that many different modes of interpretation had been proposed and defended with great zeal by their respective advocates. The *reasons* of this variety of interpretation, I have endeavored to state in the introduction to the 'Notes,' (pp. ix. x.)

"I am not conscious of being so obstinately attached to the exposition which I have adopted as to be unwilling to be *convinced* of error, and *if* convinced, to abandon the sentiments which I have expressed. Whether the mode that will be most likely to secure a change of opinion, is that of arraigning me for the high misdemeanor of *heresy*, is the Christian mode, and the most desirable to secure such a result, I shall not now take upon myself to inquire. I may just be permitted to say, that it is not the use of hard names, and the language of reproach, that will secure the result. In this land, and in these times, a change of opinion is to be effected not by the language of authority, not by an appeal to the fathers, not by calling on us simply to listen to the voice of other times—however venerable and desirable such a deference may be in its place—but by the sober and solid exposition of the oracles of God. Men, even in error, listen respectfully to those who attempt to *reason* with them, and to *convince* them that they are wrong; they turn instinctively away when denunciation takes the place of argument, and the cry of heresy is the substitute for a sober appeal to the understanding.

"As the discussion in which we are now engaged is one that may deeply affect my character, and my ministry, and still more as it may have a material bearing on the prevalence of truth, I may be permitted to state a little more fully the principles of interpretation

in which I have written these notes. These principles are stated in a summary manner in the preface :

"'The design has been to state, with as much brevity and simplicity as possible, the real meaning of the sacred writer ; rather the *results* of critical inquiry, as far as the author had the ability and time to pursue it, than the *process* by which these results were reached. The design has been to state what appeared to the author to be the real *meaning* of the epistle, without *any* regard to any existing theological system; and without any deference to the opinions of others, further than the respectful deference and candid examination, which are due to the opinions of the learned, the wise, and the good who have made this epistle their particular study.'

"It was, further, my intention, in preparing those notes, not to be influenced in the interpretation by a regard to any creed, or confession of faith, whatever. I make this frank avowal, because it is the deliberate and settled purpose of my mind; and because it is the principle by which I expect always to be governed. I therefore state, that, in preparing these notes, I have never had the Westminster confession of faith before me, nor any other confession ; I have never framed a sentence, to the best of my recollection, with any design that it should be conformed to the doctrines of any confession of faith ; nor have I ever framed a sentence with any desire or intention that it should in any way depart from any such confession. I have not made any such confession of faith the *rule* of interpretation ; but have all along endeavored to ascertain, if I could, what was the mind of the Spirit of inspiration. That from this rule I have never unconsciously departed, would be to assume a freedom from bias, and from the prejudice of opinion, to which I by no means lay claim, and which would be more than human. That I am exempt from the secret influence of long-cherished opinions, would be to lay claim to what my knowledge of human nature forbids me to think possible ; and which would be abundantly refuted and rebuked by what I know of the proneness of my own mind to err. I speak now of the *rule ;* not of the conscious imperfection of the execution. My meaning is, that I regard the Bible, with the usual auxiliary helps arising from philology, criticism, archæology,

history, and the principles of common sense, in explaining language, as designed to be interpreted, without any aid to be drawn from any previously cherished opinions of men. I mean that the *mould* should not be first formed, and then the system run into it; that the masses of truth of the Sacred Scriptures should not be chiselled to make them conform to any previously cherished views of what the model of truth should be.

"It is not necessary, I presume, to say any thing in defence of this principle of interpretation. It is the common, the universal principle, laid down in the books; and, I doubt not, the principle acted on as honestly by those who differ from me in opinion, as by myself. No man can be qualified to be an interpreter of the Bible, or of any other book, except as he endeavors to act on this simple and obvious rule. Neither by authority, by tradition, nor by the apprehension of heresy, is a man to be deterred from the application of this principle; and the moment a different rule is acted on, in fact or in form, that moment the authority of the Bible, as the original fountain of truth, as 'the only infallible rule of faith and practice,' ceases.

"I may here be permitted to state, that I am no enemy of creeds and confessions of faith. Never have I penned a sentence against them; and no man has ever heard me speak in their disparagement, or condemnation. In my humble way, and whenever an opportunity has been presented, I have advocated their use. I have regarded them as not inconsistent with the spirit of the New Testament; as of value to express the agreement of Christians organized into the same body; to acquaint the world with their sense of the doctrines of the Scriptures, and to apprise others of the opinions which they will be expected to hold, if they become members of that communion; as in fact existing in *all* churches, either in a written or unwritten form; and as of service in aiding in the defence and extension of the truth.

"In the exposition of this epistle, I have made it an object to avoid the use of some technical words which have been long employed in theology, and which have usually been deemed valuable in the interpretation of the epistle to the Romans. And it is to be

presumed, as I shall endeavor to show, that no small part of the charges of error and heresy which have been made against the book, have arisen from this circumstance. Had I retained *language* which has been almost consecrated for ages in the exposition of the epistle, it is to be presumed that the voice of alarm would not have been heard, and that these charges would have never been brought against me.

"The question which this presbytery is now called on to decide, is, whether the views which are expressed in these Notes are any longer to be tolerated in the Presbyterian Church in the United States: whether a man who held them at the time of his licensure and ordination; who has held and preached them for ten years; and who holds them in common with no small part of the more than two thousand ministers in our connection, is to be allowed peaceably to hold them still, and to labor, under the influence of these views, in endeavoring to save souls: or whether he is to be pronounced heretical and unsound; his character to be ruined, so far as a decision of his brethren can ruin it; himself to be harassed in his feelings, and embarrassed in his preaching; and the large number of ministers, and elders, and communicants in the churches who hold the same views, declared to be unworthy an office, a name, and a place in the Church of God."

To this presentation we will only add, that the self-control, calmness, and dignity of Mr. Barnes, through the trial, will never cease to be the subject of happy comment by his friends, and a noble example to all who may be called to a similar experience.

> "As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart."

Mr. Barnes is a man of a universal integrity, a man who is honest with his people, honest with himself, honest with his God. He has

that noble form of honesty which recognizes truth even when "trodden under foot of men." He can neither stoop to artifice, nor tamper with policy, nor hold converse with expediency. He has a comprehensive view of truth. He recognizes and acknowledges two sides, nay, a dozen sides, if there be so many. He is ready to give ear to a novel proposition, weighing its claims candidly, deciding upon its merits dispassionately. It is the *truth* he must have; not the upbuilding of his own sect, nor the propping up of early prejudices. He stands on the higher ground that overlooks all the barricades of party, recognizing the Right wherever it exists, and honoring the true-hearted wherever they may stand. His heart is open to the sorrows of the unfortunate, and his ear attentive to the calls of the needy. He sees much sin and suffering and degradation in the world, and he would do his part to remove them and leave the world better than he found it. He is an earnest up-builder of social and moral reform. His voice has been eloquent in behalf of temperance, and oppression has been denounced by his manly tones. His work, entitled "An Enquiry into the Scriptural Views of Slavery," deserves special mention. The appeals to the Bible in defence of slavery were some of the causes which led to its preparation. "Believing," he says, "that the spirit of the Bible is against slavery, and that all the arguments alleged in favor of it from the Bible are the result of a misunderstanding of its true spirit, and that the honor of religion demands that that argument should be placed fairly before the world, I was desirous of doing what I could to make the teachings of the Bible seen and appreciated by my fellow-men." He believed also that there were large numbers at the South who would examine with candor an argument proposed on the subject. His remarks on this point, and in comparison of the North and South as to freedom and candor, may be read and pondered with great benefit. He apprehends there are many at the South who exhibit a degree of candor, in speaking of the curse of slavery, which we do not always find in those portions of our country in which slavery does not exist. "There is a hesitancy at the North in speaking of it as an evil; a desire to apologize for it, and even to defend it as a Scriptural institution, which by no means meets the conviction of

the great body of men at the South, *and for which they do not thank us.* They regard slavery as an unmixed evil—as the direst calamity of their portions of the republic. They consider it to be contrary to the spirit of the Bible. They look upon it as a curse in the midst of which they were born; an evil entailed upon them without their consent, and which they desire above all things to get rid of. They remember with little gratitude the laws and cupidity of the mother country by which it was imposed upon them, and the Northern ships by which the inhabitants of Africa were conveyed to their shores; and they little thank the professors in theological seminaries, and the pastors of the churches, and the editors of papers, and the ecclesiastical bodies at the North, who labor to convince the world that it is not an evil, and that it is one of the designs and tendencies of Christianity *to rivet the curse on them forever.* Such men ask for no defence of slavery from the North. They look for a more manly voice—for more decided tones in behalf of freedom, from those whom God has favored with the entire blessings of liberty, and they ask of us that we will aid them to free themselves from a burden imposed on them by the joint wickedness and cupidity of our Fatherland and the North; not that we will engage in the miserable business of attempting to convince the world that the South must always groan under this malediction, and that even the influence of Christianity will be only to make the evil there eternal. There have been more published defences of slavery from the Bible at the North, than there have been at the South. A Christian man can look with some respect on a defence of slavery at the South, for they who are there live in the midst of it, and it is natural for us to love and defend the institutions in the midst of which we were born; but what respect can we have for such a defence emanating from the North?"

The question, Mr. Barnes says in his Introduction, is simply whether slavery, as it exists in the United States, is or is not in accordance with the principles and the spirit of Christianity. We are to investigate it *as it exists*, not *as it might possibly exist.*

In his first chapter he quotes from the *Southern Quarterly Review* an acknowledgment that the Bible must decide as to the sinfulness

of slavery, and if condemned by Divine Revelation, then it must cease to exist. "It is the duty of every man, making the laws of God the rule of his conduct, to use all practicable efforts to abolish whatever violates them." And he insists on the necessity of this investigation, as well for the large part of the world where slavery is wanting as for that where it is prevalent. "For if slavery be in accordance with the principles of the Bible, and be the best thing for society, there is then an increasingly large part of the world that is neglecting to avail itself of the advantages which might be derived from the institution, and that is falling into dangerous error on a great question of morals; for there can be no doubt that there is a growing conviction in the world that the institution is not one which it is desirable to perpetuate for promoting the welfare of mankind."

The book is written with characteristic impartiality, calmness, and thoroughness. As Dr. Cheever says of it, "It is a book of calm and gentle words but very hard arguments."

And in this very fact, that Mr. Barnes is thus honest and thorough, lies the secret of his calmness and charity. For none are so respectful to the opinions of others as those who have conscientiously investigated the grounds of their own. And they who have valued truth more than sect or the world's opinion, and who, with all the imperfections of nature, have struggled up into what they hope is the true sunlight, if they have learned any one lesson, have learned this, that erring men are at best but imperfect judges of the motives and opinions of their fellows; that where there is so much uncertainty, others may be right, and, whether right or not, they may be honest. They have least charity who need it most; for often they are most opinionated who receive opinions upon trust, and who make up for lack of honest and deep conviction by the violence of their arguments, and the bitterness of their sectarian feeling. By charity we do not understand indifference to truth—an admission of the principle, that it matters not what men believe provided they be sincere. We mean by charity an admission of the principle that Truth is many-sided; that no man can expect to embrace all the truth; that our beliefs are but partialisms; that although one belief is true, a different belief is not necessarily false; that the best religion is that

which makes the best man; and as a resultant of these convictions, a willingness to love and to labor with all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and an unwillingness to treat any brother-man with coldness or distrust, because he differs in opinion. And to any one feeling thus, there will be shown by others the same charity he himself shows; and his life, instead of being a gladiatorship for sect and party, shall be a life of sympathy and love for all mankind.

We regard Mr. Barnes as having manifested a true heroism through all his life. He manifested the calm courage of the hero through all the trials for heresy. He has shown the self-ignoring intrepidity of the hero in his maintenance of temperance and anti-slavery principles. And in the sorrow of broken plans, by the impairing of eyesight, he has shown the hero's uncomplaining fortitude. We do not fear to quote Emerson's fine description in connection with his name:

"The characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses—fits and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself to the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy, and appeal to a tardy justice.

"Times of heroism are generally times of terror; but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country, and at this hour, than, perhaps, ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds.

"There is somewhat in great actions which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels, and never reasons, and, therefore, is always right. Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction for a time to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character.

"Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war; and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out."

Mr. Barnes's mind is eminently analytic. He penetrates the mass of a subject and comprehends it in all its bearings. Naturally a questioner and a skeptic, he notes every difficulty and objection; and what he sees he sees clearly, and makes it clear to others. He reasons on the Baconian method, by a broad induction and generalization of facts, and is entirely free from sentimentalism. His character is very symmetrical. He has neither eccentricities for our regret, nor weaknesses for our pity. His moral sense is high, his conscience true and tender. He adheres inflexibly to his principles, as has already been shown. He is very retiring in disposition, except among those with whom he is well acquainted. It is hard to approach him, on account of his natural diffidence and shyness. He has not animal courage, but his moral courage is great. His aversion to being conspicuous, and his studious habits, have prevented him from mingling much with men; and when he does so, his distant manners do injustice to his genial, sympathetic heart. When he has made friends, and has confidence in them, his attachment is deep and lasting. From his calm, literal way of looking at things, this life is to him a stern reality, in whose uncertain brightness he dwells less than in its shade. His Christian character is, of course, modified by his temperament and organization. He is remarkably consistent, and devout and trustful, but is free from impulse, and betrays little emotion.

Mr. Barnes has always been a close student. He is familiar with the original languages of the Scriptures, and with German; is well read in philosophy, history, and geology, and, in preaching, often draws arguments and illustrations from the natural sciences. In his sermons, he takes a broad subject, dividing and subdividing it, and closing with a series of practical remarks. Having carefully pre-

pared a brief beforehand, he now uses no notes in preaching. As might be supposed, from the cast of his mind, he is inclined to be doctrinal. He is fond of preaching courses of sermons, not hortatory, but instructive, elevating, and solemnizing. In the pulpit, his manner is quiet and timid, so that he appears like a stranger before his own people. He makes few gestures, rarely raising his hand more than once or twice during a whole discourse. His voice is well modulated, and he speaks calmly and distinctly, so as to be heard all over the house. When he commences, it is as if he were talking, so quiet and unimpassioned does he seem; but as his subject unfolds, he gathers energy, and speaks with more emphasis and fullness of tone. Yet he never rises to declamation; it is only the truth he utters that gives him warmth and earnestness. As a further illustration of his pulpit style and manner, we quote the following description by Rev. Dr. Brainard, of Philadelphia:

"To furnish a graphic picture of Mr. Barnes as a pulpit orator is no easy task. It is less difficult to sketch the cataract, with its jutting rocks, its rushing floods, and its fleecy vapor, than to portray the tranquil stream, which absorbs the pure rivulets of a hundred hills, and bears them, in a deep, wide, and fertilizing river, between banks of living green, to the bosom of the sea. Strangers, attracted by the high reputation of Mr. Barnes, are generally at first disappointed. They have gained their impressions of pulpit eloquence from men of an entirely opposite cast of mind and manner. Mr. Barnes aims to exhibit no studied and graceful attitudes in the sacred desk; he displays no waving hand of lily whiteness; he calls up no expression of the eye and countenance for mere effect; he practices no melodious undulations of voice to serve as a kind of interlude to his arguments; he excites no admiration by rhetorical starts and abrupt exclamations; he never affects pathos, nor describes coruscating gyrations in the regions of fancy, that he may please by exciting the passions, and display the buoyant pinions of his own imagination. He enters the sanctuary with an humble and subdued air, and ascends the pulpit with an apparent unconsciousness that he is in the presence of a congregation. While waiting the hour of service he sits with his head leaned upon his hand, his eyes either

depressed or closed, and the whole expression of his countenance marking one disposed to take a low place before God and man. In the reading of the Bible, in prayer, and in preaching, all his efforts are marked by a careful propriety of language, a dignified simplicity, and a controlled and solemn earnestness. His eyes rest upon the Bible, except at infrequent intervals, when they take a searching glance at the audience. The same elaborate research, the same clear apprehension and statement, the same purity, elevation, and strength of language, the same felicity of illustration, which have commended the theological works of Mr. Barnes to public favor, characterize his ministrations. For himself he seems to ask nothing. Chiefly solicitous to magnify his Master and give force to important truths, he develops just that simplicity and sincerity of manner which ought to characterize such a man."

Mr. Barnes's Commentaries are intended for all classes of people; hence they are not lumbered with grammatical and philological disquisitions upon the words of the original languages, which common readers would not understand. They meet all difficulties fairly, candidly acknowledging those which are inexplicable. Of his Commentary on Isaiah he once said, "This is the pet book of all my productions." His published essays, sermons, and addresses are lucid, well-reasoned, and on subjects of practical importance. They are written in a smooth and finished style, and often with considerable illustration. We may remark that his books are made out of materials originally accumulated for pulpit preparations.

Although not pre-eminent for the amount of his pastoral labor, no man has a greater influence over his people than Mr. Barnes. He is so discreet and wise that a few words from him are very effective; and so cautious, just, and infrequent in his demands, that when he does make a request, his wishes are always granted. If he says a certain amount of money ought to be raised for a benevolent object, his people know it must be done, and do it. They consider him a model minister, and are, doubtless, stimulated in their devotion to him by their pride in his reputation.

His influence over his own denomination is as great as that of any other preacher. Ardently attached to his own branch of the

Church, he gives largely, both of energies and means, to carry on its operations, yet shrinks from a personal conspicuousness in them. He rarely attends its General Assembly; but being a commissioner, when it met at Utica, he was made moderator by acclamation. He is greatly respected by all classes of the community where he dwells for having set an example of an upright, devout, able, and almost faultless minister of the Gospel. Whoever writes his biography will be able to say of him, as Carlyle says of Sterling: "In clear and perfect fidelity to Truth, wherever found, in child-like and soldier-like, pious and valiant loyalty to the Highest, and what of good and evil that might send him, he excelled among men. The joys and the sorrows of his lot he took with true simplicity and acquiescence. Like a true son, not like a miserable, mutinous rebel, he comported himself in this universe. Extremity of distress—and surely his temper had enough of contradiction in this world—could not tempt him into impatience at any time. By no chance did you ever hear from him a whisper of those mean repinings, miserable arraignings and questionings of the Eternal Power, such as weak souls, even well disposed, will sometimes give way to in the pressure of their despair. To the like of this he never yielded, or showed the least tendency to yield, which, surely, was well enough on his part; for the Eternal Power, I still remark, will not answer the like of this, but silently and terribly accounts it impious, blasphemous, and damnable, and now, as heretofore, will visit it as such. Not a rebel, but a son, I said, willing to suffer when Heaven said, Thou shalt; and withal, what is perhaps rarer in such a combination, willing to rejoice also, and right cheerily taking the good that was sent, whensoever or in whatever form it came. He was good, and generous, and true; joyful where there was joy, patient and silent where endurance was required of him; shook innumerable sorrows, and thick-crowding forms of pain, gallantly away from him; faced frankly forward, and with scrupulous care to tread on no one's toes. True, above all, one may call him—a man of perfect veracity in thought, word, and deed. Integrity towards all men, nay, integrity in him had ripened into chivalrous generosity: there was no guile or baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as

crystal, he could not hide any thing sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known."

Mr. Barnes has the habits of a recluse. He is very methodical and, when a student, was exact in all his plans, every hour being set apart to some duty. When he received a letter, he fixed the date of its reply, and at the appointed time answered it. He has been accustomed to rise in the morning and retire at night by the watch and having excellent health, and a temperament the opposite of nervous, he has been able to perform much more than ordinary labor. Accustomed to rise at four o'clock to commence his studies, he began by examining all other commentaries, which lay open, on a long inclined standing desk, at the verse which he had in hand. Along this extent of volumes he marked and noted desirable particulars, then clearly arranged his own reflections, and sat down to write the result. His early hours once brought him into trouble. He was arrested one morning at four o'clock as he was opening the iron gate of his church to go to his study, by a watchman who supposed him to be a burglar.

Mr. Barnes has not sought money, but it has come to him from his published works till he has secured a competence. He has a large income constantly from his books, of which he gives liberally to benevolent objects. About three years ago he purchased an acre of ground in West Philadelphia, and built himself a neat and commodious house. It is two miles or more from his church, and he rides in to all his services. Some five years ago his eyes began to fail; his morning studies by gas-light having injured them. He went to Europe, his congregation paying his expenses, hoping they might be benefited; but he derived no essential improvement from the journey. He has been obliged to relinquish his studies. This was a great trial to him, as he was in the midst of a Commentary on the Psalms, and was intending to publish a System of Divinity and a work on the Atonement. He is very fond of gardening and his unassuming character is seen in the reply he made to the question as to what he would do if forced to give up books altogether. "Oh!" said he, "I shall occupy myself raising potatoes."

Up to this date, March 22d, 1856, his "Notes on the New Tes-

tament" have reached a circulation in this country of three hundred and sixty-seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine volumes. Since they were first issued, it is a remarkable fact that the circulation of each year has steadily increased on that of the previous year. The circulation of the past twelve months has been twenty-eight thousand. His Notes on the four books of the Old Testament have a circulation of about five thousand a year. There is a constant and large demand for his other works. There are four English editions of his "Notes on the New Testament," and one edition of "Notes on the Gospels" in Welch, and one in the Tamul language. We estimate that the circulation of all his works amounts to about five hundred thousand volumes. No man feels more deeply than he does a sense of responsibility growing out of the fact that so many minds are reached by his published writings; and since the failure of his sight, this extent of religious influence is a source of great consolation to him.

The works of Mr. Barnes amount to twenty-five volumes: Notes on Job; Isaiah; Daniel; the Gospels; Acts; Romans; 1 Corinthians; 2 Corinthians and Galatians; Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians; Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon; Hebrews; James, Peter, John, and Jude; Revelations; Apostolic Church; Sermon on Revivals; Practical Sermons; How shall Man be Just with God? Way of Salvation; Miscellaneous Essays and Reviews; and An Inquiry into the Scriptural Views of Slavery.

As we learn the results of such a life, how few can estimate the toil of its upbuilding, or the solicitude of its progress! We scan it in its completeness, admire, pass on, and forget, unmindful that sighs were the mementoes treasured beneath its corner-stone, and that tears cemented its foundation.

Who that has been in Wall-street, has not stopped to gaze in silent admiration at the edifice of Trinity Church, which stands at ts head? There, in its quiet magnificence, consecrated to the service of Heaven, it rears itself above the bustle of commerce, majestic .n its studied proportions, and beautiful in its chaste simplicity, a monument of architectural excellence, and a monitor of eternal verities. But of all who admire its grandeur, enjoy its perfectness, and

are subdued by its sacredness, how few thoroughly appreciate it! Perhaps there is only *one*. How few could describe it in its manifold parts—its arches, its columns, its pilasters, its architraves! Perhaps there is only one. How few can estimate the skill of its design, or the genius requisite to its completion! Perhaps there is only one. And that one is the architect. He could tell of difficulties surmounted and embarrassments met, for the attainment of some slight purpose, which we deem almost a chance beauty. He could tell of days, and months, and years of perplexing study and harassing anxiety and pressing toil, when we, in our ignorance, think that all is easy in the upbuilding of such simple architecture. So is it with a great and finished character. As it stands in its harmonious proportions and its beautiful completeness, who does not admire it? As we consider its strength, its integrity, its earnestness, who is not solemnized by the contemplation? But how few appreciate the labor bestowed, the care endured, the watchings maintained for its upbuilding! Perhaps no one but the architect himself. There have been all the secret struggles, the analyzings, the balancings; all the doubts, the fears, the forebodings; all the hopes, the aspirations, the enthusiasms; all the disciplinings, the developings, the maturings; all the fittings, the harmonizings, the finishings—all, all to be maintained for years and years, unceasingly, till, at last, the character stands revealed in its architectural proportions, beautiful, complete, "a house not made with hands," which shall be "eternal in the heavens!"

> "I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
> In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
> And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
> And natural in gesture; much impressed
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too; affectionate in look,
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men.
> Behold the picture!—Is it like?"

THE END.